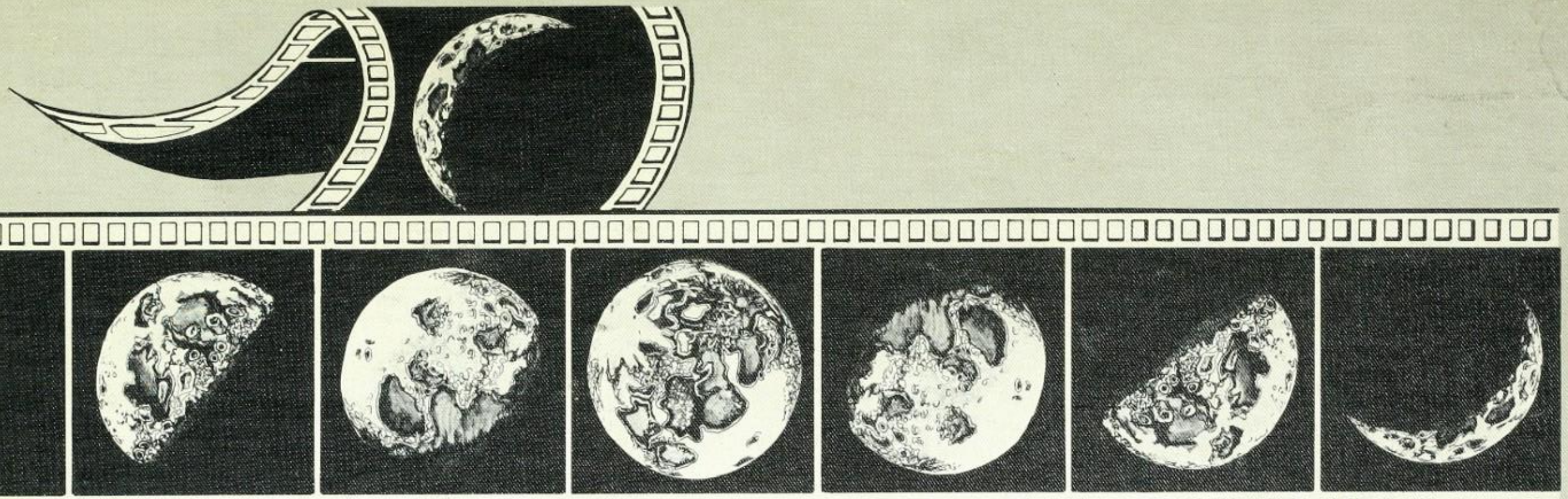
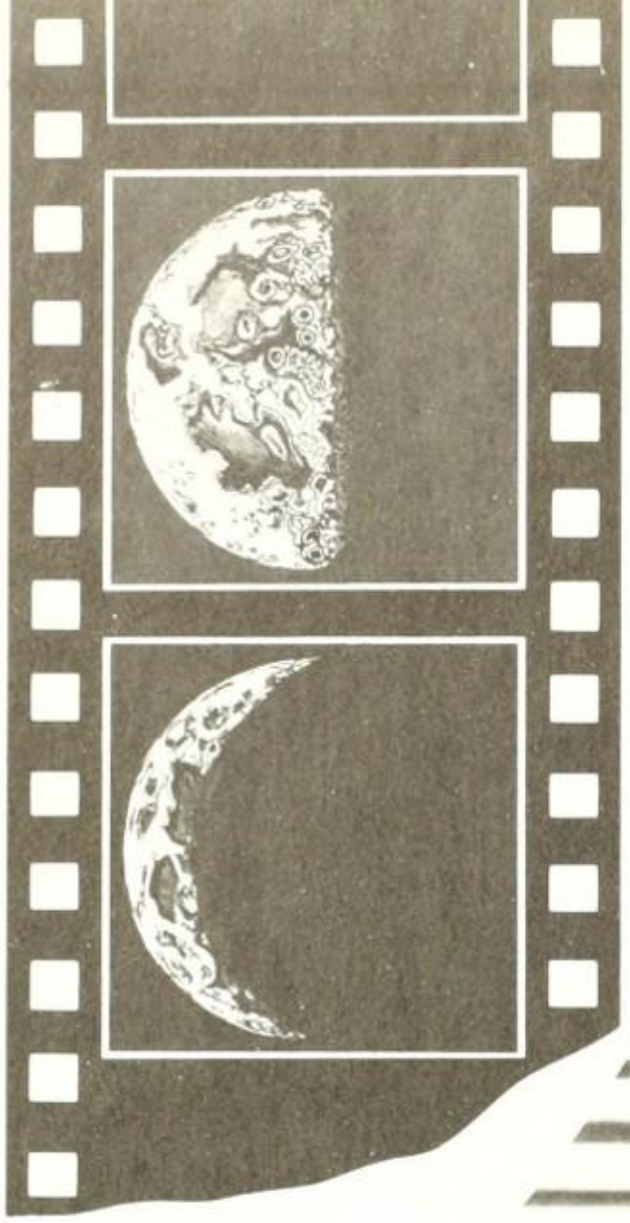




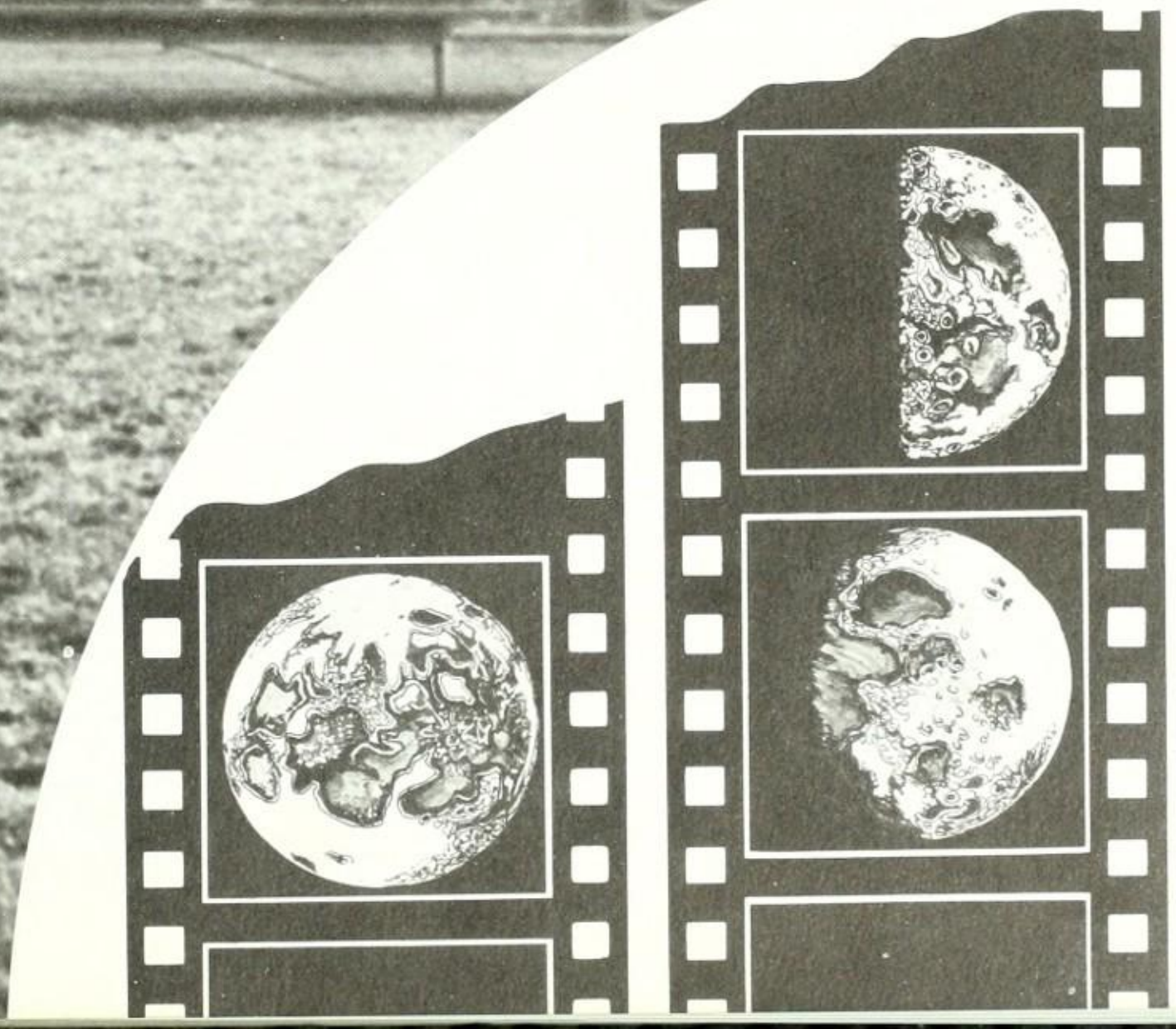
Do not ask what the phases of the moon, a reel of film and two weird characters had to do with the Class of '77.

You have imagination. We were raised on the belief that the moon was made of green cheese, jumped over by cows and inhabited by an old man. We know it's just another airport up there.

You have ambition. We knew that being first on the moon was better than being President until one day, via satellite, we cried in our space suits and saw someone get there before we had the *chance* to be first.

You have romance. We get to drink Tang upside down for a month and commute to a lot of white dust. You have words. We have compugraphic, demographic, ultrastatistical data on 6 years that moved so fast we have to start all over again before we begin again to commence, at the opening of the start.

Oh do not ask us for an intelligent explanation. Ask Charles. Ask Thaddeus.



T'was the night before printing . . .

Charles sits alone on the moonlit left upper inside corner of the Harvard "H," looking out at the field. In his hand he fondles the cover for the yearbook, trying to arrive at some workable form of organization to deal with the moon theme, which is a whole lot harder than playing ball, which is what he'd rather be doing. The knowledge that the next day is the deadline for printing, and that he has nothing but the cover ready, definitely puts a damper on what might have been a pleasant evening of reminiscing.

"This definitely puts a damper on what might have been a pleasant evening," he says to himself. ". . . Of reminiscing," he adds.

Suddenly, Thaddeus comes tearing across the field. He cradles an immense can of film, the contents of which are already spilling out as he runs.

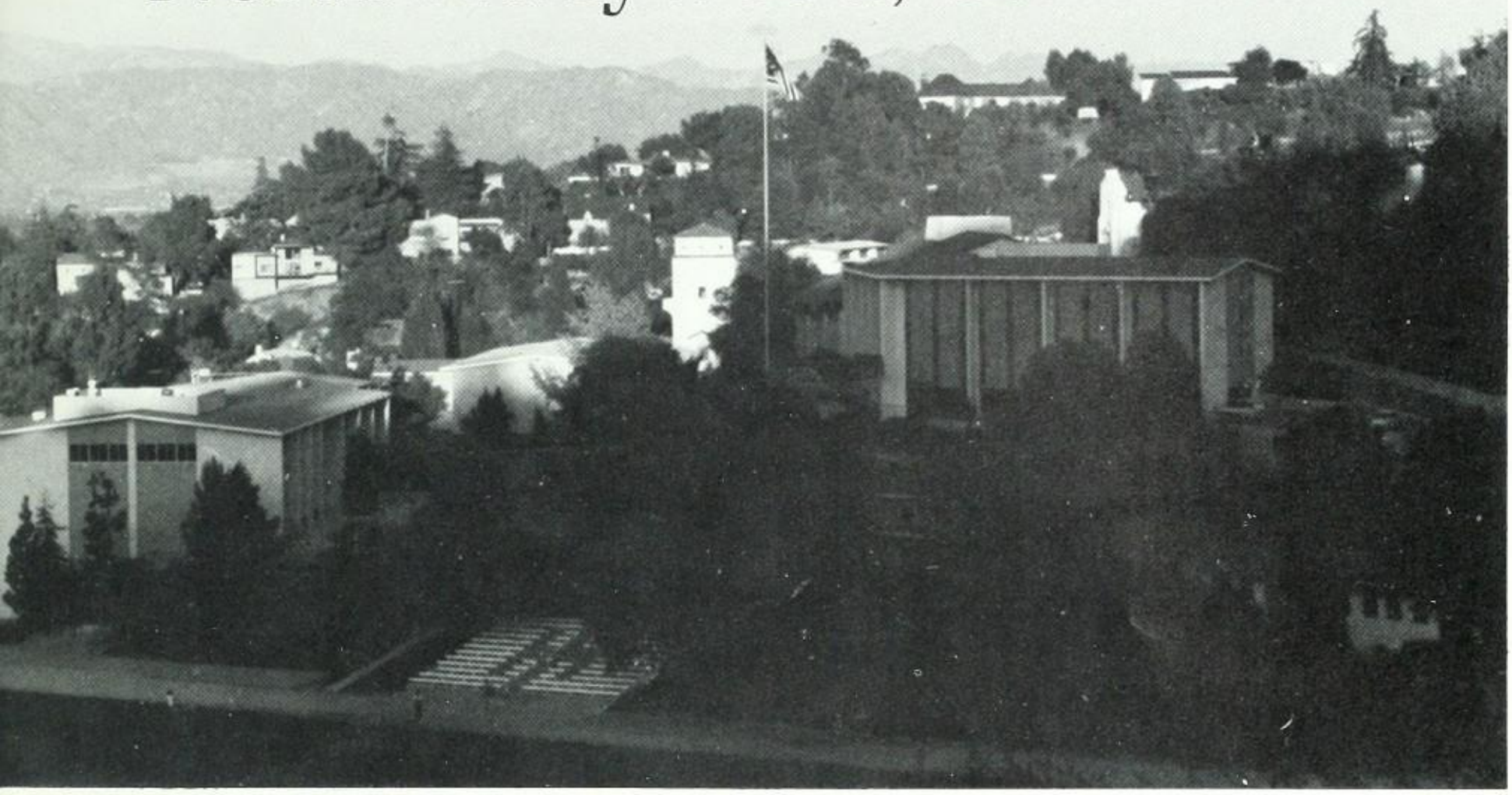
"I've got it Charlie," he screams up at the bleachers. "130,006 minutes and 47 seconds of the class of '77!"

Plodding down the stairs, Charles pins Thaddeus on the forty-yard line. "Now look! I asked for a cover, I got some screwy moons! All I want now are some intelligent quotes, not a Tel-Star's version of *Gone With the Wind!*" Grabbing the film, he races madly up and down the field, until the last gleaming thread is laid out across the grass.

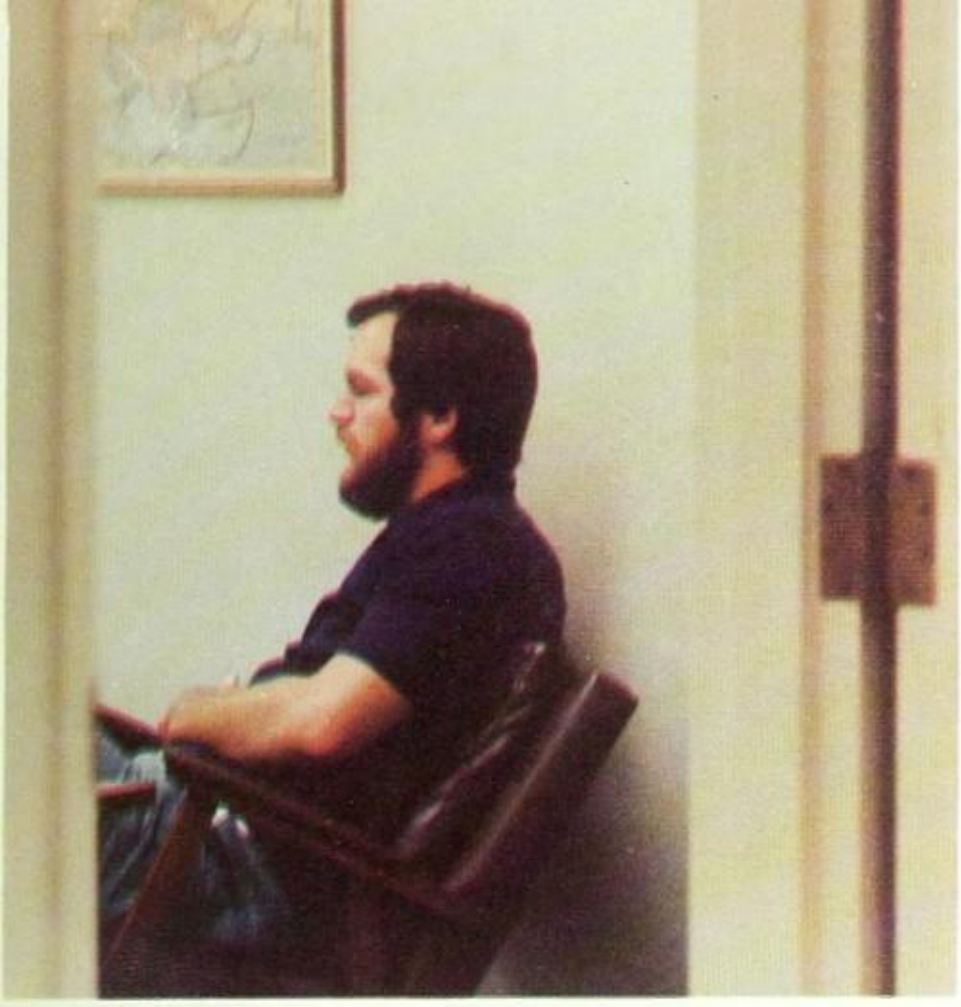
"Improvisation is the key to this game-plan," said Thaddeus, furnishing a pair of scissors.

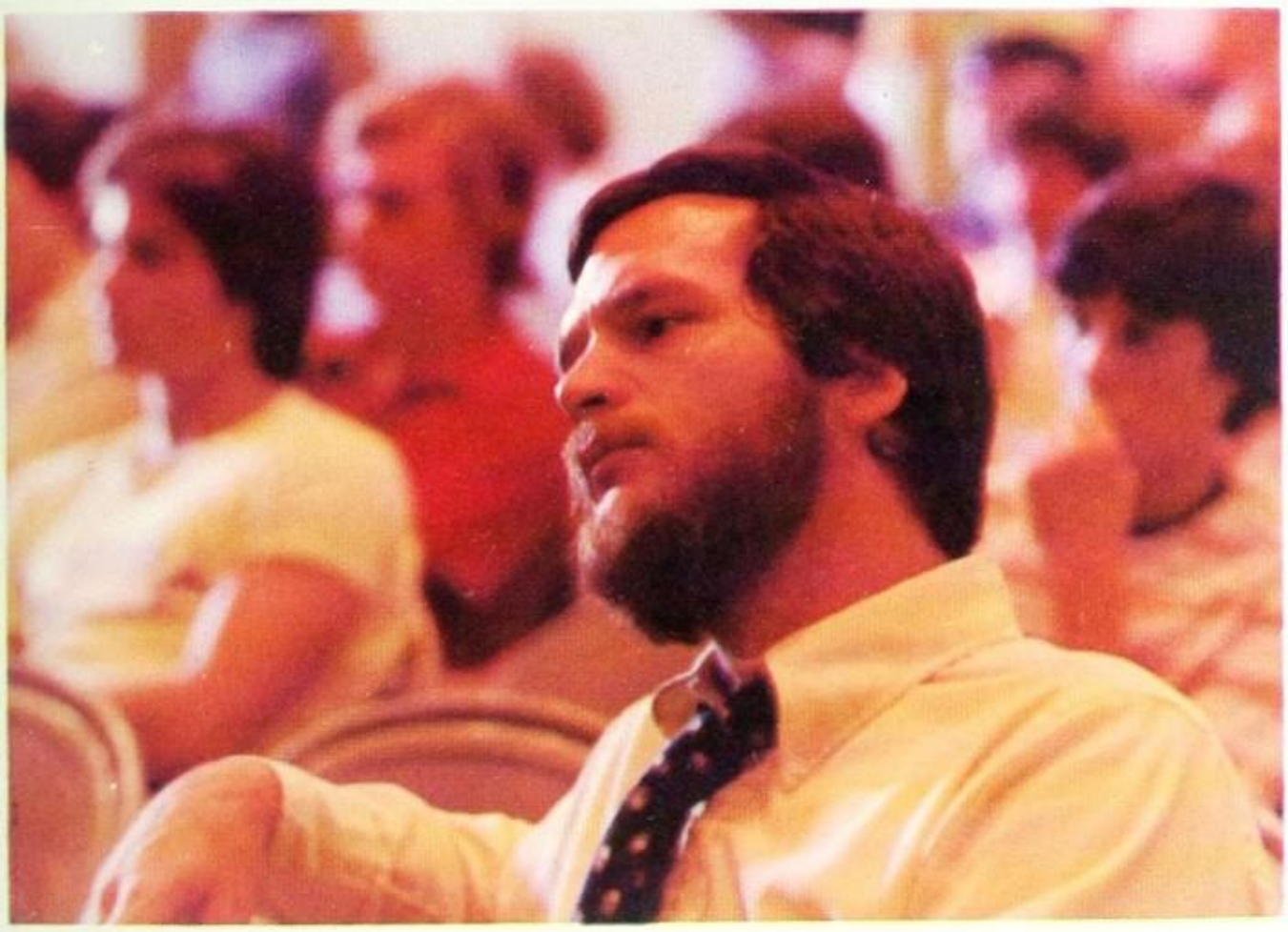
"Well, let's begin. The presses start rolling in the morning."

HARVARD SCHOOL
1977 SENTINEL ANNUAL
North Hollywood, California



DEDICATION
WILLIAM M. DICKEY

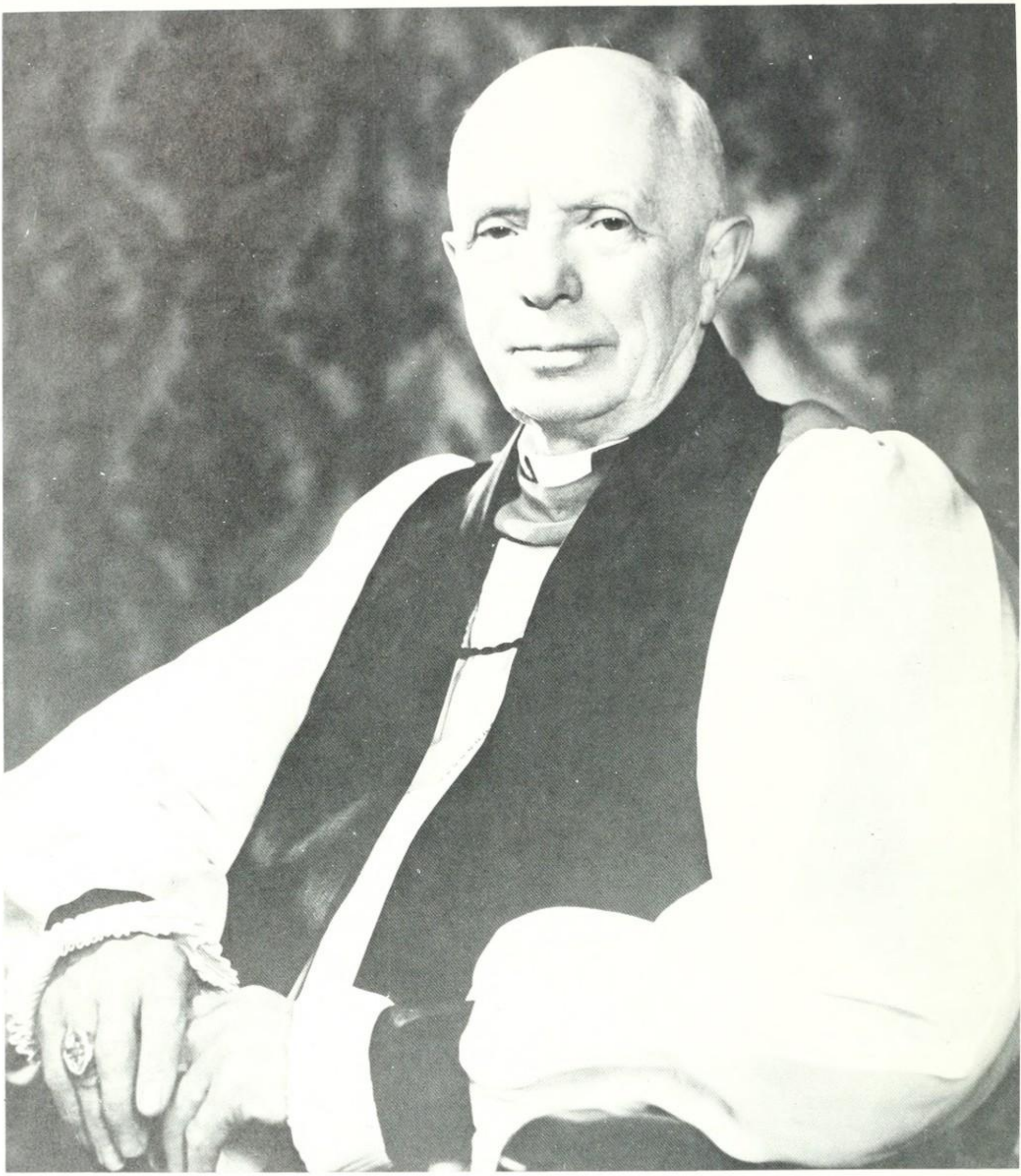




In grateful appreciation for his faithful service to Harvard and its students, we, the Class of 1977, dedicate this yearbook to William M. Dickey.

Mr. Dickey has assisted us in three major ways: first, as our teacher; second, as our class advisor; and third, more recently as our Assistant Director of College Placement. What makes Mr. Dickey so invaluable is his unselfish devotion to the student body. As a result of his patience and concern, we have benefited immeasurably. The Senior Class acknowledges his friendship and thanks him for his support.

Peter Aberg
President of the Senior Class



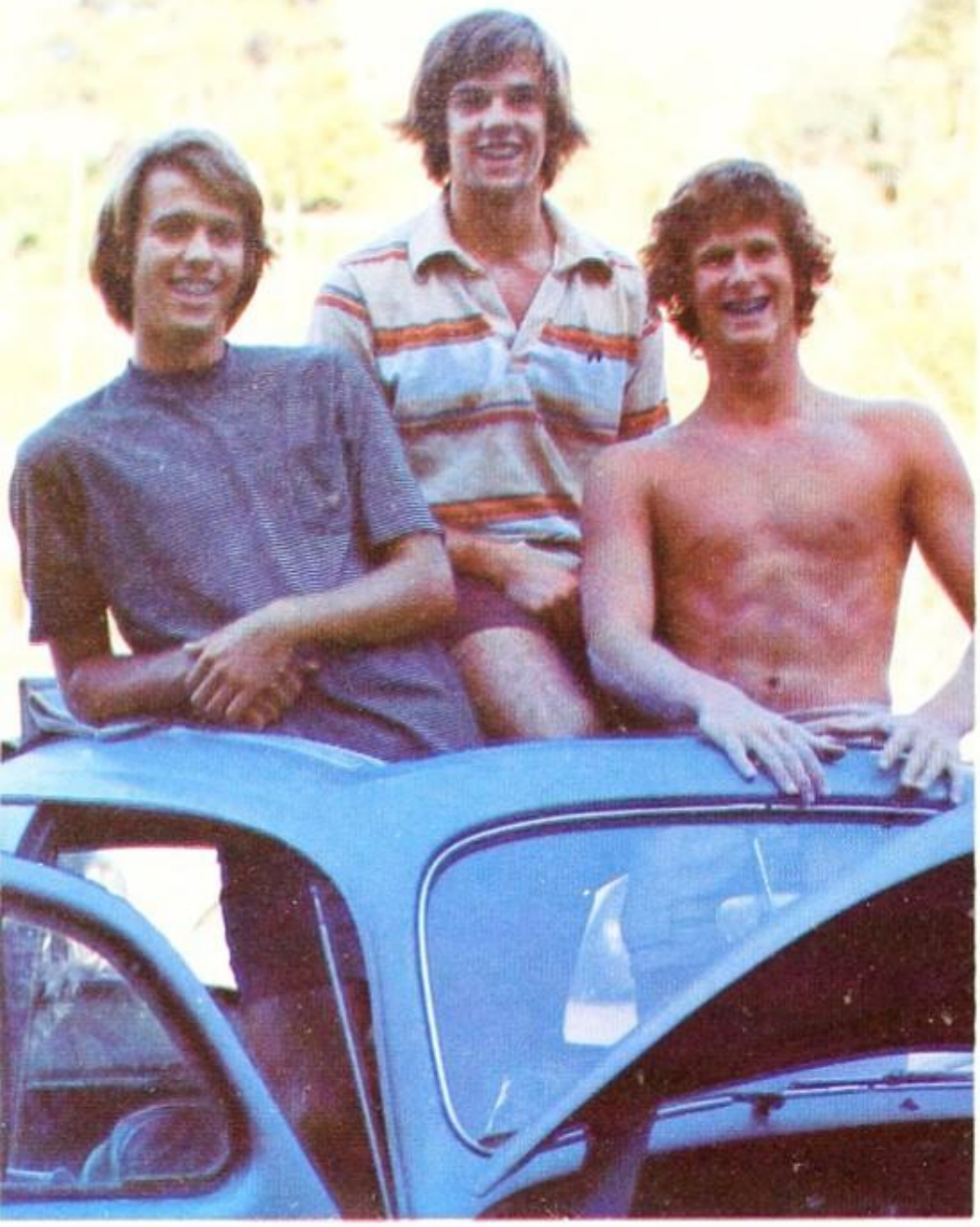
ROBERT BURTON GOODEN, D.D., S.T.D., D.C.L., ΦBK
1874-1976

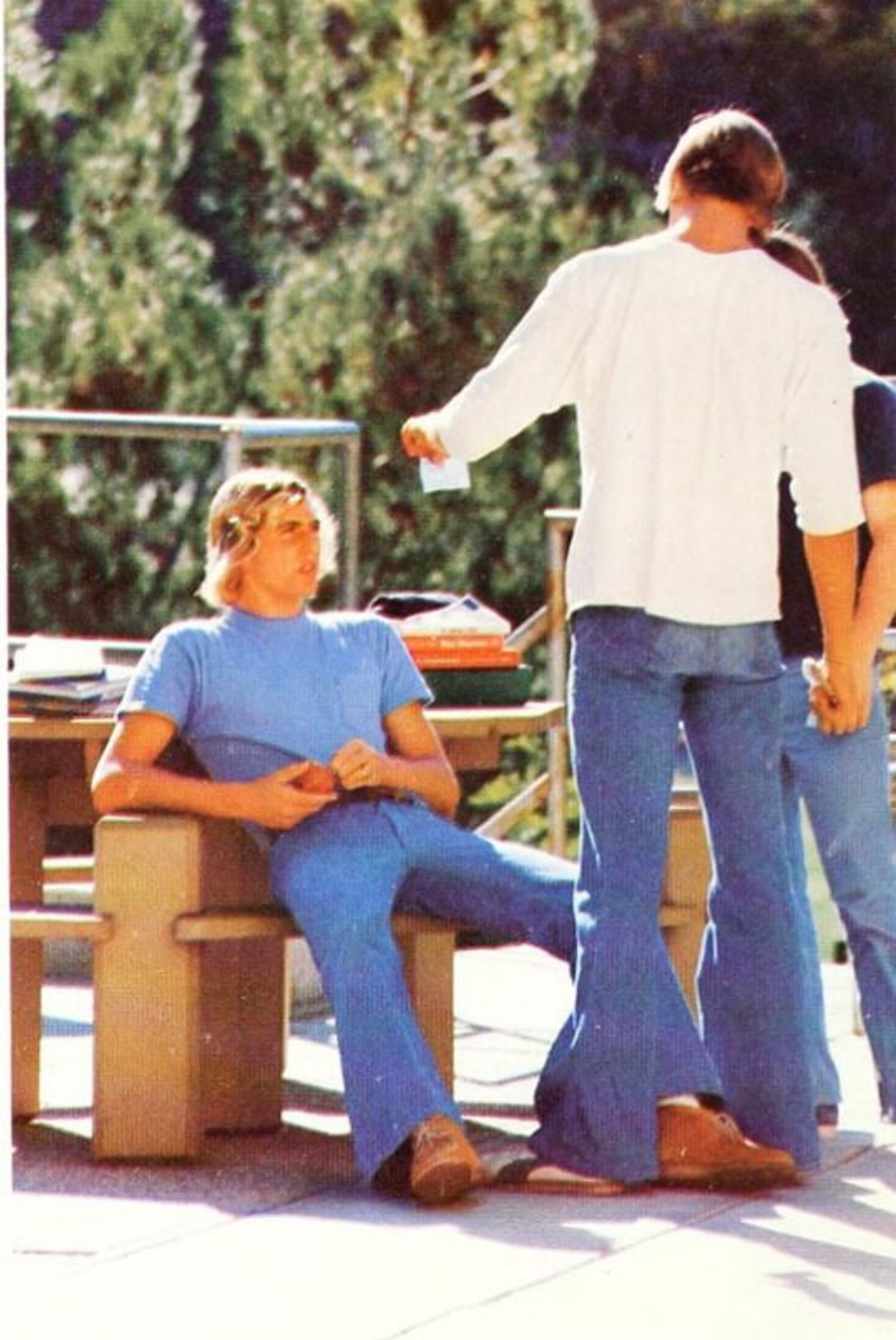
Robert Gooden came to the United States from England in 1888 at the age of 14, and was later educated at Trinity College. He was ordained in 1905, and in 1911 was invested as Headmaster of Harvard School. In 1930, he became Suffragan Bishop of Los Angeles.

In his thirty-four years as Headmaster, Bishop Gooden laid the foundations of academic excellence upon which his successors built. Harvard's national reputation was achieved under his leadership, and the standards that he set for the school were of the highest. He was our pioneer builder, and Harvard's continuing excellence is his memorial.

"Rest eternal grant unto him, O Lord:
And let light perpetual shine upon him.
May he rest in peace. Amen."

Bishop Gooden after his investiture as Grand Cross, Order of St. Lazarus on his 100th Birthday, with him are Rev. Wayne Williamson (left), Rev. Harold Knowles (right), and Father Gill (center).





Clockwise from top: Tom Hoffman, George Pappas, and Steve Shafran get ready for the beach.

A Harvard currency exchange between Mike Fraschilla and Richard Wander.

Eric Birenbaum, Eric Walter, David Brittain, and friends converse during lunch.

Clockwise from top:
Mr. McGrew greets a prospective Harvard parent before an interview.
Coach Thran wonders what is going on during a summer workout.
The football team works on a concentration drill.
Mr. West goes to lunch.

This book is the record of a most successful and happy school year. Those of you in the Class of '77 will look back in days to come and remember friends and events, excitement and disappointment, hard work and fun, but especially the feeling of community which you have developed.

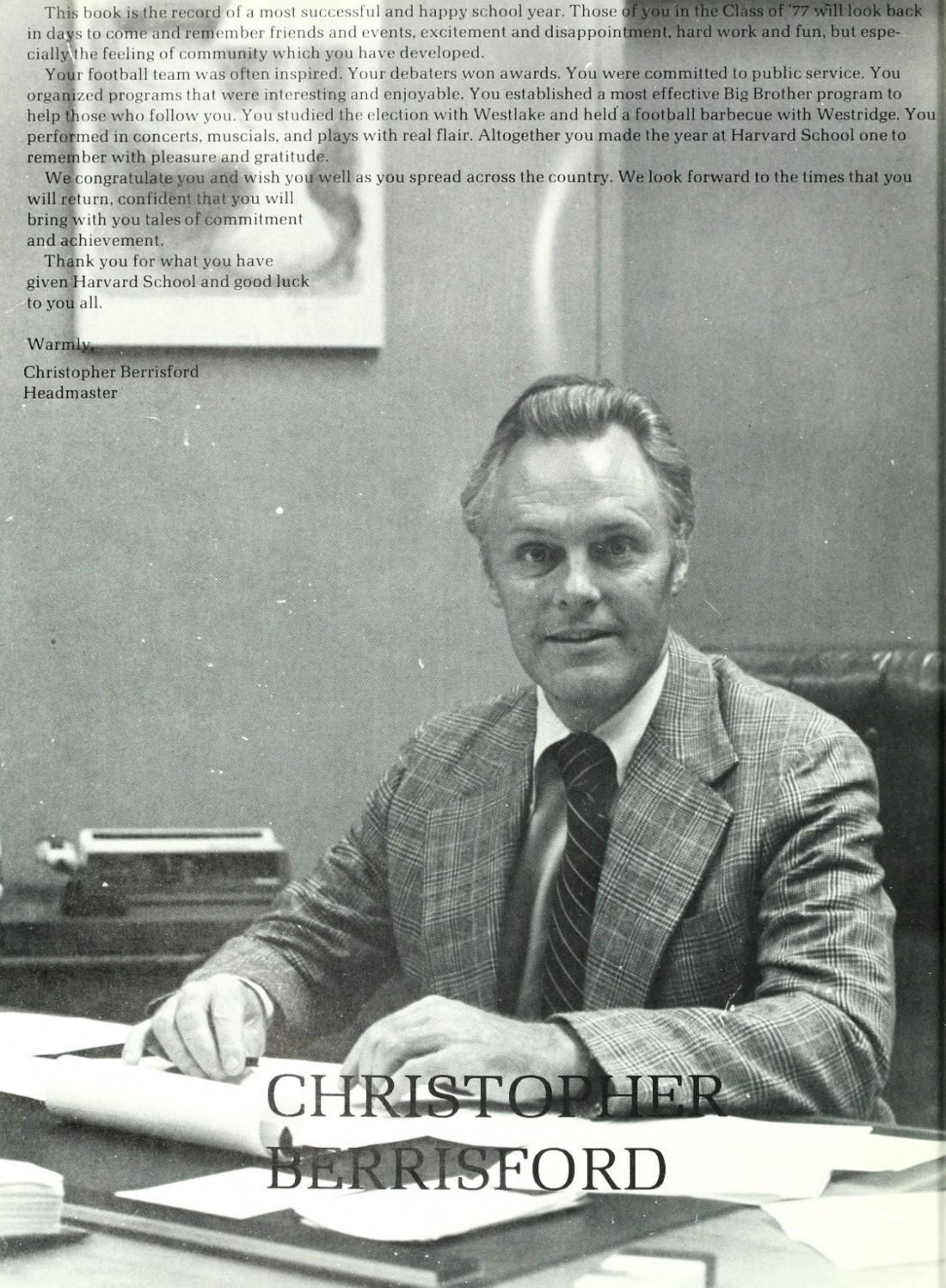
Your football team was often inspired. Your debaters won awards. You were committed to public service. You organized programs that were interesting and enjoyable. You established a most effective Big Brother program to help those who follow you. You studied the election with Westlake and held a football barbecue with Westridge. You performed in concerts, muscials, and plays with real flair. Altogether you made the year at Harvard School one to remember with pleasure and gratitude.

We congratulate you and wish you well as you spread across the country. We look forward to the times that you will return, confident that you will bring with you tales of commitment and achievement.

Thank you for what you have given Harvard School and good luck to you all.

Warmly,

Christopher Berrisford
Headmaster



CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD

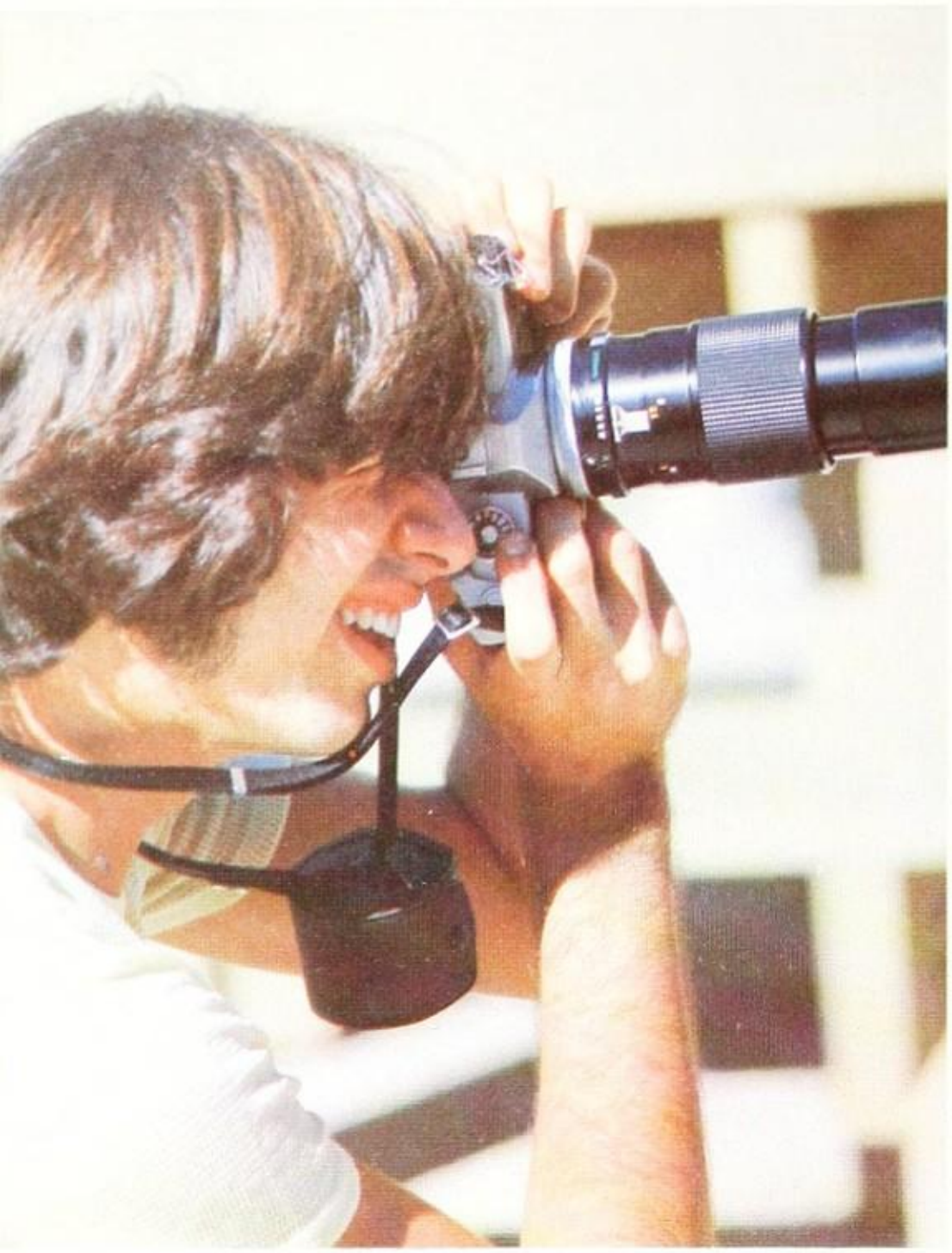
ROBERT C. RUSACK

To the Class of 1977:

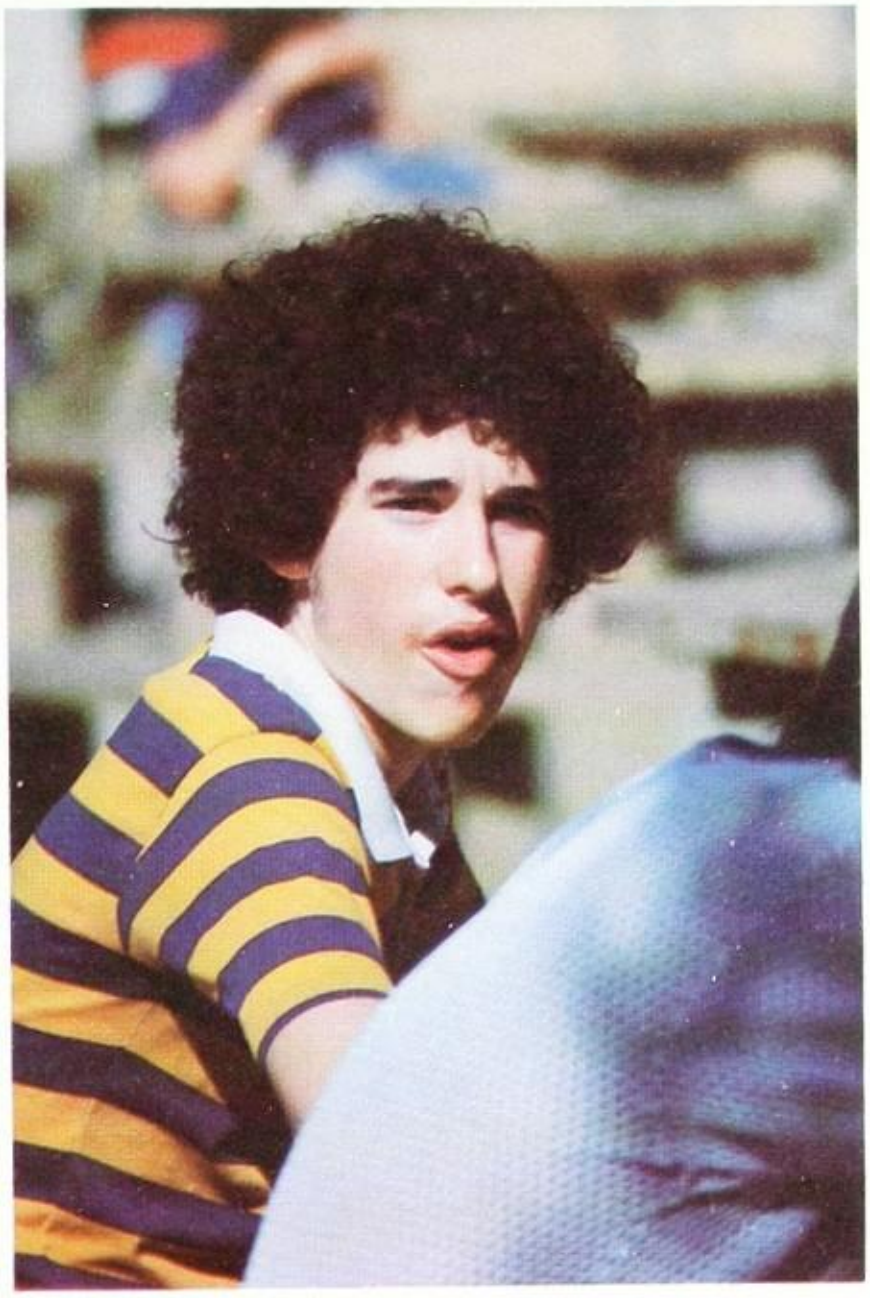
Be sure of my prayers and good wishes as you leave Harvard School. I trust you will ever remember the gifts that have been given to you in this place.

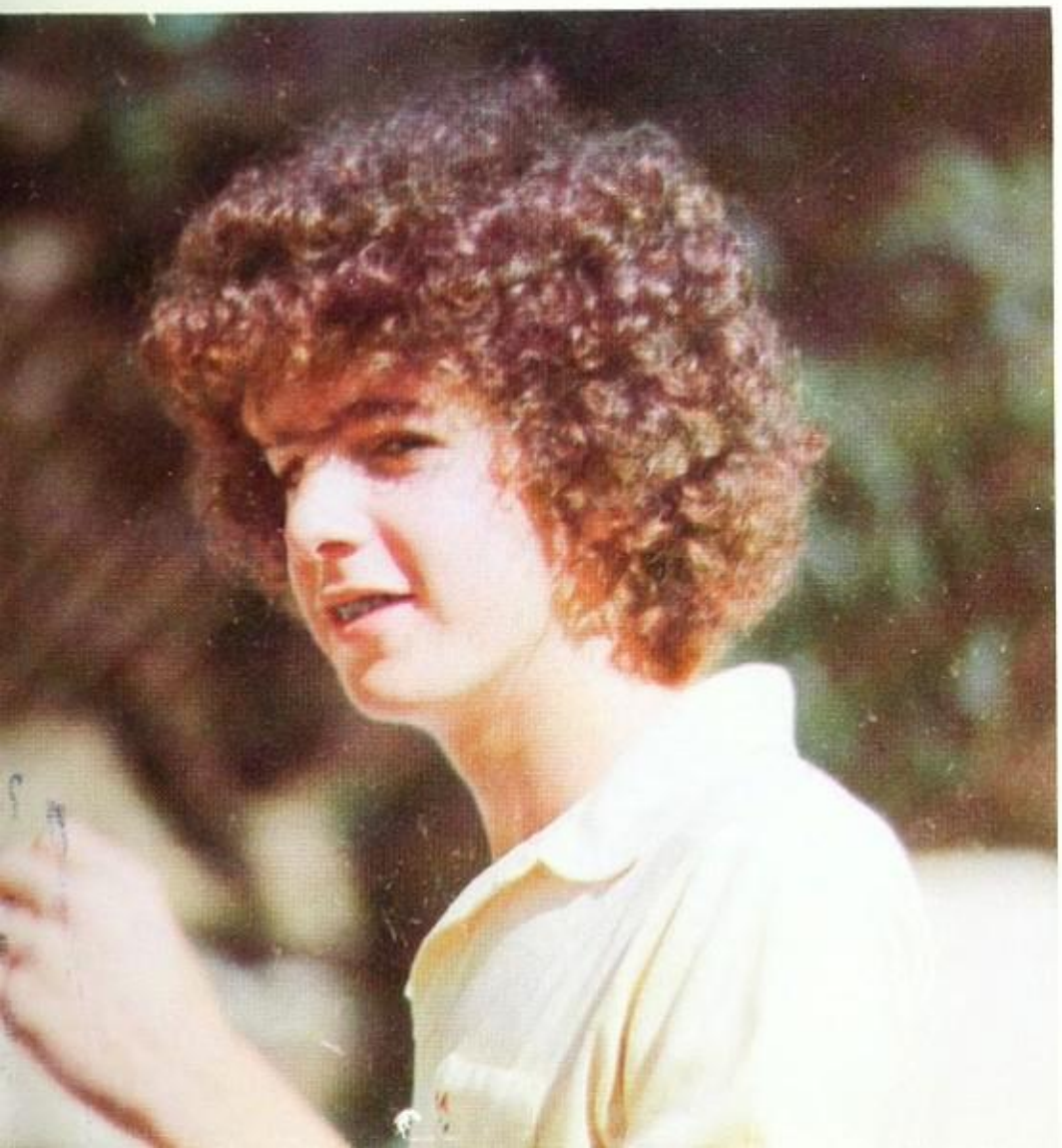
Faithfully yours,

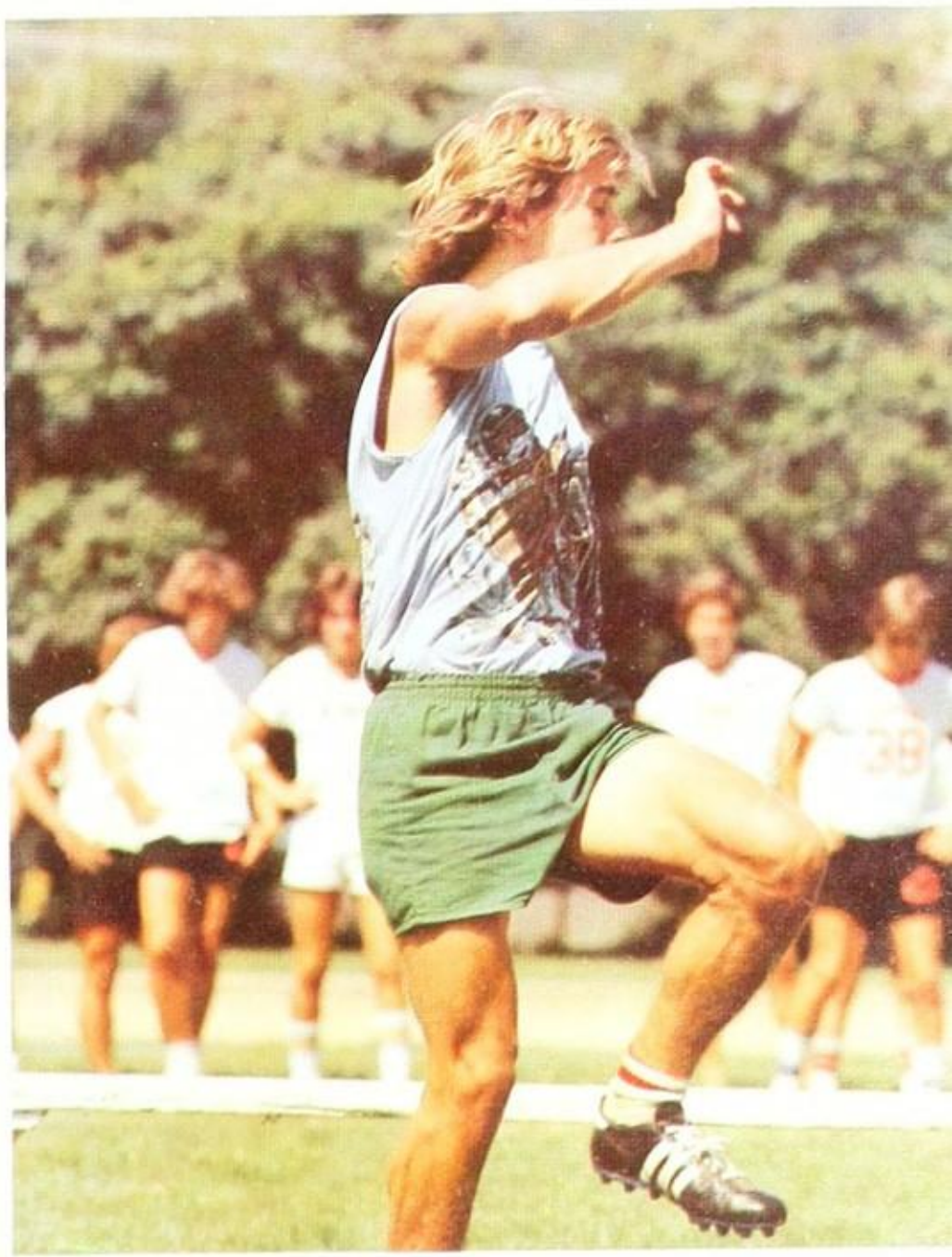
Robert C. Rusack
Bishop of Los Angeles



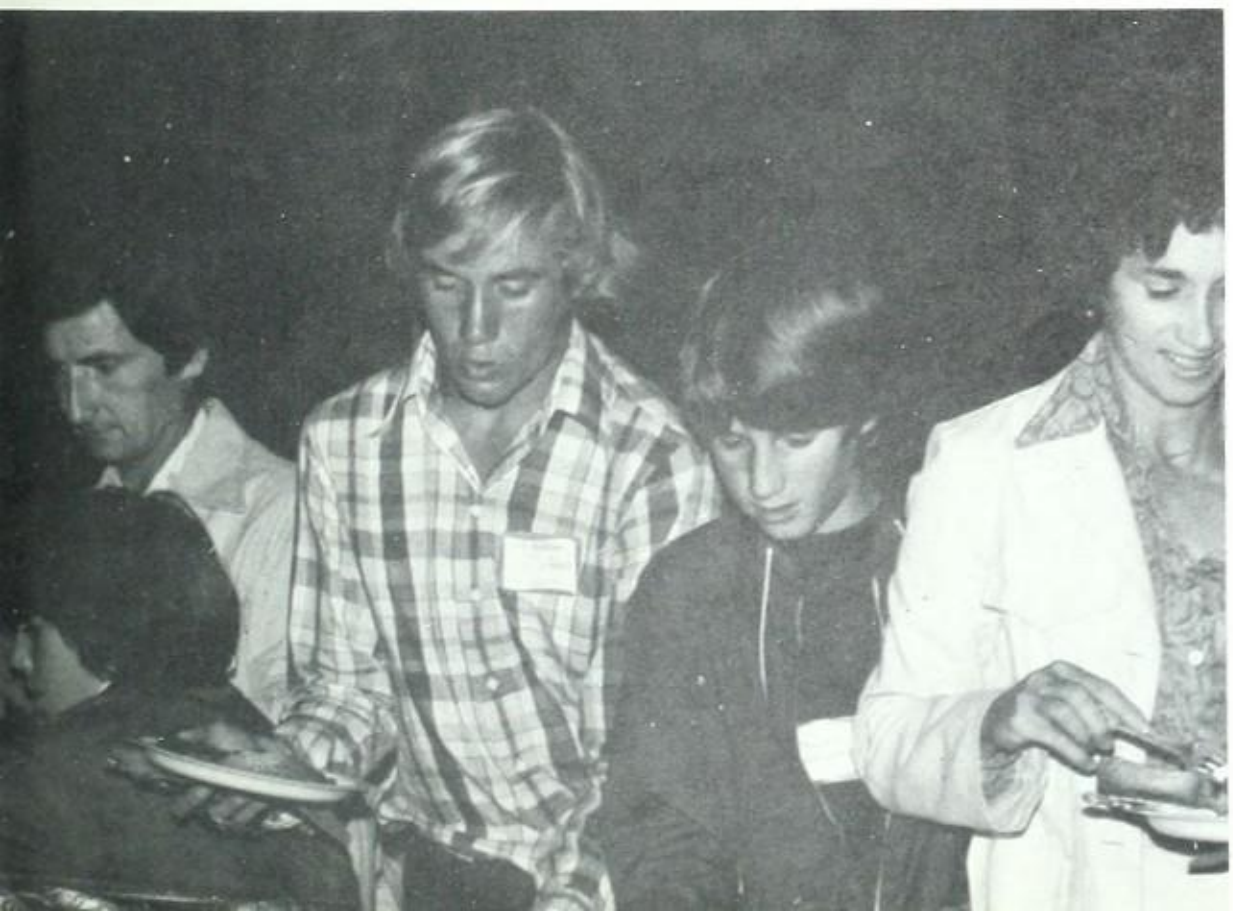
Clockwise from top: Gary Firestone catches Harvard on film. A crowd waits for lunch at the snack bar. Matt Deskin and Mike Terner discuss their financial situations. Steve Aronson enjoys his lunch with his classmates. Tom Reeks works on his agility in the summer practices. Jerry Tognazzini gives the 'evil eye.' Danny Greenberg, John Davis, Ed Poplawski, Dave Griffiths, Peter Wright, and Mark Binstock give a toast to their last year.



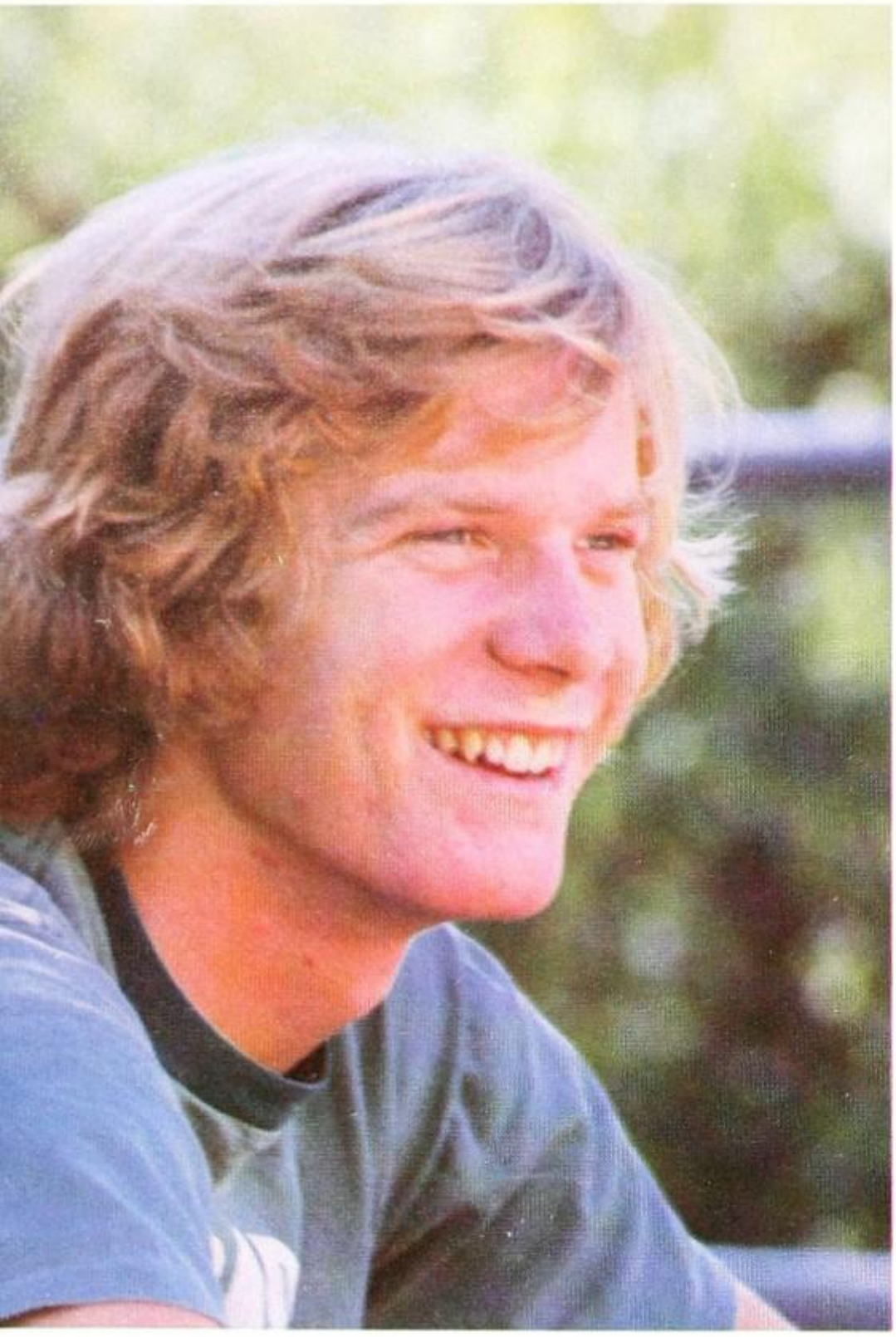


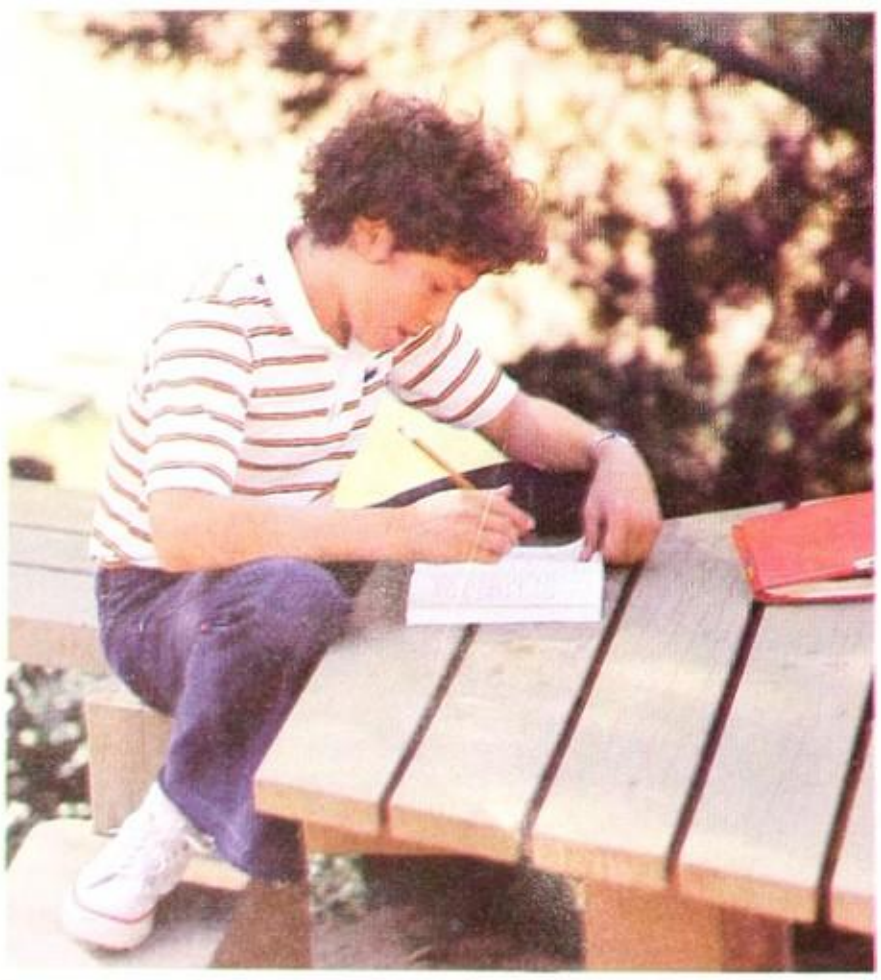


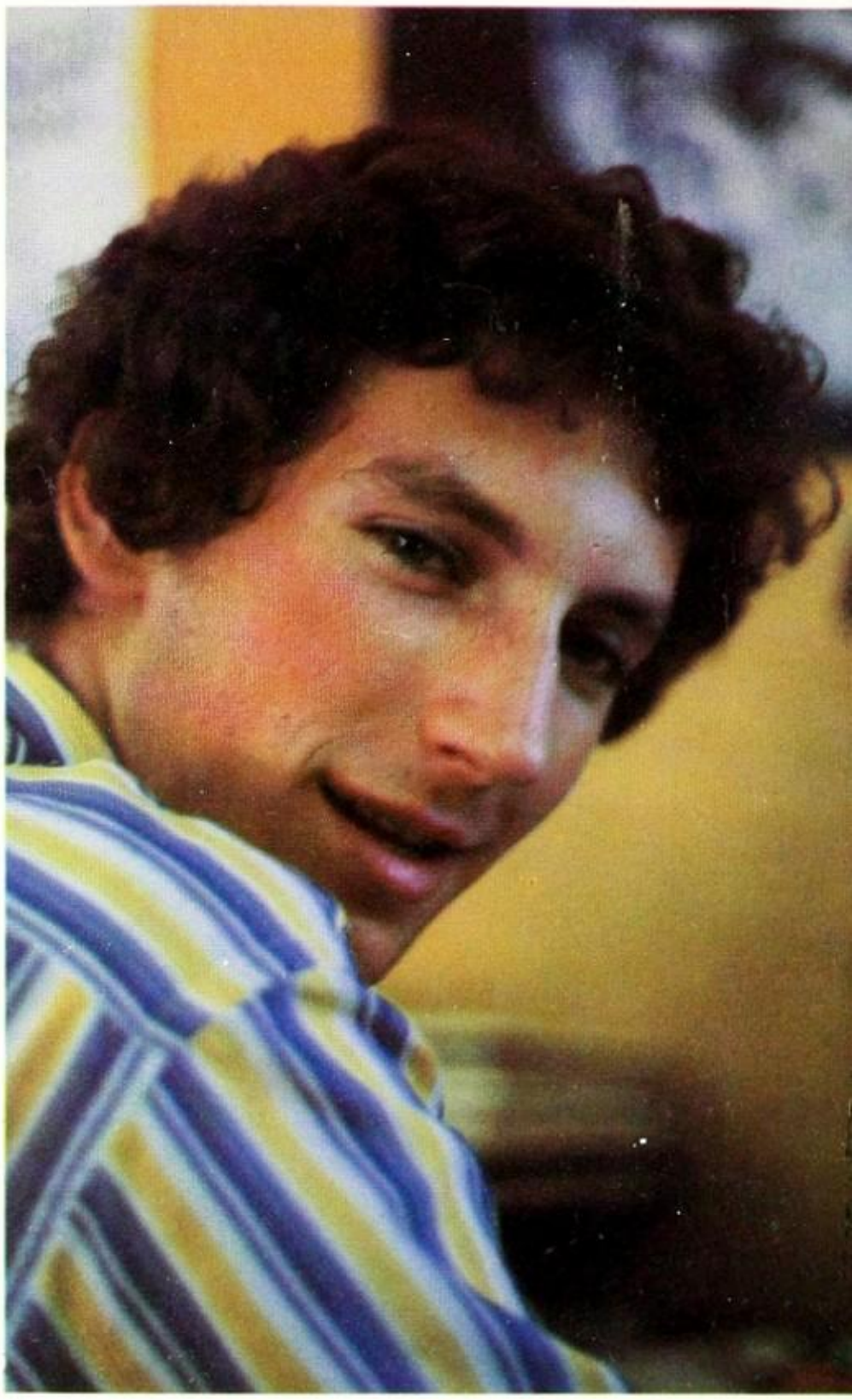
Counter clockwise from top:
Kevin Reed, Chris Jones, and Huck Sutherland examine something interesting . . .
Bong contemplating the game.
Intense volleyball in the Senior parking lot.

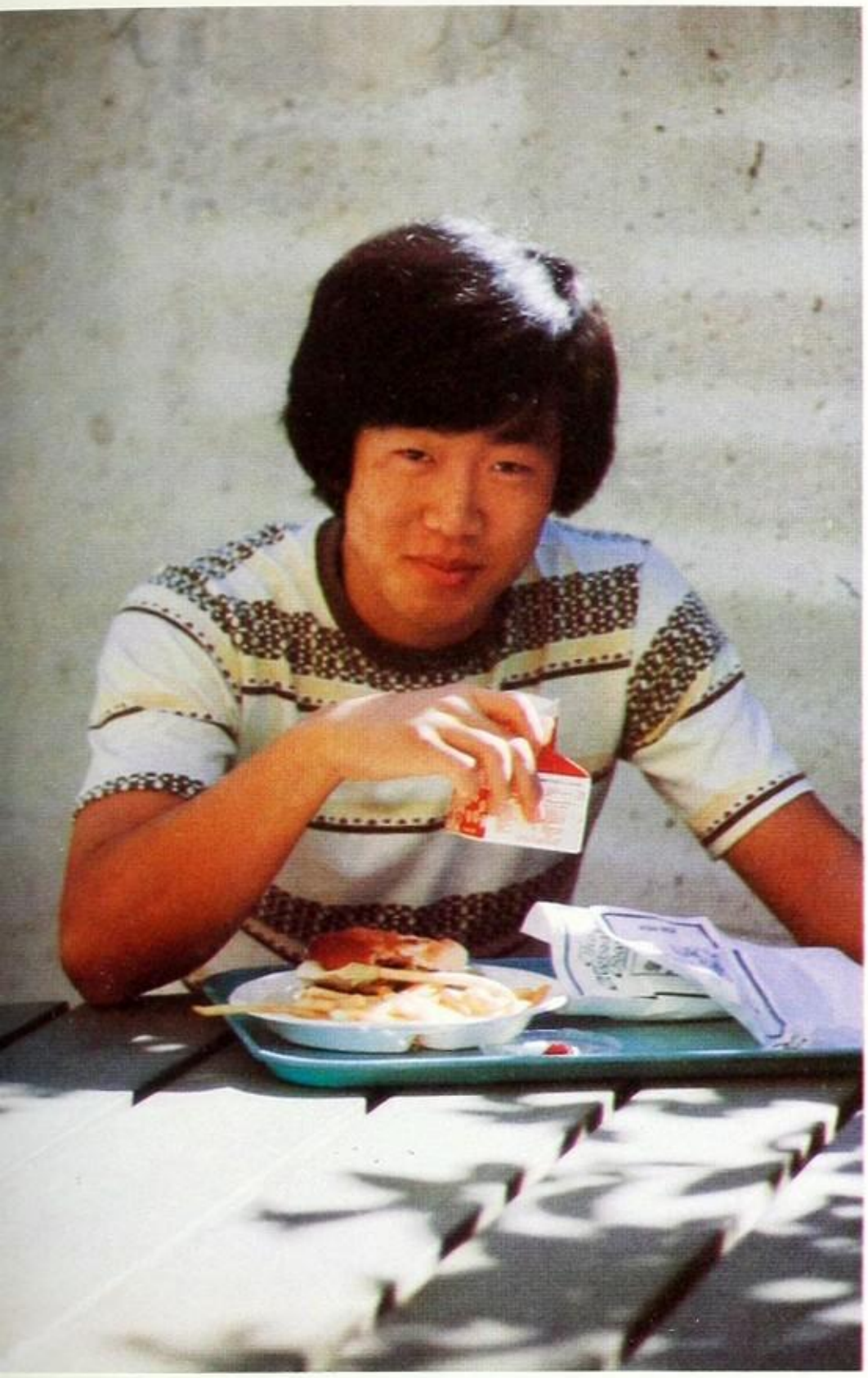


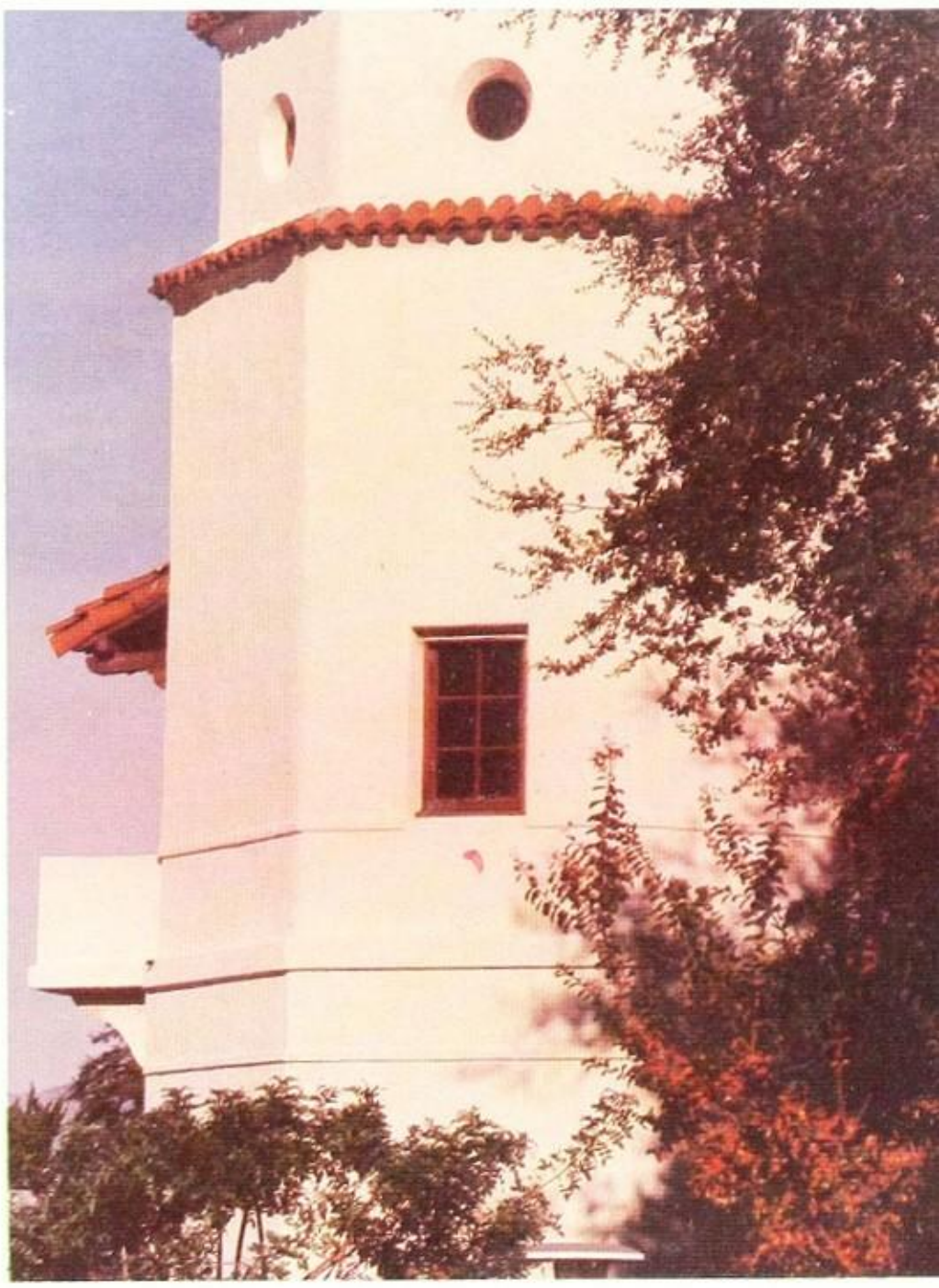
Clockwise from top:
David Wolf is ganged upon by Robbie Greenberg, Brad Wyman, and Richard Cohn.
Tony Bell disapproves of his lunch.
Seth Front gets his books for his next class.
John Bertram and his 'little brother' Steven Chessler fill their plates at the seventh grade barbecue.
The football team rests before the Pater Noster game.

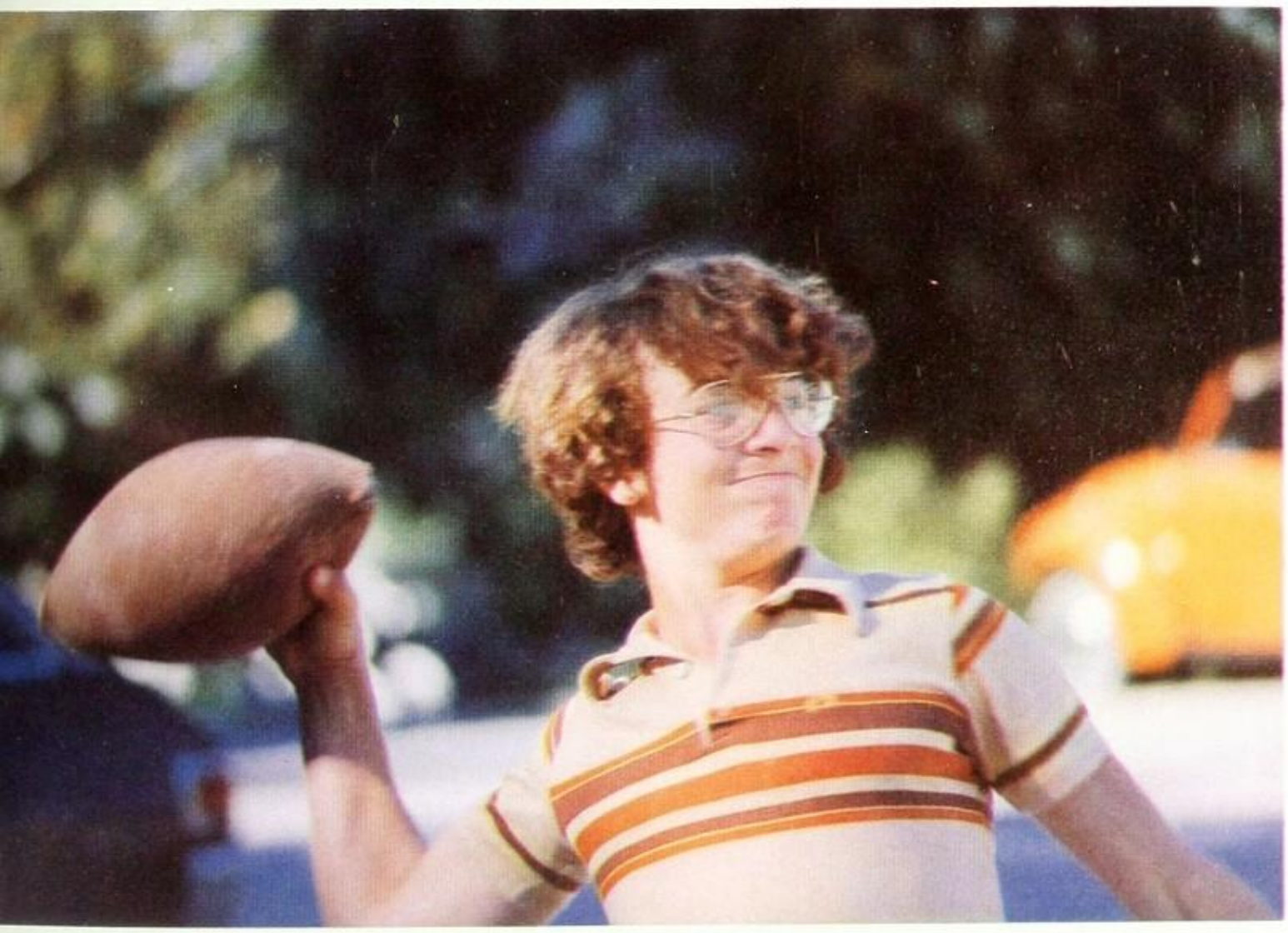






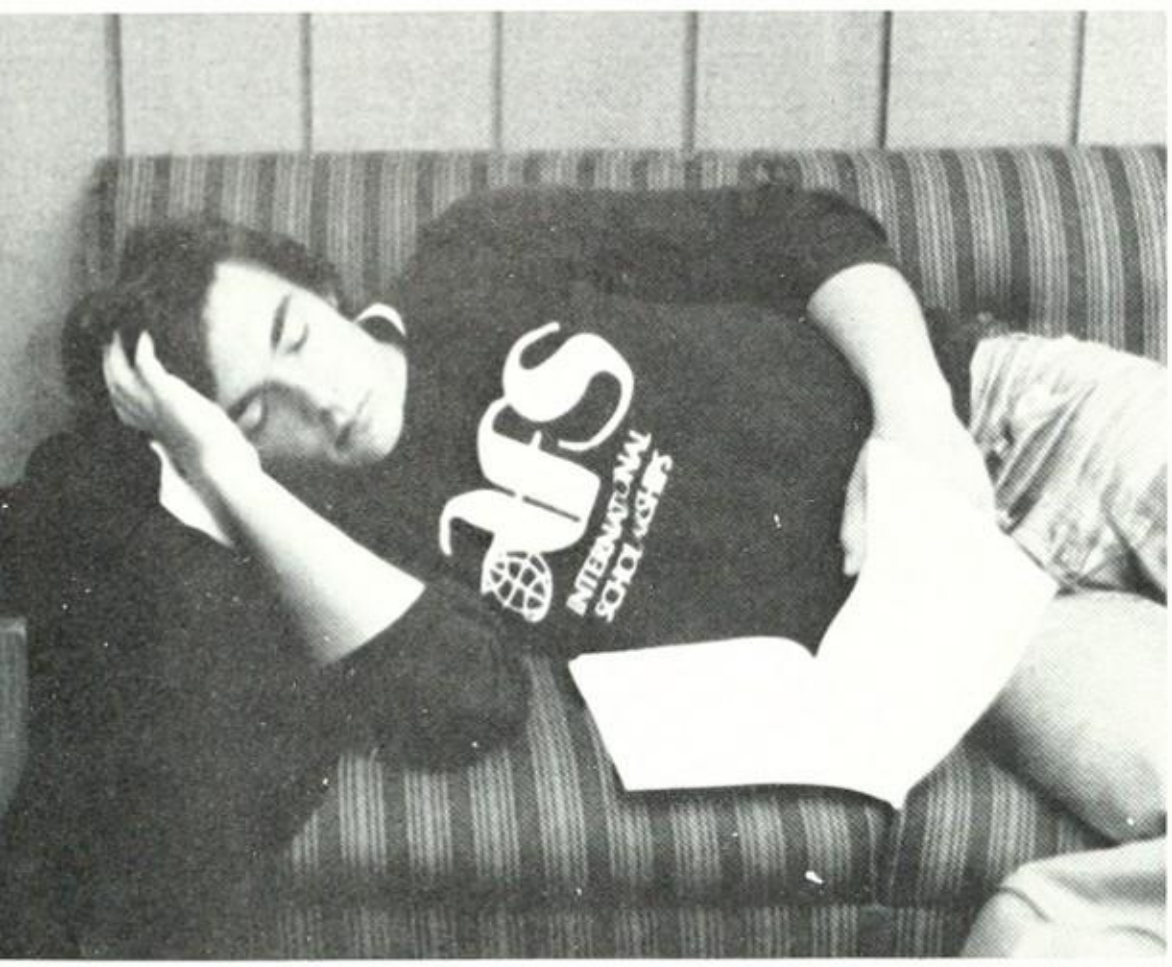


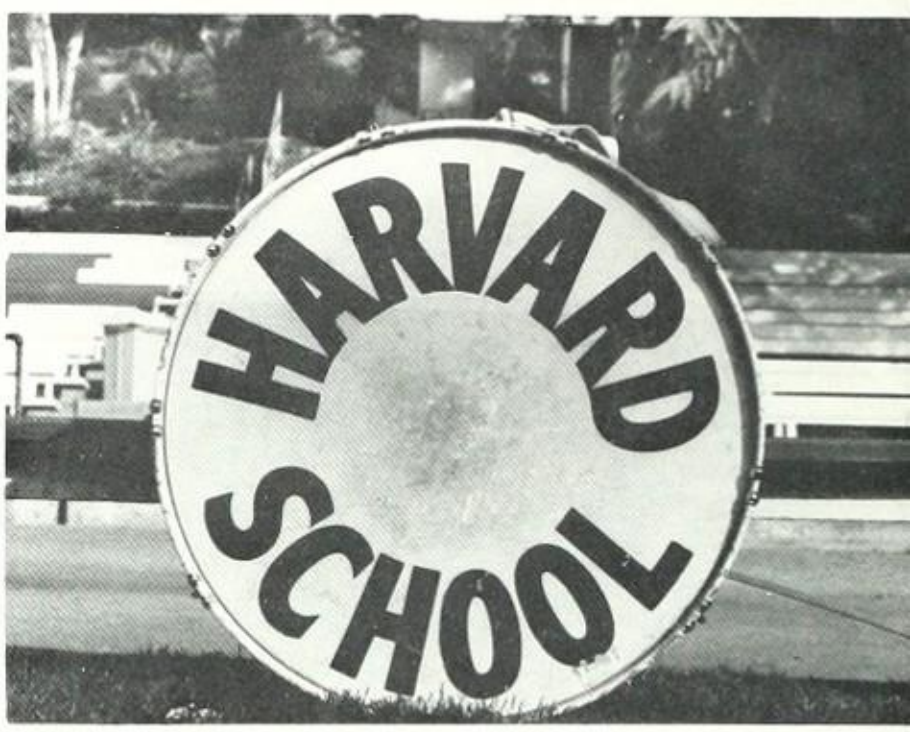




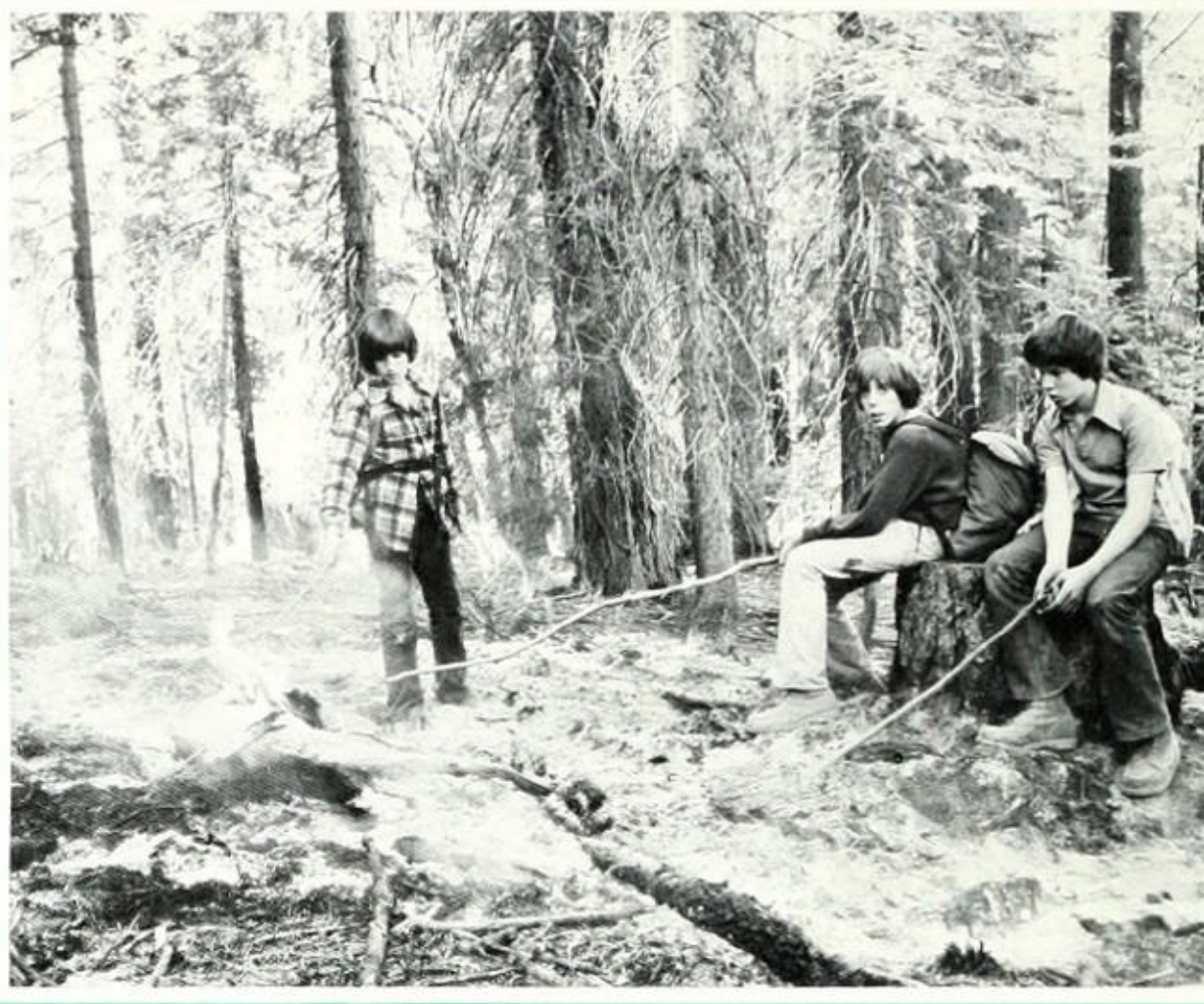
Clockwise from top left:
Bill Moses enjoys his free time.
Mr. Winetrobe and Coach Thran laugh during lunch.
Chulyun Kim with the Thursday Special.
The Senior Tower reflects the afternoon sun.
Perry Castellano quarterbacks the Senior Parking Lot team.
Mark Kelsey before blowing up at Gary Firestone for" wasting-"film in the annual room.
Les Josephson studies outdoors.

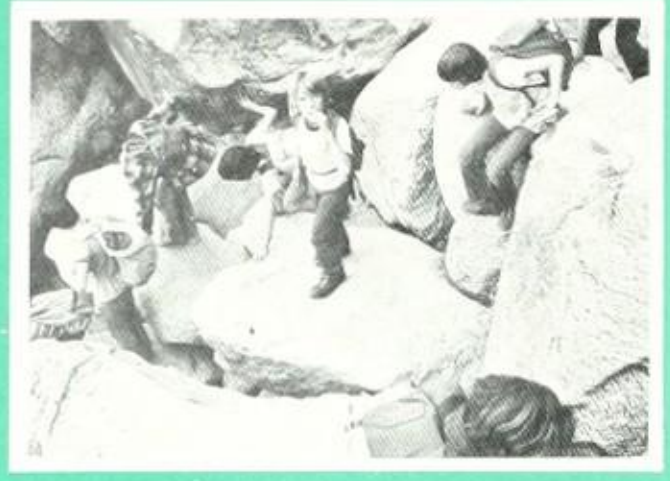
Clockwise from top:
John Brunson and Donald Hill relax during free time.
The Harvard drum rests on the sideline during halftime.
Mr. Racino assists his Spanish students.
Max Maupoix finds Harvard a breeze.

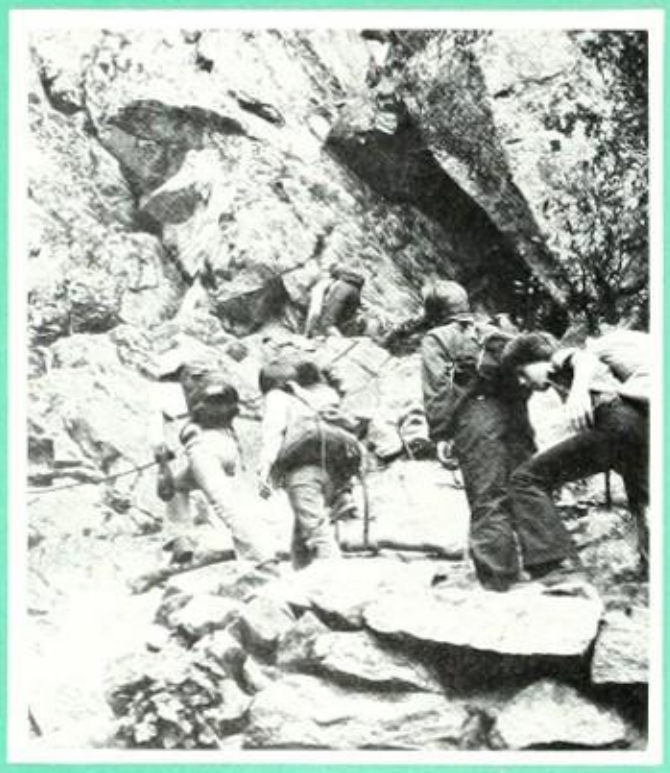




Clockwise from below: Todd Zerin takes a breather in his vigorous typing class. Adam Bercovici finds nothing worng with being a Senior nor his shop-putting cap. Glen Farr, Steve Shafran, and Chip Palmer join in an eight-clap at a football rally.







SEVENTH GRADE

"Now then, my fine feathered know-it-all," says Charles anxiously, as he aims his scissors at a few frames, and barely misses his own thumb, "may I hear a few poignant — but snappy — words on this new moon here?"

"Elementary, my dear half-back," Thaddeus grins. "It was the best of times . . . it was the worst of times."

"It was a time of exploration."

"It was a time of fear."

"Of sack-lunches."

"Sadistic eighth-graders."

"History projects."

"Daily Bulletins."

"Science experiments that never worked."

"Mine did."

"Yes Thaddeus, I know!"

"We were young, and innocent. It was a time of growth, laughter, education, sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows everywhere."

"That's enough to make a person sick!"

"It was a period of orientation, asking for directions to Harvard Hall, and rarely receiving answers."

"We had potential."

"Yes, but now and then it was suppressed by terror."

"Of what?"

"Of low grades. Of being pushed into your locker. Of having enchiladas two days in a row at the cafeteria."

"In other words," says Charles, "it was rotten being on the bottom?"

"Correction sir," Thaddeus replies, as he cuts up several seventh-grade candids, and splices them together, "it was wiser to shine cautiously."

I, Peter C. Aberg, being of sound mind and robust body leave the following worthless items to their very deserving recipients. To Berco: "All the President's Men" and JV soccer. To Kevin and Chris: The class of 1977. To Dave: Hockey. To George: The '77 dedication and chicken pox with cannon. To Danny: Council meetings and Doug Levy. To Eddy and Bob: B-ball at Kilpatrick. To Mike: Film Aesthetics and The Silent Era. To Bob: Europe on $0 a day. To Todd: A new thumb and insurance for your Jag. To George: The Kings. To Matt: Good luck with your soccer game. To Little Berc: Friday shotputting practice. To Bruce Landon and the class of '78: "The Aberg Song." To all the rest: Have a good time.
To Mr. Berrisford: Many Thanks. To Mr. Ameer: You took a chance with me, I hope I haven't let you down. To Mr. Dickey: My sincere appreciation for what you did for me and the class. To Mr. Ackerman and Mr. Marx: Thank you for all you have taught me and all you have done for me.
And finally to my parents: My love in return for yours which got me through four tough years.

JOHN FREDERICK AMES

SOLO HARVARD

If you smile at me I will understand because that is something everybody, everywhere else does in the same language.
Stephen Stills

Alias: Barnyard, BAGnard, B.A., Dr. B., Bano, Billy B., and Banyermahanamoho.

There are no material objects which I can leave anyone, so the memories of the times we shared will have to do. To the following people I leave the following memories, and to those I am forced to leave out — if you can look back and smile at the things we once did, then our whole existence has been worthwhile.

Harvie: a book entitled "The Joys of Living at Home," Get Smart, and ivy circus catches.

Ditman: Sciroccos, Dave Mason 8th row, 60 feet bamboo shoots, ice-ing and b-balls.

Berco: Sherlock and a headrush so bizarre that letting go seemed to be the thing to do at thirty feet; those songs still echo through Dixie Canyon.

Burnap: Copping a healthy buzz, freshman linemen, Old English and spud go-outs.

RJ Squirrel: a hit man that follows you everywhere, compliments of the house.

Pappas: combining our athletic abilities to supply our beer habit, we're unbeatable.

Chippymunk: getting lost, Mammoth '76, Lazerium, Stills at the bowl '75, thigh, avocads, a senile effort, snow blindness, and a friendship since pre-school.

The Coulters: a case of apricot nectar, my thanks. Nancy — victory at S.B. '75.

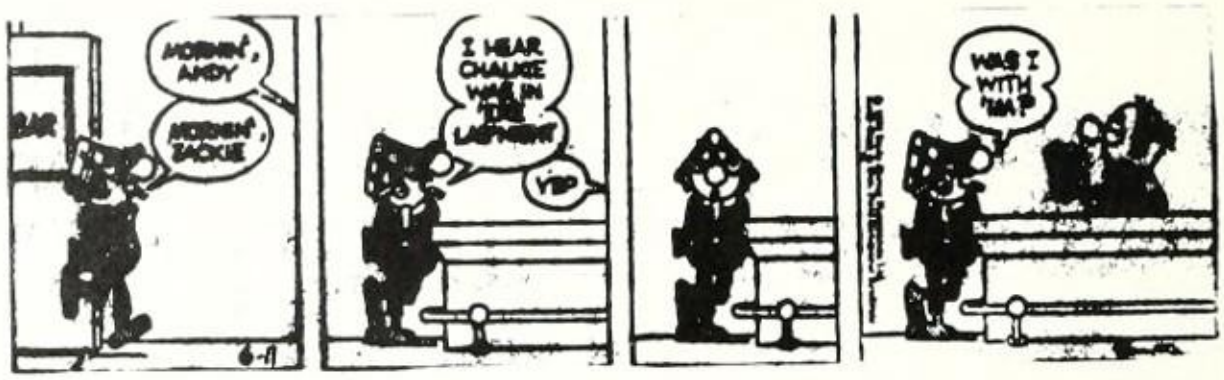
Christopher: a dinner at the Sizzler with your wallet in the car as usual.

CLJ: Kim Diamond's party, a hard one to make it to, a true east-west friendship.

Hoff: never-ending east-west confrontations, west side forever!

Fish: a city of bread people and a team which any pro scout would drool over.

Coach Thran: a 1975 Varsity Football letter. Thanks to all my coaches.

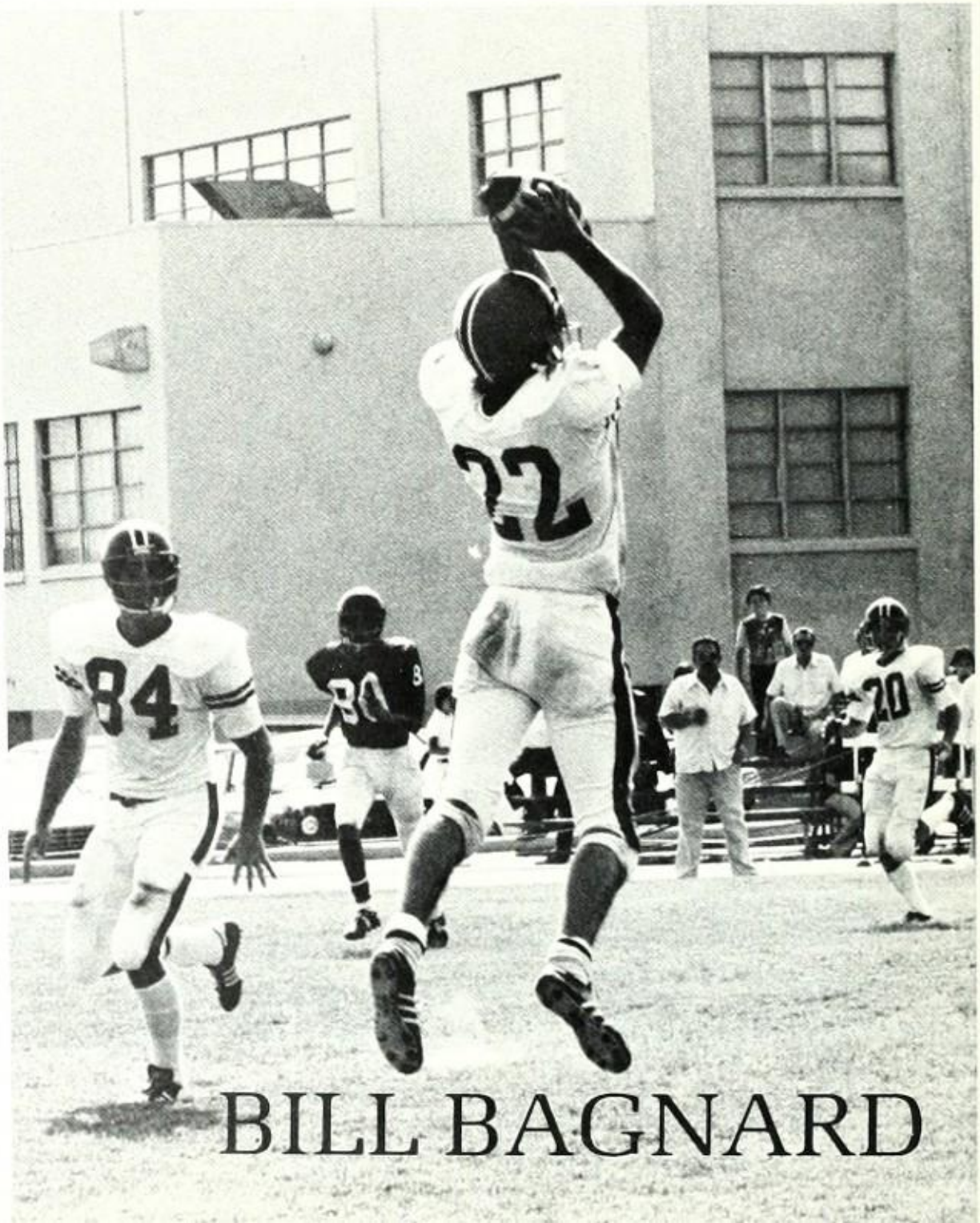


Special thanks to Mr. Bingham, Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Ameer, Mrs. Moore, Coach "Mosh," Mr. Newman, and all those faculty members who helped me through my years here.

Sally: Times which only you and I can remember, my thanks for the memories.

I leave the B.B.S. to "Charles Jay," Keep the raids going.

Finally, I would like to thank my parents who stood with me through the good times and the bad. You have given me a chance, and for that I give you my love and gratitude.



BILL BAGNARD

THOMAS BARRETT

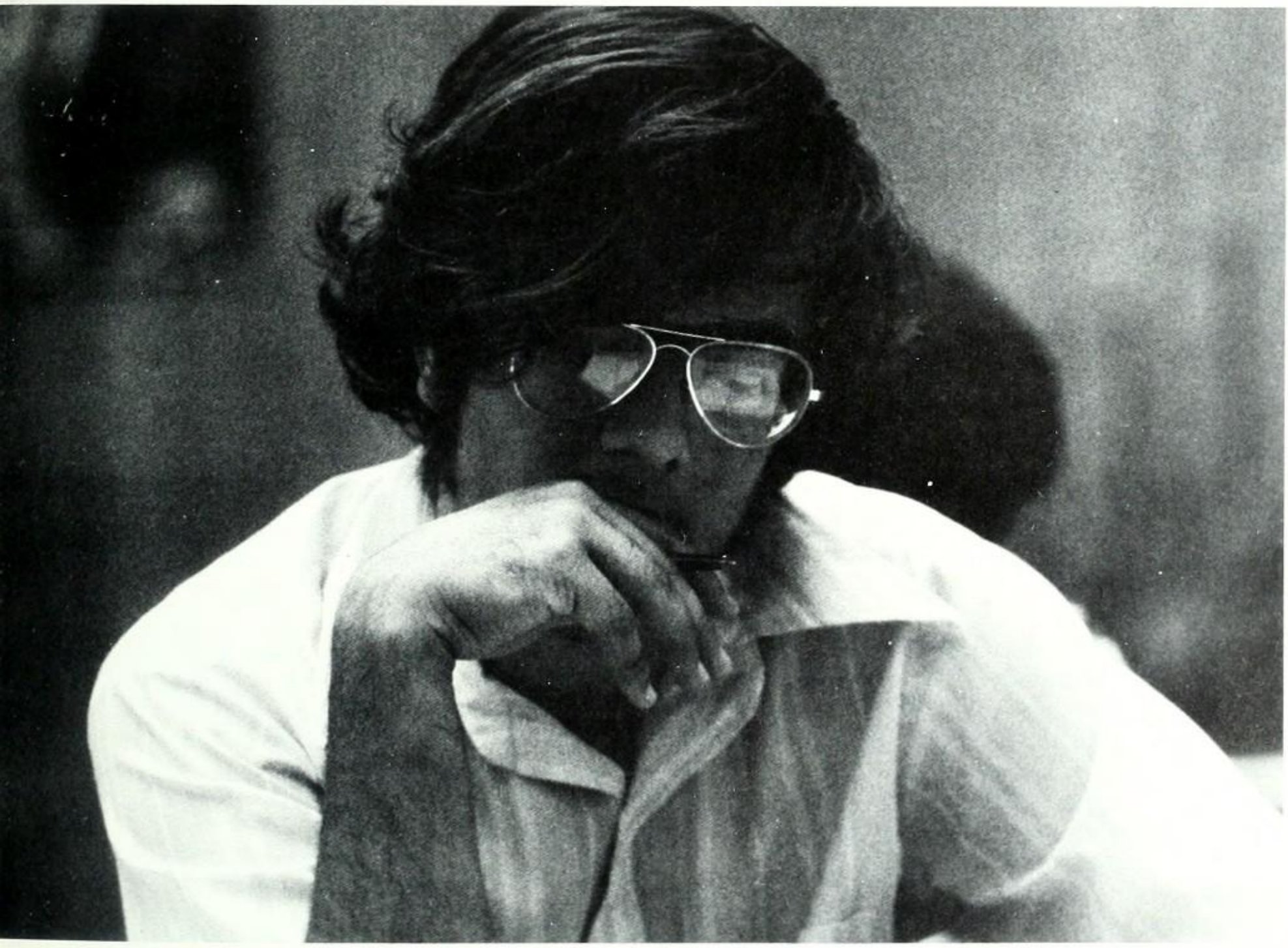
As manager of three Harvard Varsity Football teams, my record has been 10-17-0. I hope this will not be my greatest achievement.

A-Dos to Moke, Skate, Putz, and the K.C. Kid.

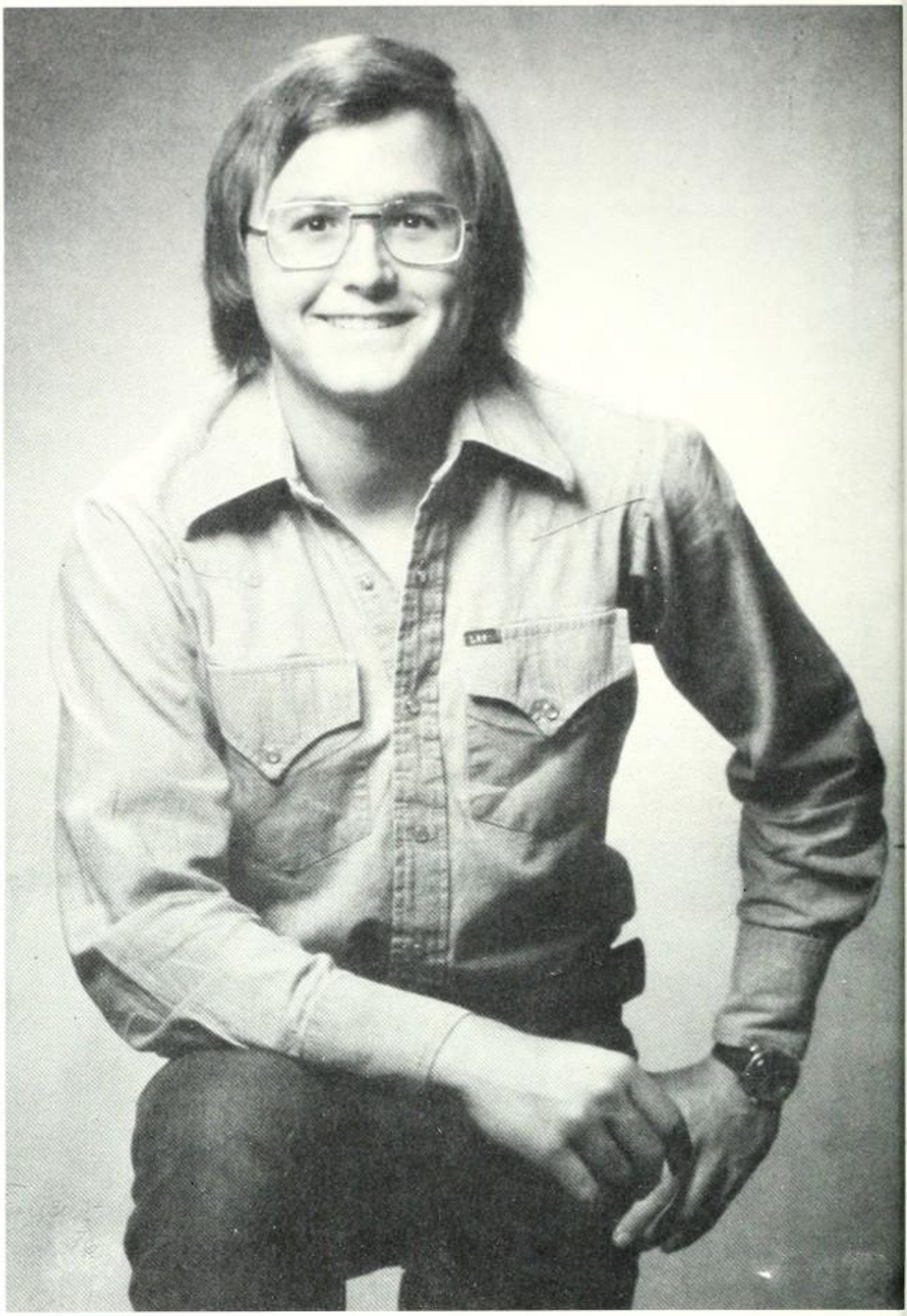
Thanks to all, especially Peck, Dr. O, Mr. Graziano, Tedd, Coach Thran, and Checo.

Very Special Thanks to my Mother and Father, and to the Cat.

Ah-Bee



HUGH BATEMAN



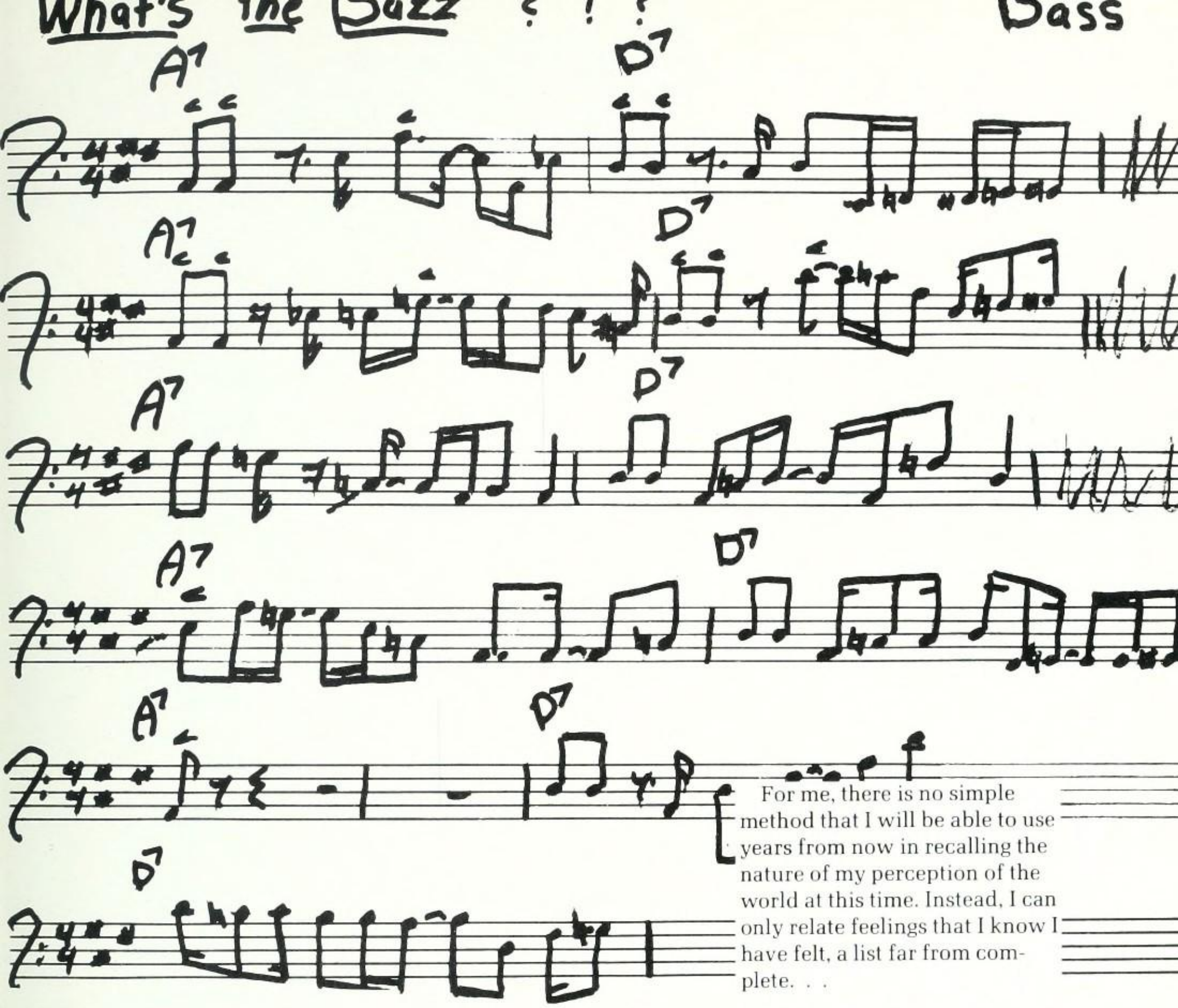
After six years at Harvard it is finally my time to leave to some of my friends (as of Jan. 1977) the following:

Those "already gone"; KYLE — Bertha Mae, Z channel on Sat. night, Paso Robles, Texas, and my thanks for being there. Clay — the perfection of an art, Catalina, Paso Robles and a battered 70 (at Easter), and Cal Poly. ERIC- that Chevi 4 W.D. shortbed, Paso Robles (a blue '61 Toyota and a house of your own), 17 years (?!) of friendship, and a Westlake dance.

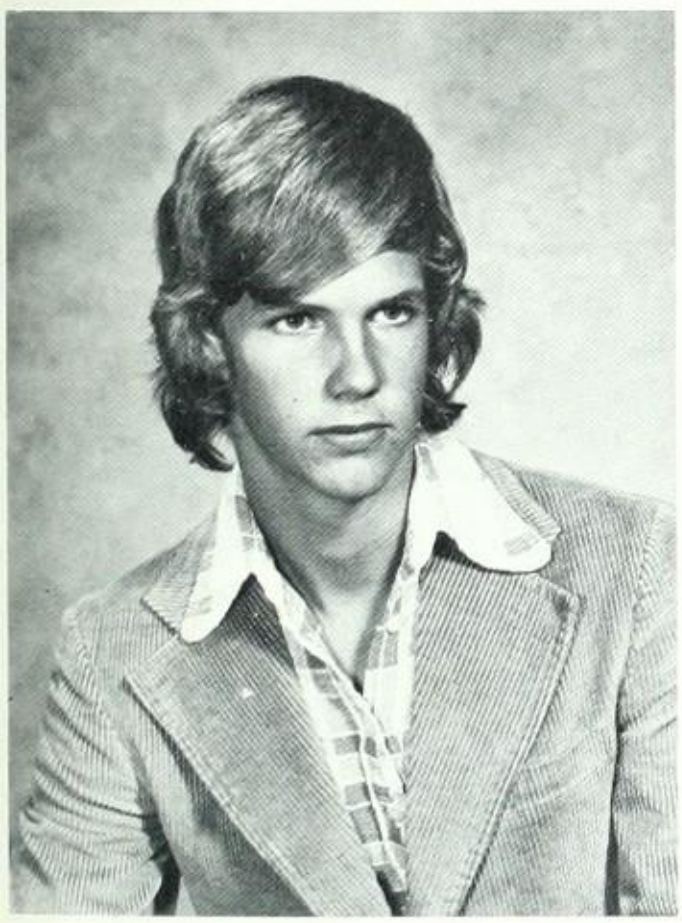
Those who remain; TORIE-THE TAPE, SUPERSTAR, a purse at McDonald's (you, you're the one), a two piece custom-made pool cue, Paso Robles (the stars, and falling off a swing), "I'm sorry", "WHATEVER" (for the last time!), a dance, and myself. DREW-some good times (a Westlake dance ?), "Don't Fear the . . . ", and an honorary membership in the "Fearsome five". STEVE- that same dance, 7-11, and a new car. PERRY- Dixie Canyon, a party or two or three or four or . . . , and Buckley. CHAUNCEY- Apathy, and a three page ad. KELSEY- a straitjacket. FENIMORE- when's the next deadline? SUPERSTAR CAST- wireless mikes, and the knowledge that we did it! STEVE MITCHEL- a ride home.

My Family; MARY- My love and your pick from the Harvard "catalogue." MOM AND DAD- My love and my eternal thanks.

THOSE NOT MENTIONED-WHATEVER



For me, there is no simple method that I will be able to use years from now in recalling the nature of my perception of the world at this time. Instead, I can only relate feelings that I know I have felt, a list far from complete. . .



friendship exhaustion anxiety satisfaction indecision regret studiousness conceit intimacy procrastination pain excitement pressure confusion relief stubbornness peace embarassment love tension contentment infatuation contemplation euphoria insecurity enlightenment futility

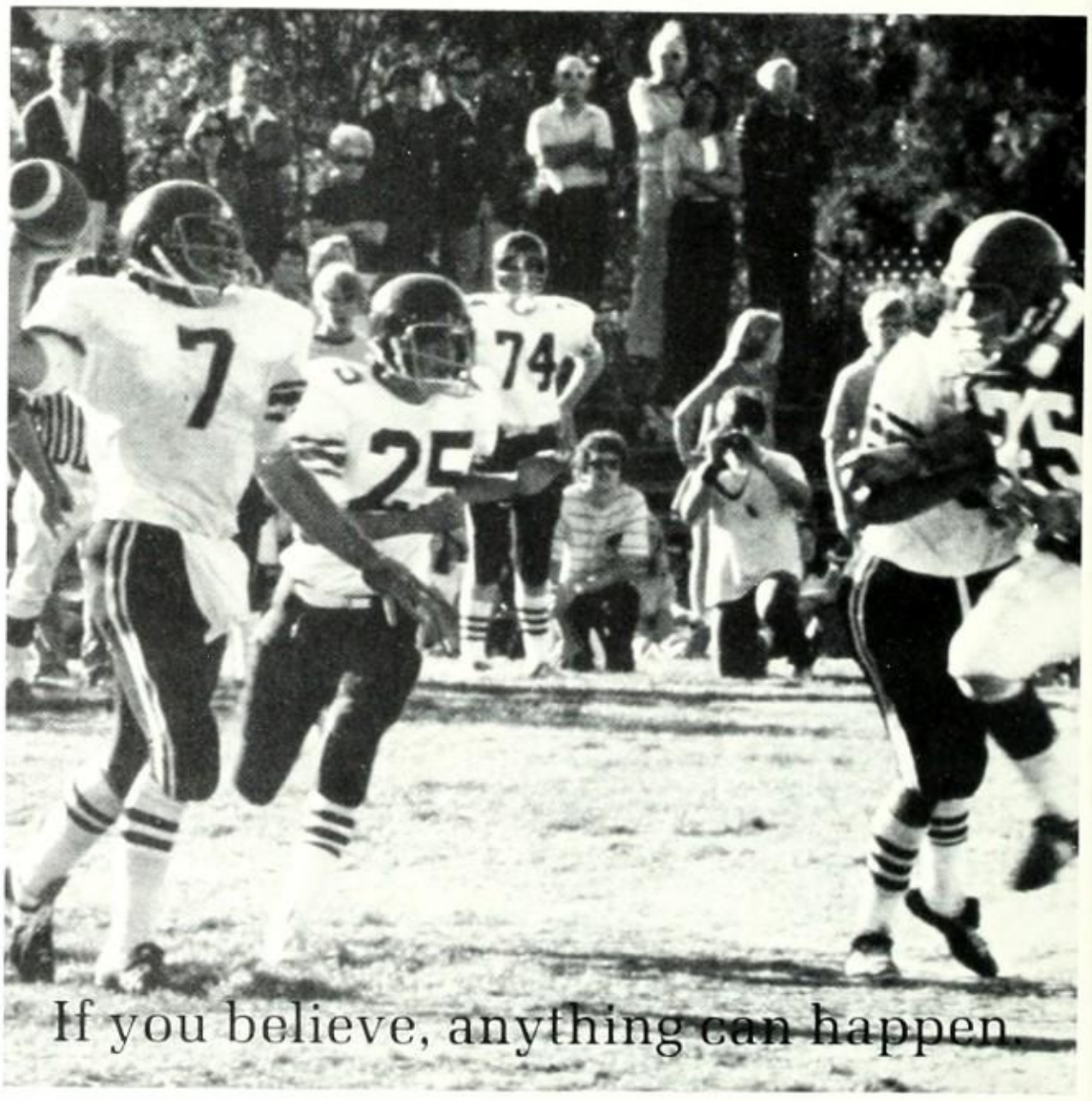
. . . and happiness beyond measure.

I hope in future years, that one feeling will not be over emphasized or disregarded in my mind since all combine to form what realistically made up my stay at Harvard — one that I could not, nor would not want to take back in any way. I, like many other friends here, can only walk away saying, we're grateful to someone out there, whoever he may be. Thanks to this group, faculty, and friends, who comprise Harvard. The final 'note' goes to the family . . . you know who you are.

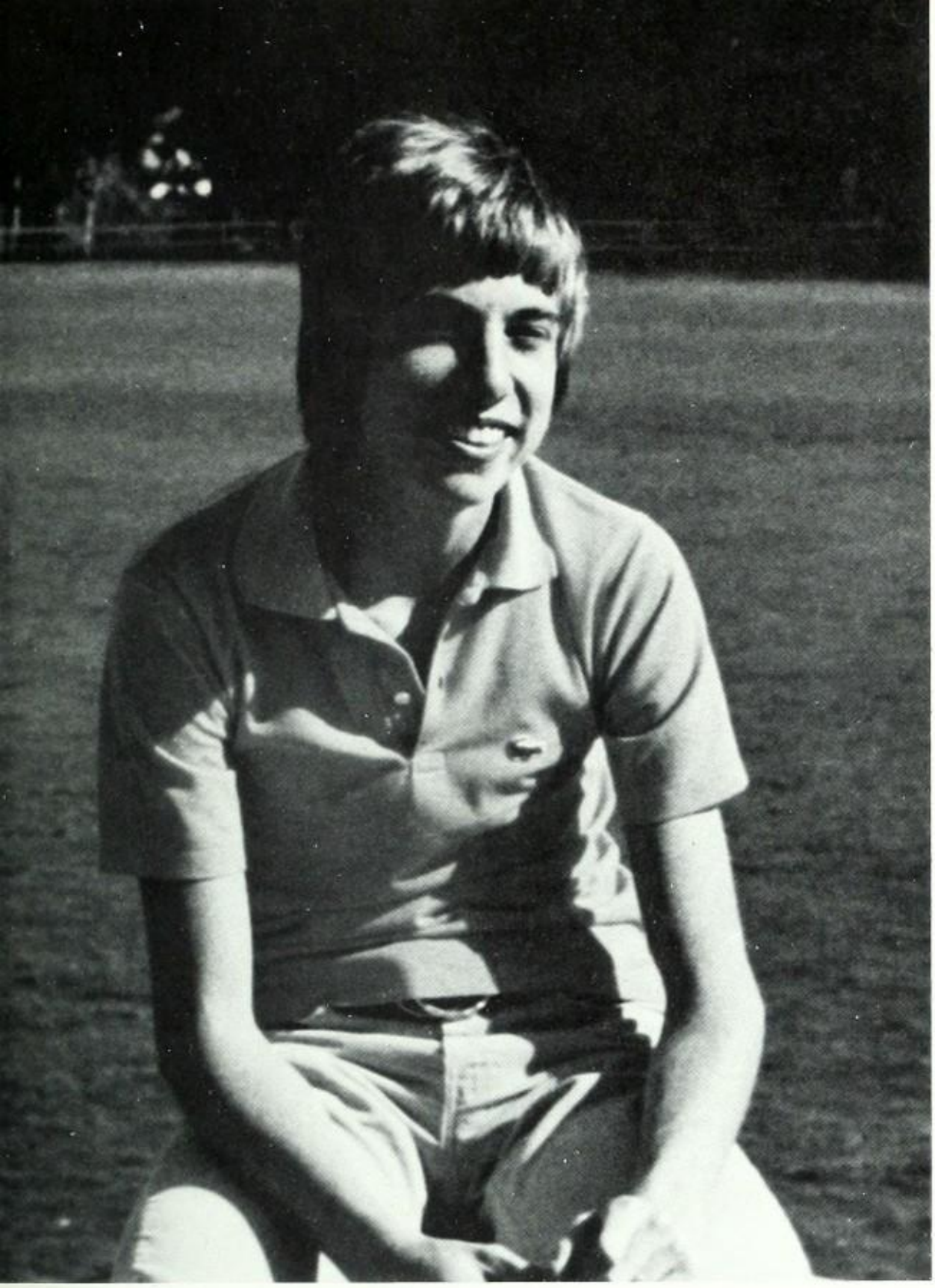
Jeff Bell

ADAM BERCOVICI

To my coaches, teachers, and all my friends thank you for making my experience at Harvard the most enjoyable years of my life. To Mom, Dad especially David thank you for always being there when I needed you. to P.F.P, J.A.T., S.P., and Billy B.: My love and thanks for you are the greatest people in the world.



RICHARD BERG



Farewell and my thanks to (in alphabetical order): Mr. Berk, Mr. Bingham, Ms. Dietz, Mr. Hill, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Koslow, Mr. Ledyard, Mr. Martinez, Ms. Rebek, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Smith, Mr. Woods . . . and to RDB for the PDP.

"I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man."

— Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar," III, ii.

"All the news that's fit to print."

— Adolph S. Ochs

"Yes, all is vanity, all is delusion except these infinite heavens."

— Tolstoi, WAR AND PEACE

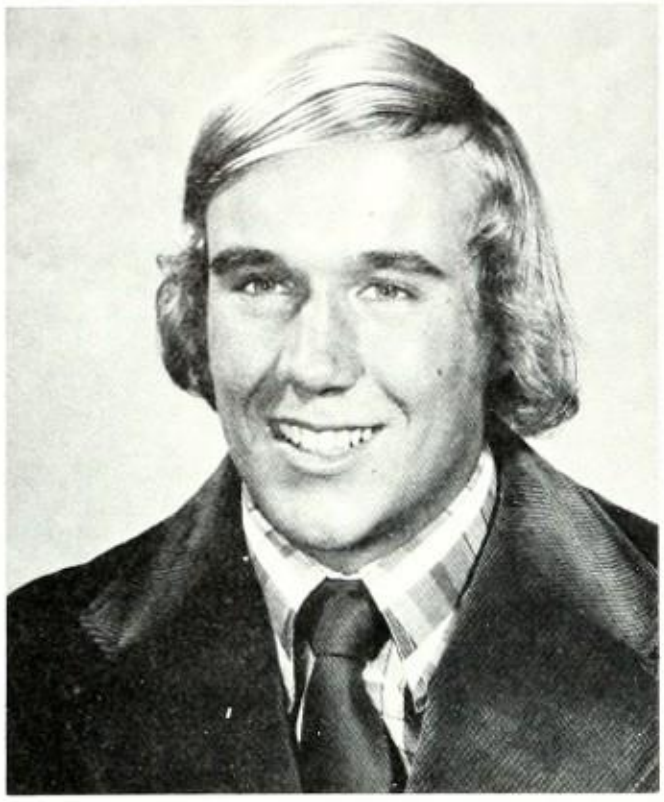
"Ah oui! Oa bon!"
"Oooh . . . okay!"
"Fish!"
"The Man Who Would be King!"
"Sure!"

— Shard of Harvard Yard

"Let the dance begin."

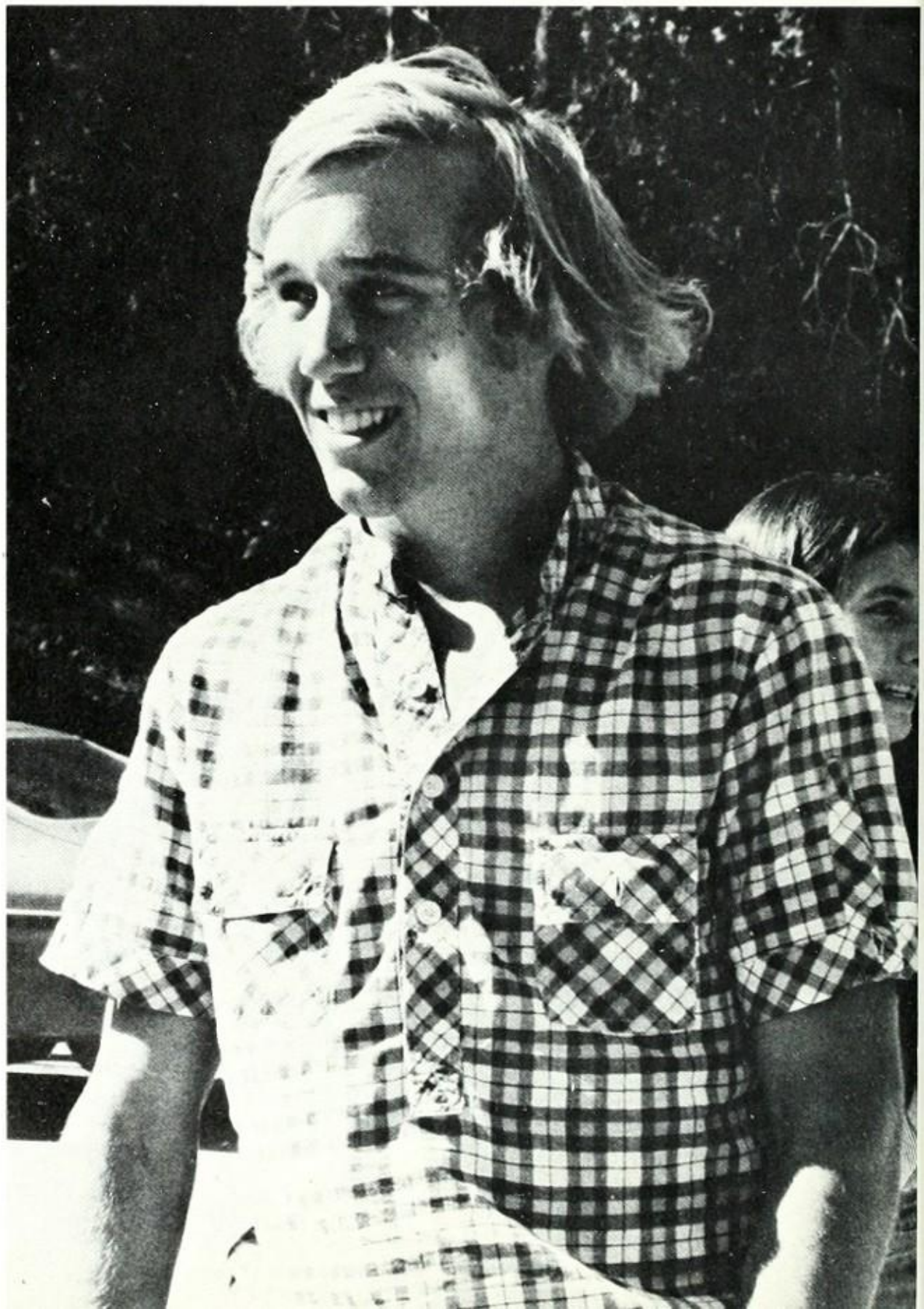
— Genesis

JOHN BERTRAM

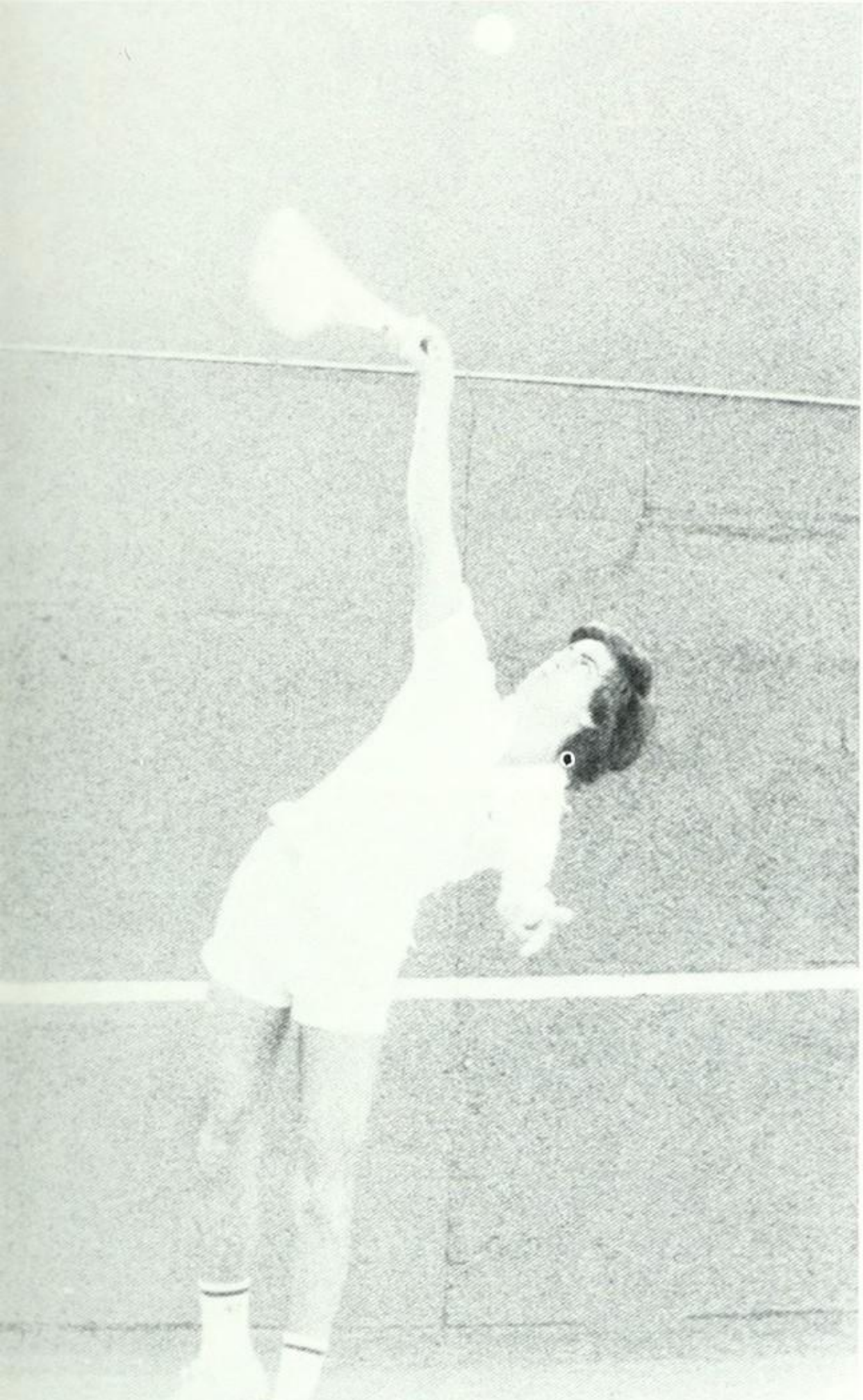


I, John Bertram, alias Be Afra, Wire Mesh and Tooth Pick on tennis Balls, bequeath the following useless items to these insane people:

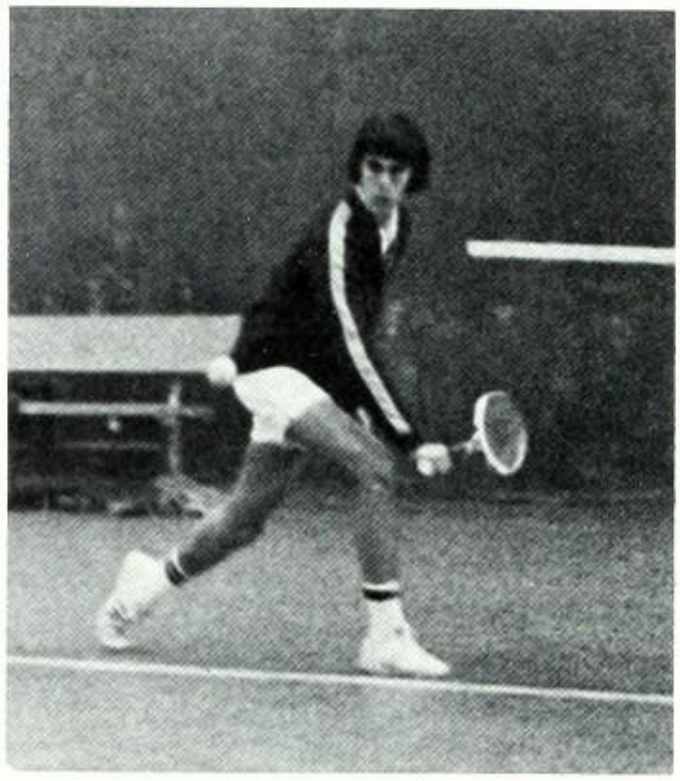
To Dave Z, a four hour telephone conversation with Linda without any interruptions; To Chris J, a 1977 Blue Panama Falcon, and another chance to see the Greatful Dead, since you slept through the last one; To Tom H, Star Trek, Space 1999, My favorite Martian, and Captain Marvel, the fact that the East Side is inferior to the West Side; To George P, the ability to go through girls like shoes, twenty gallon bladders and the State Beach Queen; To Jim B, two cans of K2 Spot Remover, a plaque commending your drinking abflity, Does anybody want to take a Nap? To Steve P, being fed grapes by beautiful Godesses in a tranquil paradise; To Swanson, a built in shirt pouch in order to catch the beer you spill; To Bill B, playing the Lone Ranger at Dits party, four boxes of soxes; To Tom C, the ability to get up and get to school in 5 minutes; To Lewis D, an endless supply of cigarettes, Be Afras aren't all bad; To Kevin R, Get Naked, Shu Bop Shang a Lang Baby, Got a Gold Cadillac, Happiness is a drivers license; To Doug M, your own Professional Hair Stylist; To Chris H, The Shick center, a book titled 700 ways to get in an argument; To Eddie P; Neil Youngs song titled "Cripple Creep Fairy," A masters degree in K. A.-ing; To Glen F, an endless supply of Armor All; To Ken M, a 300 pound punching bag and thanks for breaking my toe.



ROBERT D. BEYER



WIMBELDON CHAMPION

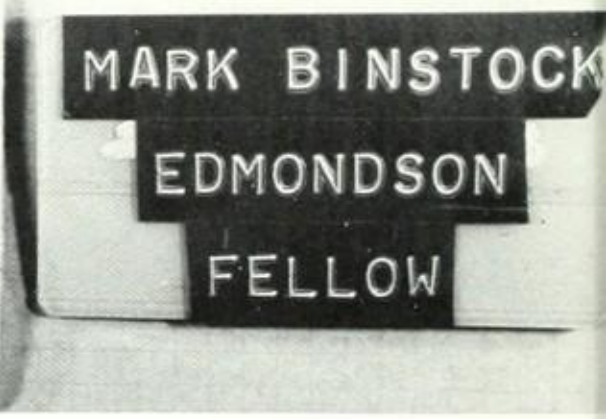


RB

SHALOM

CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER

Mark Binstock
Student Fellow
Cardiology



שלום, מארק בינסטוק

Give of yourself, as much as you can. And you can always, always give something, even if it is only kind-of-new. If everyone were to do this and not be as mean with a kindly word, then there would be much more justice and love in the world. Give and you shall receive, much more than you would have ever thought possible. Give, give again and again, don't lose courage, keep it up and go on giving. No one has ever become poor from giving.

— Anne Frank —

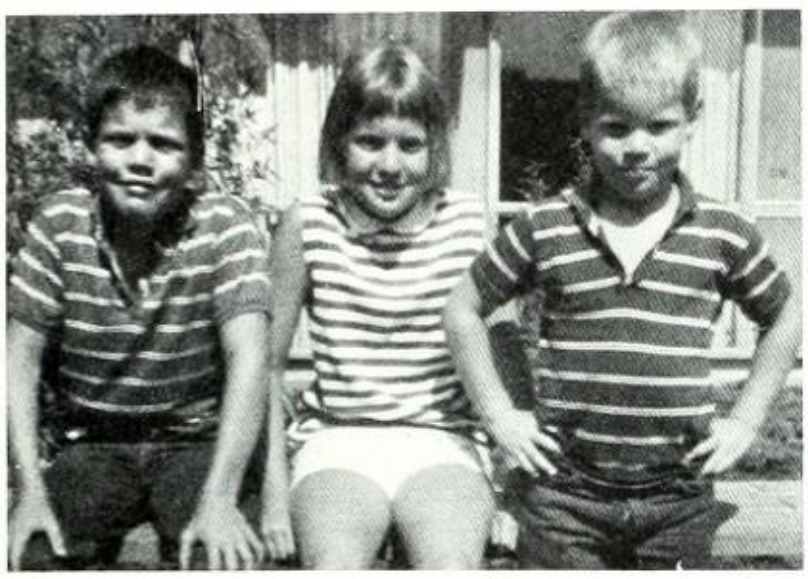
To my family, teachers and friends: It is impossible to express my complete thanks for making my life so meaningful and enjoyable.

MARK BINSTOCK

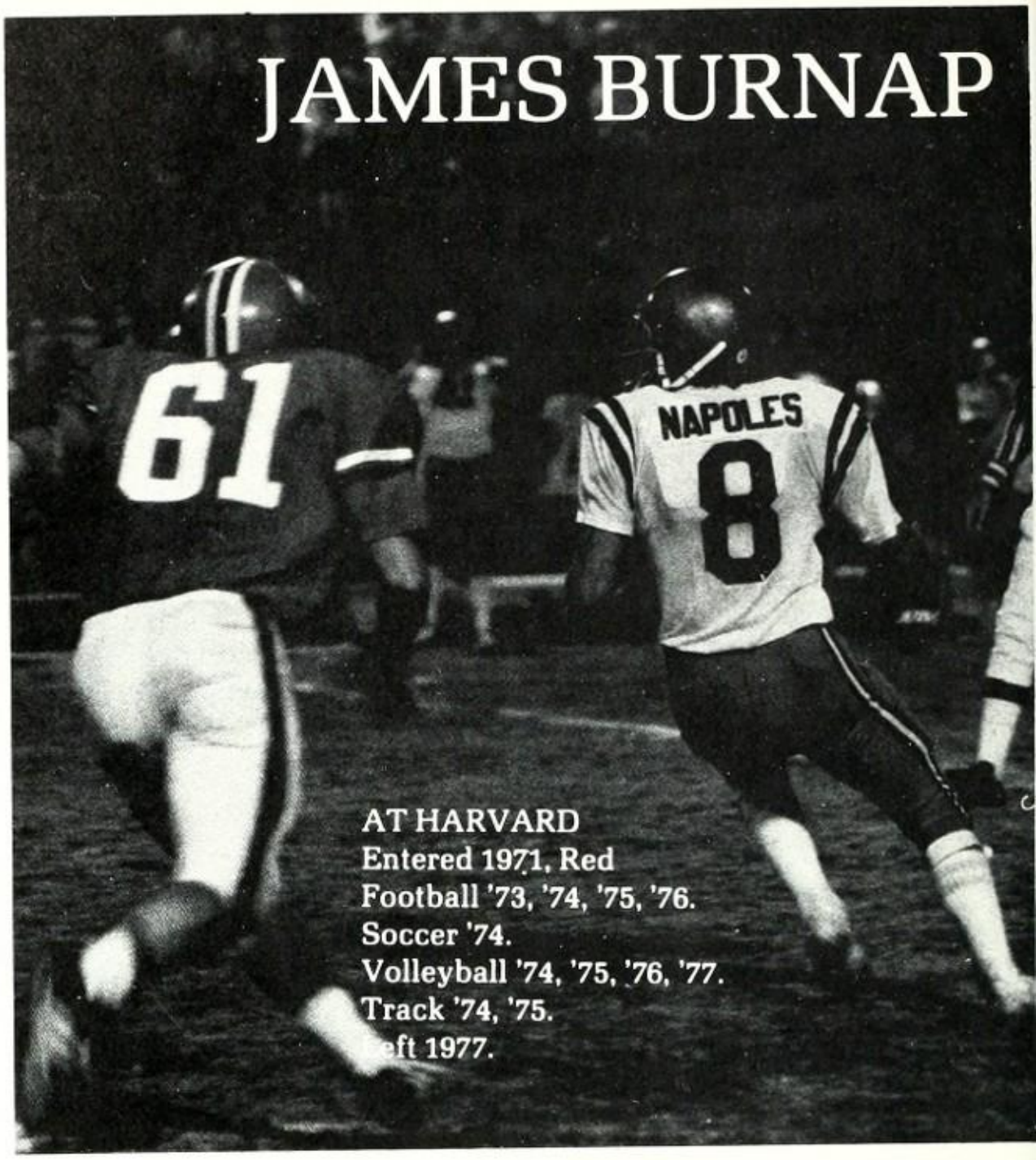
MIRAN JACK
BOUCHAKIAN

I cannot conceive how a man can look up to the heavens and say, "There is no God."
braham Lincoln.

Wisdom does not consist of trying to wrest the good from the evil but in learning to "ride" them as a cork
dapts itself to the crests and troughs of the waves.



JAMES BURNAP



AT HARVARD
Entered 1971, Red
Football '73, '74, '75, '76.
Soccer '74.
Volleyball '74, '75, '76, '77.
Track '74, '75.
Left 1977.

My name is Jim Burnap, to many known as "Nap," "Jaws," "Snapper," and "Pargo." For me to remember everything about everyone I have encountered thus far in my life would be impossible. I am sorry if I have missed or forgotten. I wish all my friends good luck wherever you may travel or venture to.

My Will

Tommy T.: Hey Tucker! The starburst of life, slam rights, Lake Arrowhead, and a little wool on the side.

George P.: Who's game! The senior P. and the knowledge that "You can't live with them and you can't live without them."

Steven H.: "Oh well, yes it's true I guess . . .," Skiing, and One B-day a year, Porter's.

Steve P.: Hey Pomm, I hope you keep that table of your's and a crop of things more.

Bill E.: Bull, A night at Homby without a bad song, and a base hit in stickball.

Doug M.: A certain meal under Yosemite falls.

Anna U.: B.A.B.C. summers, and whose side are you really on?

Steve P.: The art of making snowballs at the right time and right place.

Gigi C.: Sun Valley, Me get mad at you? Alison L.: Volleyball partners and good sportsmanship. Some good times, Thank you.

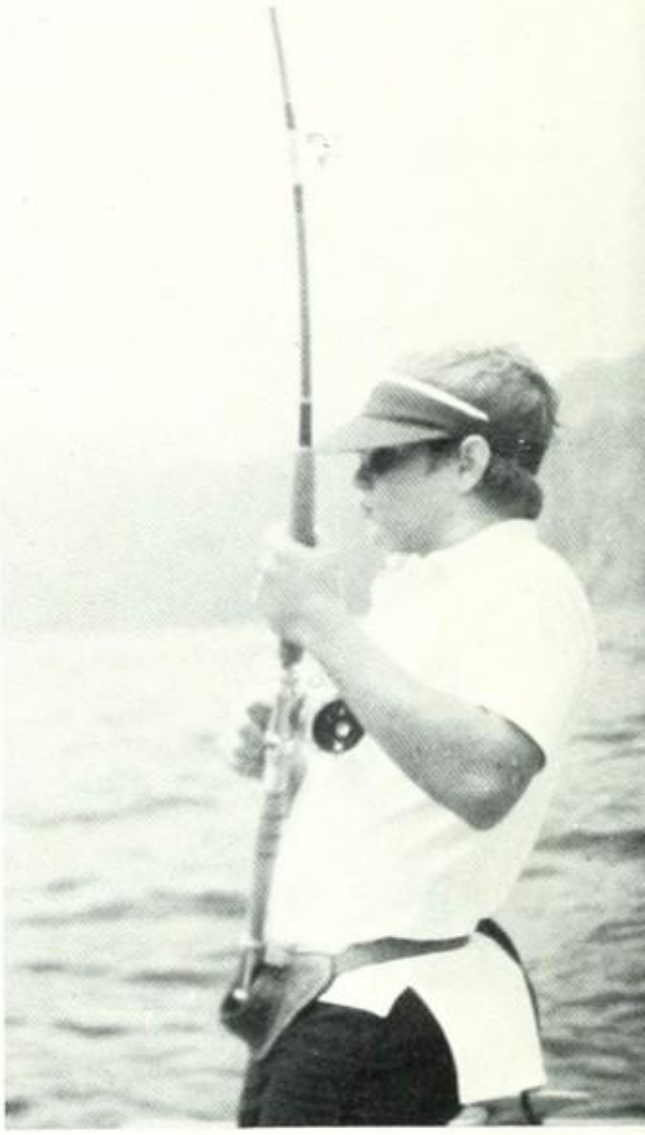
Bill B.: B-ball, T-ball, K-ball . . . etc. Yes Billy B.

Greg P.: You know you will never be able to take me.

Sally C.: Friends always.

George T.: George, you can do anything.

Special thanks to the teachers and faculty who helped me get through Harvard.



7th grade White B's
8th grade White B's
9th grade Freshman Basketball
10th grade J.V. Basketball
J.V. Baseball
11th grade J.V. Basketball
Varsity Baseball
12th grade Varsity Football
Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball

PERRY CASTELLANO

I, Perry Castellano, being of empty mind and small body, leave the following: To Adam "mongo" Bercovici, an evening at the El Lodia bar, listening to Sid Corbett jam on bass, drinking brews, while the police keep the babes off the stage. To Jim "Charles Atlas" Grover, a B.L.T. sandwich, a body building book and the $10 I owe you for Dixie Donald's. To George TUI a SA SAVAGE. J.T. first team All Jesus CHRIST,,, G.D. I'm Great and K.M. sweater size. To Eddie Poplawski, I leave John Davis and "EDDIE DRIVE THE HOOP." To JOHN Davis, I leave Eddie and I'll give you your keys fourth period. To Jerry, the satisfaction of knowing that your ego is bigger than my mouth and thanks for letting me stay at your house my senior year. To Tom "L.L." Flintoft, our pre-game night before warmup and L.C. . . . To Hawaiian Punch Kim, the pineapple factory, and "I kill him, I swear." To Cloobie, You're the head trainer. To Steve Stevens, Miss Stanley and our marvelous Bio class. To Phil "Mad Dog" Berk, our seventh grade social studies class, the 1976 varsity football team, and Doug Levinson. To Coach Winetrobe, Dr. "O.," Mr. Newman, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Magusin, Mr. Florian, Mr. Michaud, Mrs. Rebek, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Ameer, Mr. Dickey, Coach Pacheco, Mr. Miller, Coach Thran, Coach Gingell, and finally my parents, thanks for putting up with me for six years and allowing me to graduate.

Later and Goodbye

As you slide down the bannister of life, may all the splinters be pointing in the right direction —
— Wild Red Berry —

. . . la majesteuse égalité des lois, qui interdit au riche comme au pauvre de coucher sous les ponts, de mendier dans les rues et de voler du pain —
— Anatole France —

EDWARD COIN CAZIER III

I thank all my teachers, especially Sr. Martinez, M. Smith and Mr. Winetrobe. Also, Coach Gingell. As for Matthew and my stunning and modest sister, Claire, I just hope you can get along without me. To my parents, I leave lousy jokes, amour and Brussel sprouts, with amounts not necessarily in ascending order.

The highway system in Honduras is woefully inadequate —
— *Traveling in Honduras* —

THOMAS W. CHRISTOPHER

Thank you for your presence and being here and everything. Thank you.

Joni Mitchell

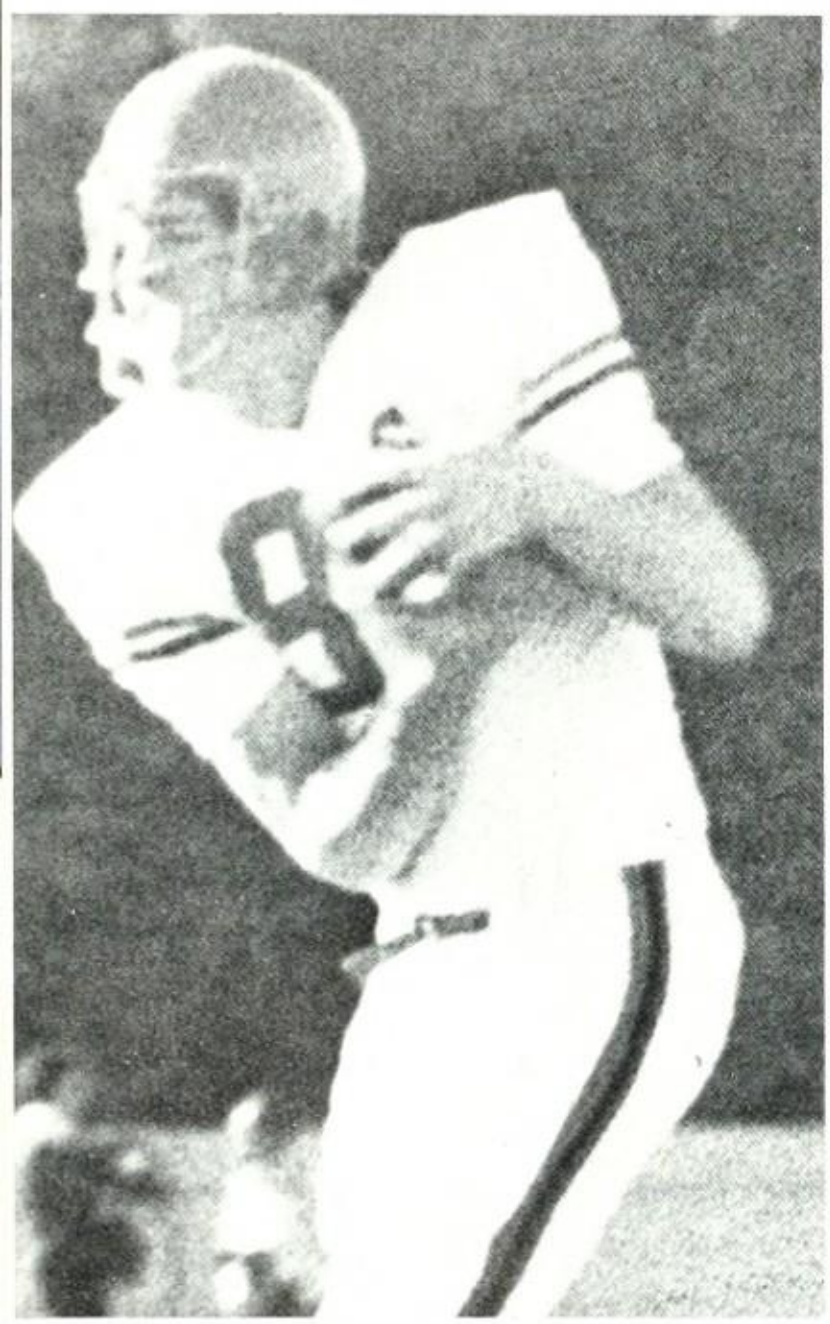
Chris J., Dave Z., Jeff B., and Tom H.: So many great times that I could never count them. So many jokes and so many laughs. So much encouragement when things didn't go our way. So many late nights together at all the parties or whatever or just sitting at one of our houses talking. So many early mornings surfing then completely munching out at some coffee shop. So many mornings which I slept right through. So many days spent at the B.C. and Filthy Fifties playing volleyball, eating, and generally doing absolutely nothing. So many unreal concerts, concerts seen together: Yes at the Bowl, Yes and Frampton, The Who, The Dead, The Eagles, and the others. So many great times spent in Utah and at Mammoth. So many deep talks and deep thoughts shared among us. So many shared friends and laughs with them and so many mutual enemies and laughs about them. I could never have wished for better friends. My deep thanks to all of your parents for their care of me and their patience with me.

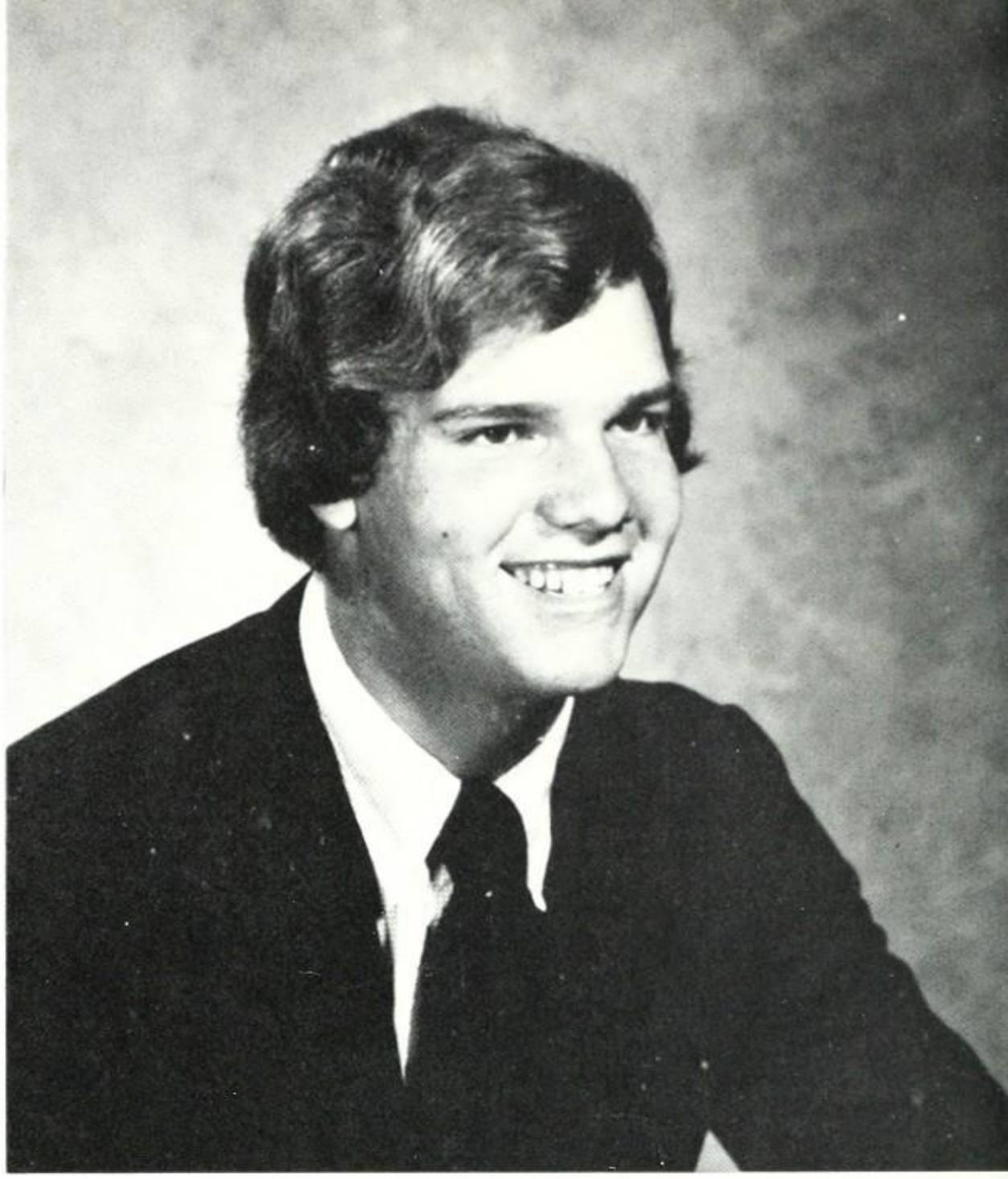
John B.: You will always be Biafra Boy and Little Half Cock, and you will always manage to keep the class late with stupid questions.

Kate R.: So many talks and laughs. We will always be close and you will always crack me up just because you will always be Kate.

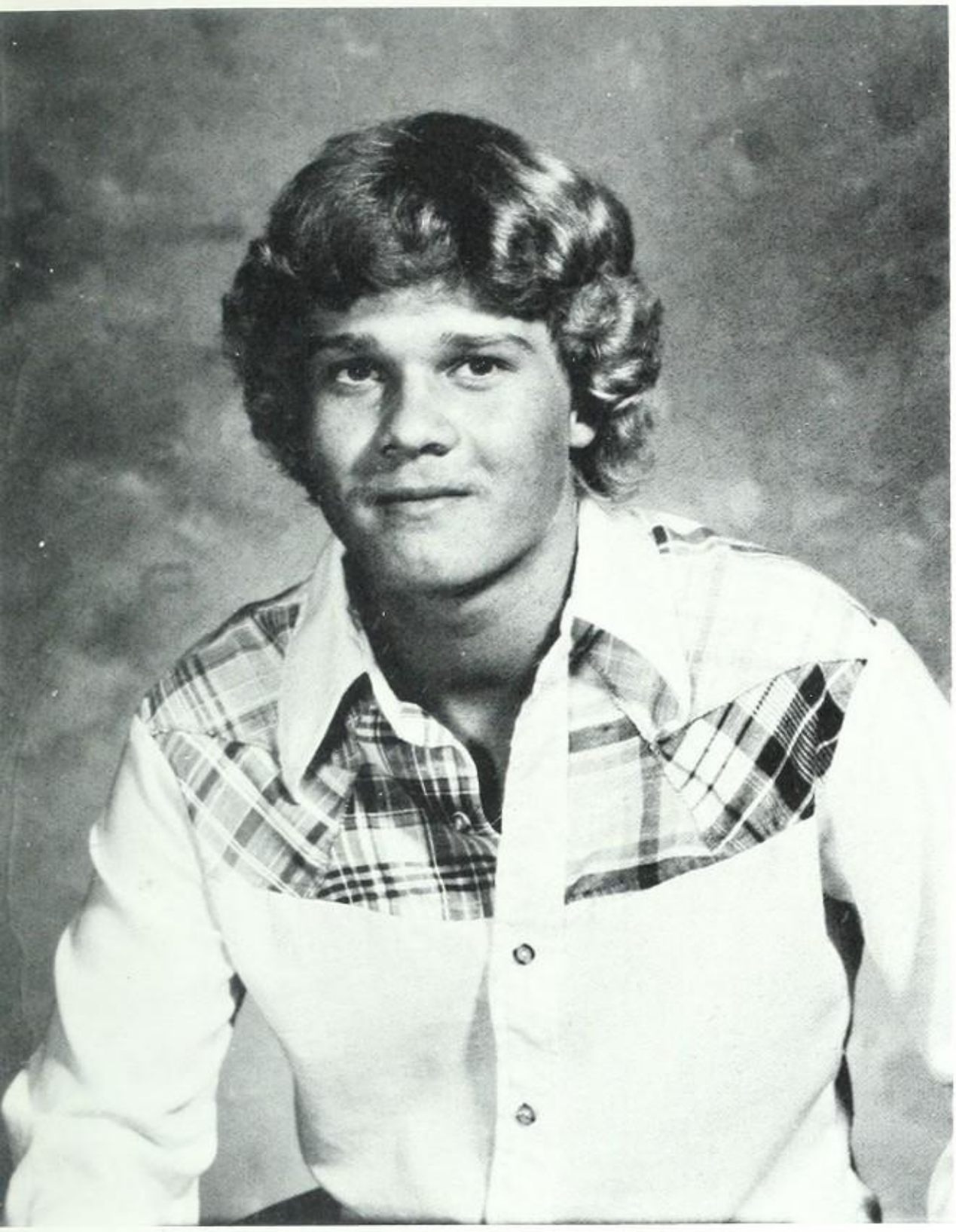
My deepest love and thanks to my great parents for all their love and guidance and for simply being who they are. And, of course, my thanks to Scott and Boo.

ROBERT ALEXANDER CHUMBOOK

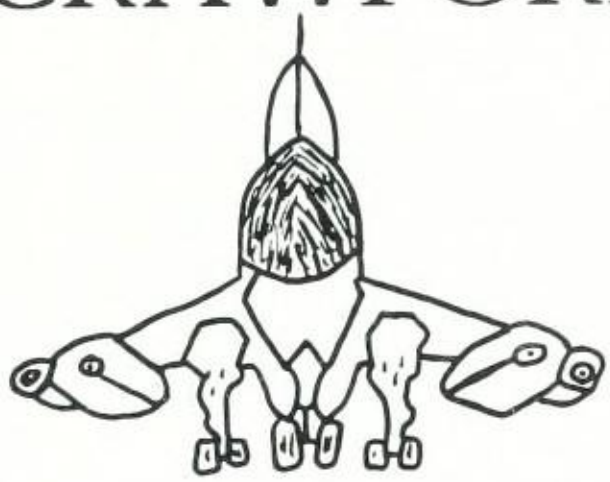




To Dana: Two Kinds of love. To Jody: A great friend.
To my parents: Love, happiness, success and a great life.
To Nancy: A beautiful person inside and out.
To Whitney: One Panama hat.
To Berco: 100 shares of Coca-Cola.
To Nat Williams: The "Reeb" walk and the library.
To all my friends at Harvard: Good fortune in the future.
To all the Faculty and Administration: Much thanks for starting me on the road to a special future in the world.



SCOTT CRAWFORD



First of all I would like to thank all my teachers, and all the administrators of the school for helping me make it through high school. Most importantly, thank you to my Mom and Dad for never getting too mad and always being there when I was down or needed help. To Marc, I leave all the sick dogs and cats; also, take care of Jon R. because he'll need a lot of help to keep from getting lost. Jon R., I wish you would stop wandering around and get to work. To Jeff, I leave all of Yosemite. To Burt, a 747. Ed C., I hope someday you'll learn how to play baseball. To Dave, the total choiceman, there is too much we have done together for me to ever forget you; so I leave you a totally hobart positioned evening, at Valley Yermo, in the sand, off the side of the road. To Sue, I'm sorry Frank missed you. To Frank, who has been my best friend since the beginning and who will be 'till the end,' I hope you don't blow yourself up and may our dreams come true. To Becky, thank you for the black jack and I hope I see you again. To Dave B., I leave a sack of cement mix. To Greg, nights on Mulholland and rides with Griffith. Thanks for KMPC and for being such a good friend. Wendy, please straighten out things in your head because I love you. To John D., because you thought Dave was hurting Marcy so much (though actually you have hurt her more than Dave or anyone else ever could), I hope that someday you will understand Marci and me. To Marci, I give all the friendship and love any person can give to another because you are the most understanding and the best friend I've ever had.

BYE

Time it was, And what a time it was.
It was . . . A time of innocence, a
time of confidences'. Long ago . . . It
must be . . . I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories; they're all
that's left you —
Simon and Garfunkel

A smiling face is an earth-like star, A
frown can't bring out the beauty that
you are, Love within and you'll begin
smiling . . . there're brighter days
ahead —
Stevie Wonder

JOHN
ANDREW
DAVIS

Good-bye everyone! Three years have gone by so quickly. None of you have been a bit like me, but all of you have been a bit good. Its been so enjoyable and unforgettable. I can still remember M.O. with Robin, Mush, and Scott. Or just last summer at the hospital. As I had said in the start it has been enjoyable. Scott C., take care of Marci. Dan Greenberg, I wish I had met you much sooner. JoJo and Keith, you have been unbelievable friends. Rick, I saved you for last. You are the greatest!!! I am closer to you than anyone in this big world. You're always there, even with all your own troubles. I cannot say that about you enough. My family, I love you all very deeply and we'll all pull through.

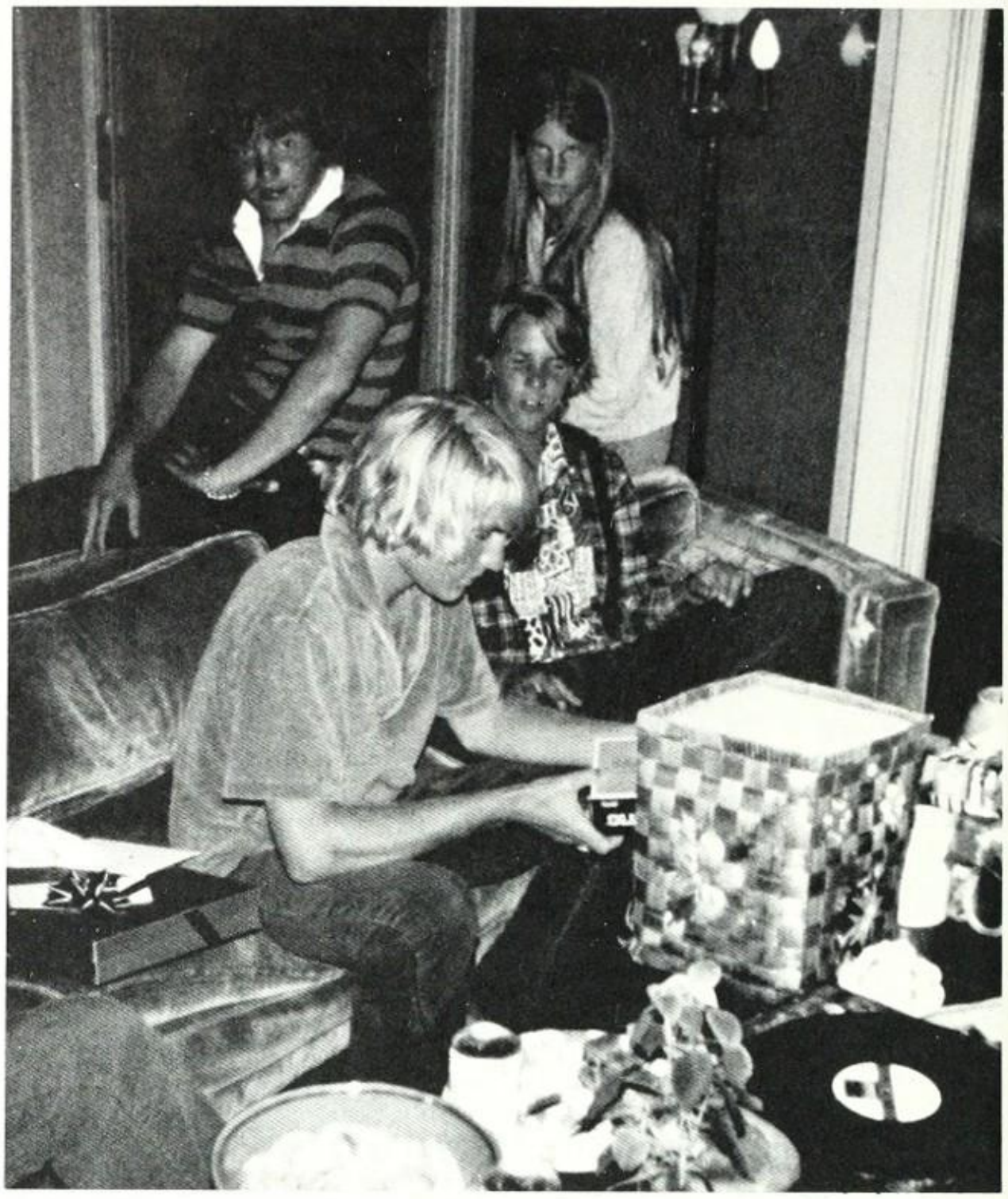
So this is it. God, where did the time go? You know, I suppose this sadness sets into every senior at some time — mine is none too soon in coming. Every one of you has taught me in one way or another how to live fully and happily. And while you're trying to figure out this crazy world we live in, I ask you to do only two things: Give yourself entirely to whatever you attempt; expect nothing in return and, please, treat your fellow man as you would have him treat you. I am honored to be a member of my class. My friends . . . you are the best. If I could wish for only one thing, I would ask that we never lose touch with each other; that no one will ever become a stranger, forgotten. Please remember me . . . I love you all so very much.

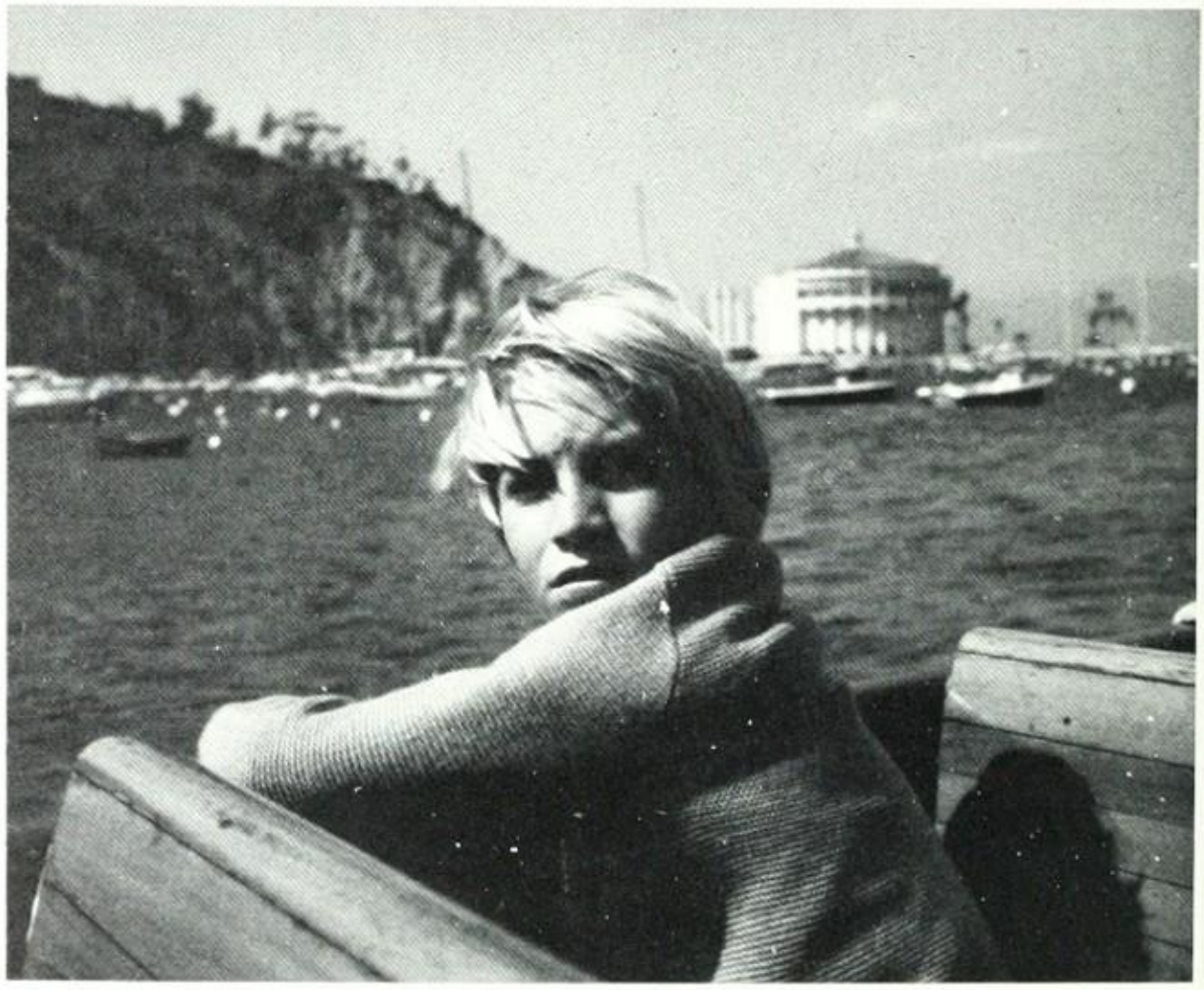
Thank you Mr. Margolis for much more than music.

Thank you mom and dad for making it all possible.

JOHN MICHAEL DE MARCO

BRYAN KEITH DITMAN





I, Bryan Ditman, otherwise known as Acapulco, Bry, or Stud . . ., would like to show my deep appreciation to the following people: to Mrs. Ryan and Mr. Hughes for their help and understanding; to Mr. Ameer and Mr. Dickey for their toleration; to Coach Thran, Coach Goodman and Coach Stewart for making athletics enjoyable; to Mrs. Rebeck, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Leigh, Ms. Stanley, Mr. Ozawa, Mr. Newman, Mr. Archer, Mr. Michaud, Mr. M. Miller, and Susan Dietz for being themselves and for making school really great. I would like to especially thank Tony Miller for being a friend and a good teacher . . . and to my schoolmates I owe a handshake, a memory or two, a 'coldie,' and a smile for every outrageous thing we've pulled off . . . and expectations of things yet to come.

LEWIS DOUGLAS

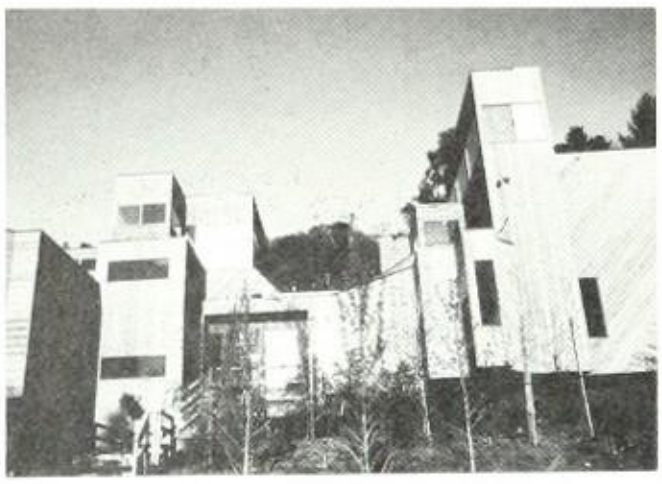
Where the way leads toward the sea,
And distant mountains rise,
There doth stand our Alma Mater
'Neath the western skies.
Ever greater dear old Harvard,
Is our prayer for thee,
Which we raise with hearts and voices
In true loyalty.

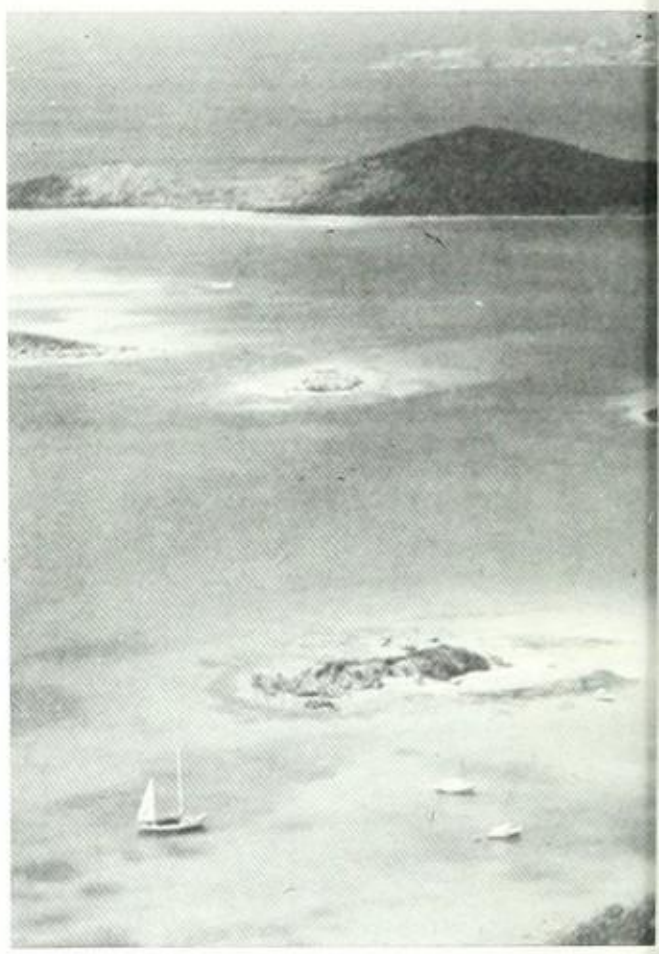
Thou has guarded, guided, kept us
In our days of youth,
We return a deep devotion,
Serving thee in truth,
Ever nobler dear old Harvard,
Thou indeed must grow
Blessed by sons the wide world over
Who thy glory show.

JOJI W. DREYFUS

See no illusions,
No martyrs and no kings,
No trains to heaven,
The kingdom lies within . . .

BE - BOP DELUXE





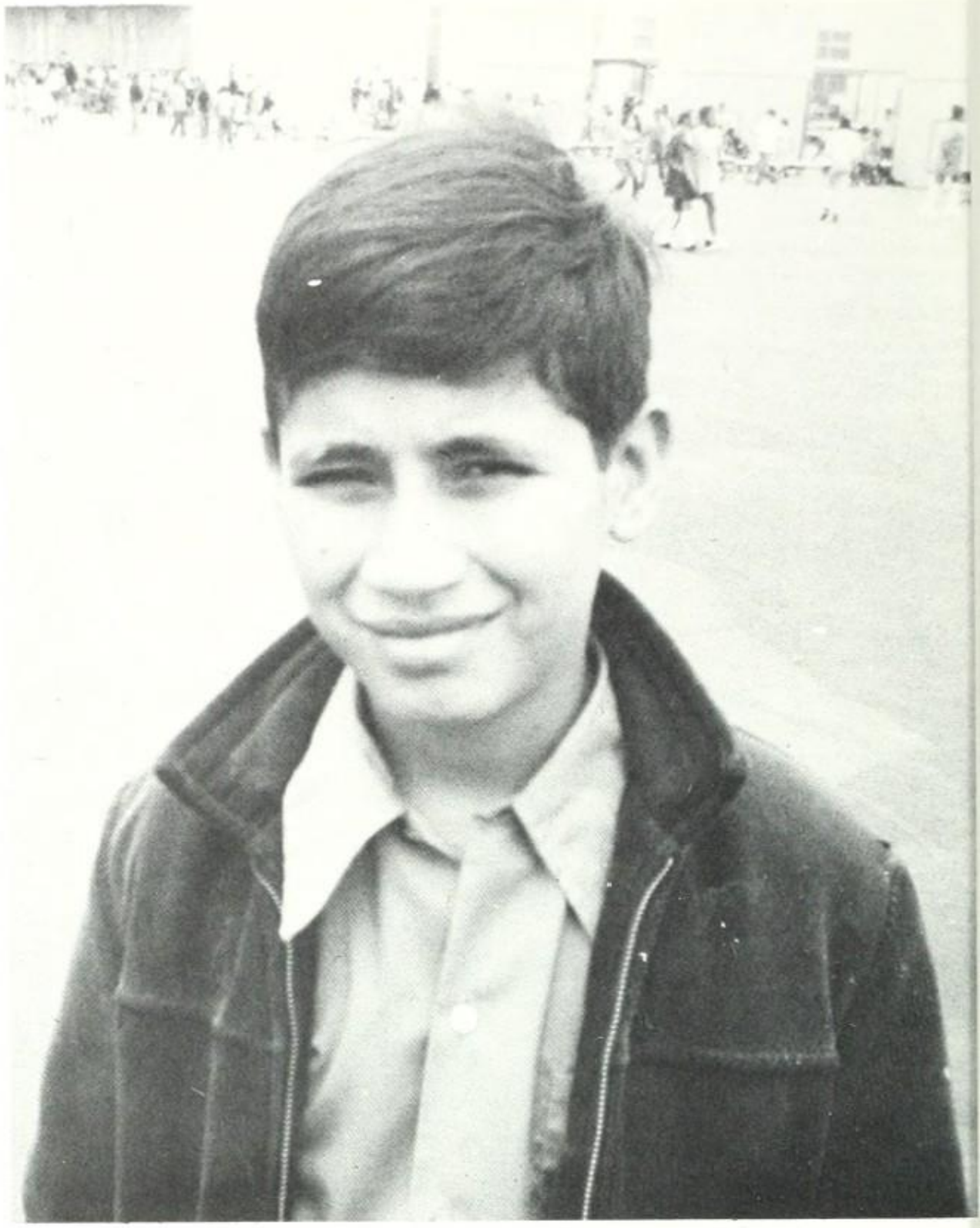
"She rakes me burn with a wave of her hand.....
And they all laughed when she said 'BURN'." Deep Purple

"Money, so they say, is the root of all evil today. But if you ask for a raise, it's no surprise that they're giving one away." Pink Floyd

"Cold and misty morning, I heard a warning borne in the air. About an age of power, where no one had an hour to spare. Where the seeds have withered, silent children shivered in the cold. Now their faces captured in the lenses of the jackals for gold."

Emerson, Lake, and Palmer

Busco en la muerte la vida,
Salud en la enfermedad,
En la prisión libertad,
En lo cerrado salida
Y en el traidor lealtad.
Pero mi suerte, de quien
Jamas espero algún bien,
Con el cielo esta estatuido
Que, pues lo imposible pido,
Lo posible aun no me den.
Miguel Cervantes
(Don Quixote)



My thanks to the following:
To the Caziers for being my second family;
To the Art Department, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lubetow;
To Max Pavon, Mr. Brysha, Mr. Martinez, Mr. Roberts,
Mr. Dickey, Mr. West, Ms. Dietz, Mr. Archer, Mr. Cohen,
Mr. Ackerman, Etc., etc., for being my teachers as well as friends.
And for the following, for being my friends throughout the course
of my life at Harvard: Brian, Ed, Matt, John M., Jim M., Tegan,
"Larry," Derek, and Bob.
And to my parents for their understanding.
And, last, but not least, to Harvard.
Adios.

PEDRO OCTAVIO ELIZONDO

GLEN FARR

Dear Harvard,
Keep a smile
on your face and
a song in your heart.
Later —

THOMAS FEINGOLD

Adam: The luckiest man — He had
no mother-in-law.
(Sholom Aleichem)

Man: Uniqueness is the essential
property of man, and it is given to
him in order that he may unfold it.
(Martin Buber)

Wise: Anyone who follows a middle
course.
(Moses Maimonides)

Brotherhood: When two say to one
another with all that they are "It is
Thou."
(Martin Buber)

World: A beautiful book, but of little
use to him who cannot read it.
(Carlo Goldoni)

Jews: The most essential element for
civilizing the nations.
(John Quincy Adams)

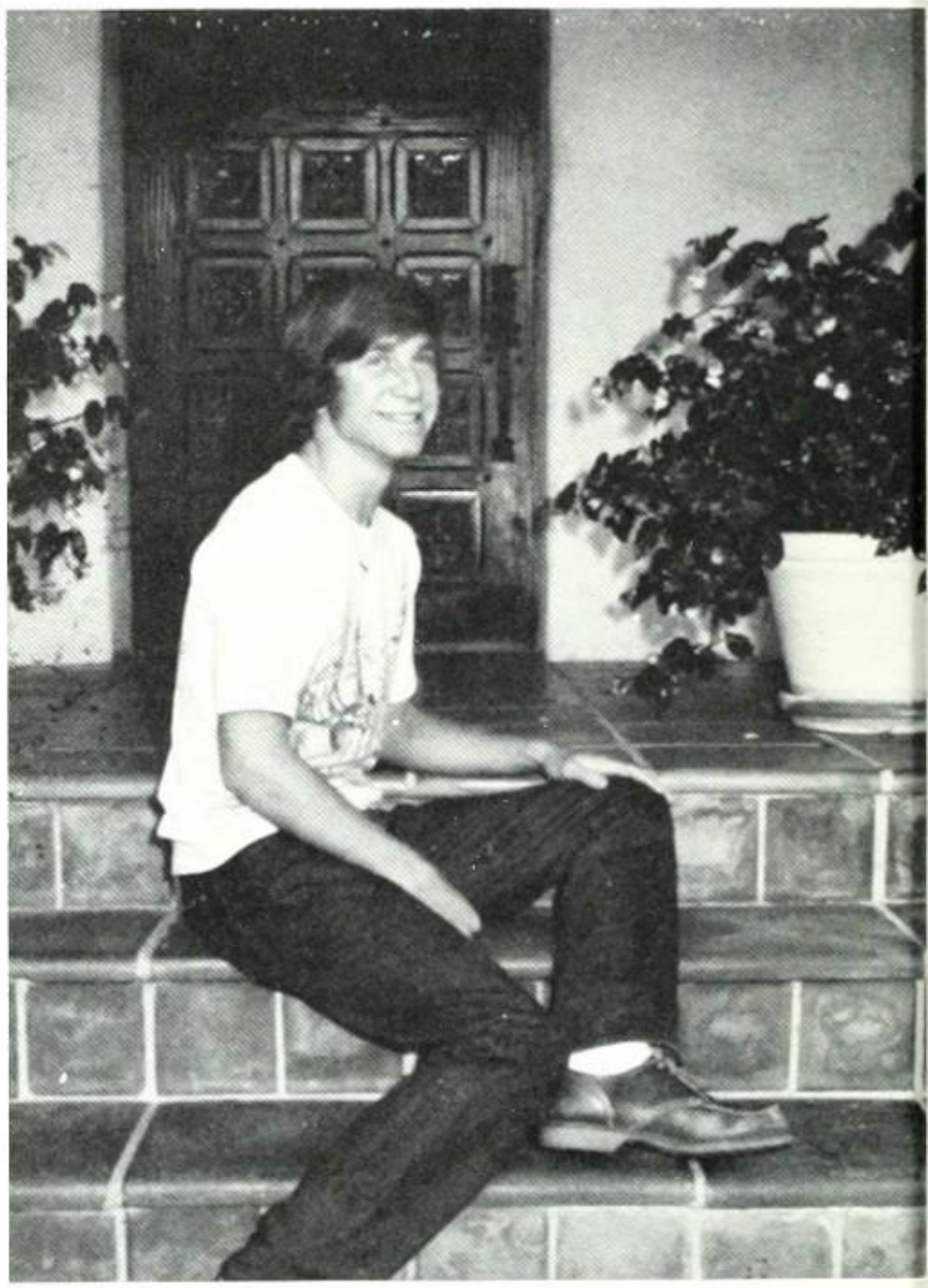
To grow is to want to be yourself
Stand up for what you are
But if you think you know it all
You won't journey very far.
It's good to look ahead that's true
Don't forget to look behind
The highways forming stage by stage
Who knows what you shall find.

To grow is to want to find yourself
To ask and not demand
To appreciate the gifts you have
And to share with all you can.
To say sometime I think you're wrong
Without hurting those who care
And knowing you're not always right
But right or wrong you're fair.

To grow is to want to give yourself
You're a branch upon a tree
The roots that strain to nurture you
Are the ones that fashioned me.
Together we've spent time searching
Together we share this trust
Through love and understanding
Our limbs won't turn to dust.

To grow is to want to find yourself
To grow is to want to be
To grow is to want to give yourself
To grow is to be free.

(Cantor Richard B. Silverman)



sn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air.
Where are the clowns?
sn't it bliss?
Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around
One who can't move.
Where are the clowns?
end in the clowns.
ust when I stopped opening doors
inally knowing the one that I wanted was
yours
Making my entrance again
With my usual flair
ure of my lines
No one is there.
Don't you love farce?
My fault, I fear
thought that you'd want what I want
orry, my dear.
ut, where are the clowns?
end in the clowns.
Don't bother they're here
sn't it rich?
sn't it queer?
osing my timing this late in my career
ut, where are the clowns
here ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year.

Stephen Sondheim

GEORGE W. FENIMORE

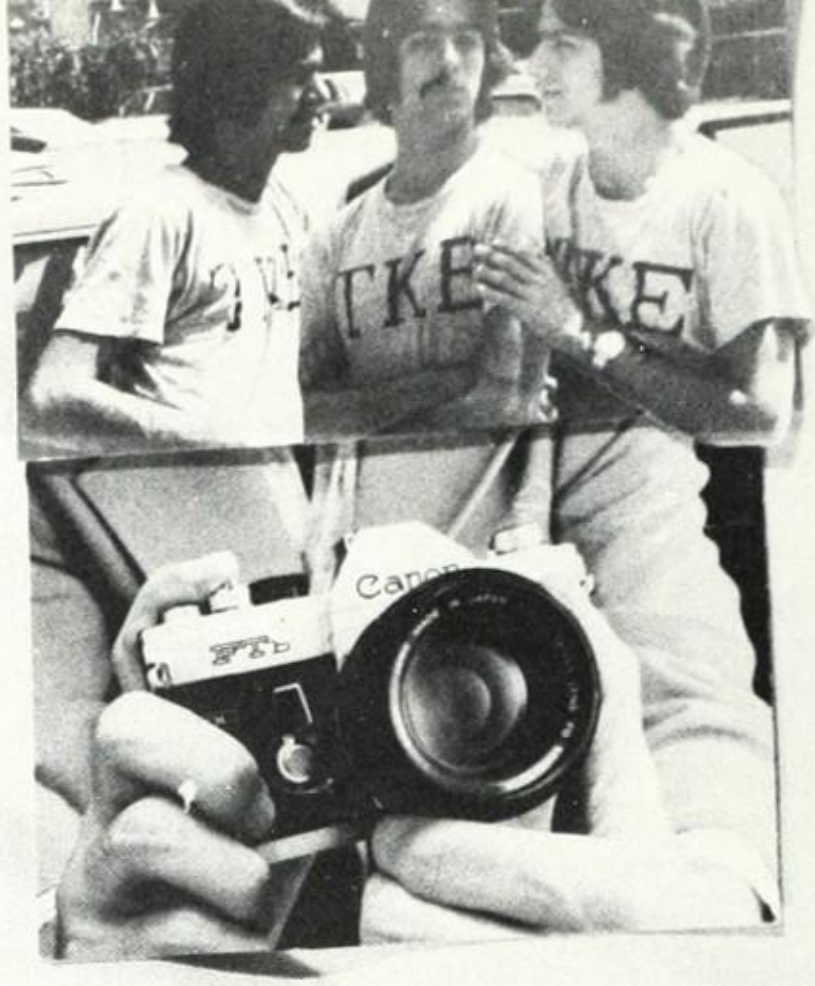
Life is a cluster of plans
That go astray.
A guarded pile of golden leaves
That blow away.
Or perhaps it's the struggle
and pain,
That need be spent to cluster
them again.

John Thomas Dye, III — 1939

We've been put practically in solitary confinement about 45 minutes upstream from Timbiré. It is 4:30 p.m. and I am feeling rather down due to our situation. There is no food this far upriver — or so it seems. We had to scrounge around for our only meal of the day. It seems very odd to eat so poorly in such a large pueblo. What's worse than my maltreated stomach is the thought that these people can barely feed themselves. Here, I fail to see a healthy child — one without the bloated stomach. I am content to think that this is as hard as the project can get. I have to admit, I do miss the comforts and luxuries of home. Above all, I think I miss clean drinking water that runs from a tap at many places in one house. Water is the most abundant ingredient in the human body and is, therefore, the most important "additive." I do not find it comforting to have to worry about finding enough food to be healthy, much less to be nourished, much less to keep the "incredible machine" functioning at all.

The difference between us and the people here is that they really do not know any "easier" life. They do not worry about not having much food to eat. Food is not their major concern, although food is far from being plentiful enough to waste. The main problems are the diseases to which the malnourished children are susceptible. As I look at them, if one reaches the age of eight, he or she will probably live a "normal" life. Of the men, I can say that none appears to be weak, although in this town some do lack the torso muscles of those in Borbon. But they always have the spirit and energy to have a friendly afternoon soccer game. I would think that most of the children die as newborns, infants, and toddlers; older than that, they can live to the age of 50. — Wednesday, July 14, 1976 — Selva Allegre, Esmeraldas, Ecuador.

GARY FIRESTONE



"A Child in her Mother's eyes
But a Woman every night."
Styx

You,
friend,
are deserving
of the entirety of
peace,
music,
happiness,
and love
that enters your life.

marta burg '76

When one remains one
Happiness unknown,
When one becomes two
Happiness experienced,
When two become one
Eternal Happiness,
Eternal Love.

Gary Firestone

PETER KEVIN FISHER

Amy
Remembering is beautiful: April 11, Ya-Aroo, 2 a.m., Isomata, soccer, Because, Homer, our first Harvard Day and something corny. You're with me all the time. Three words, Adieu.

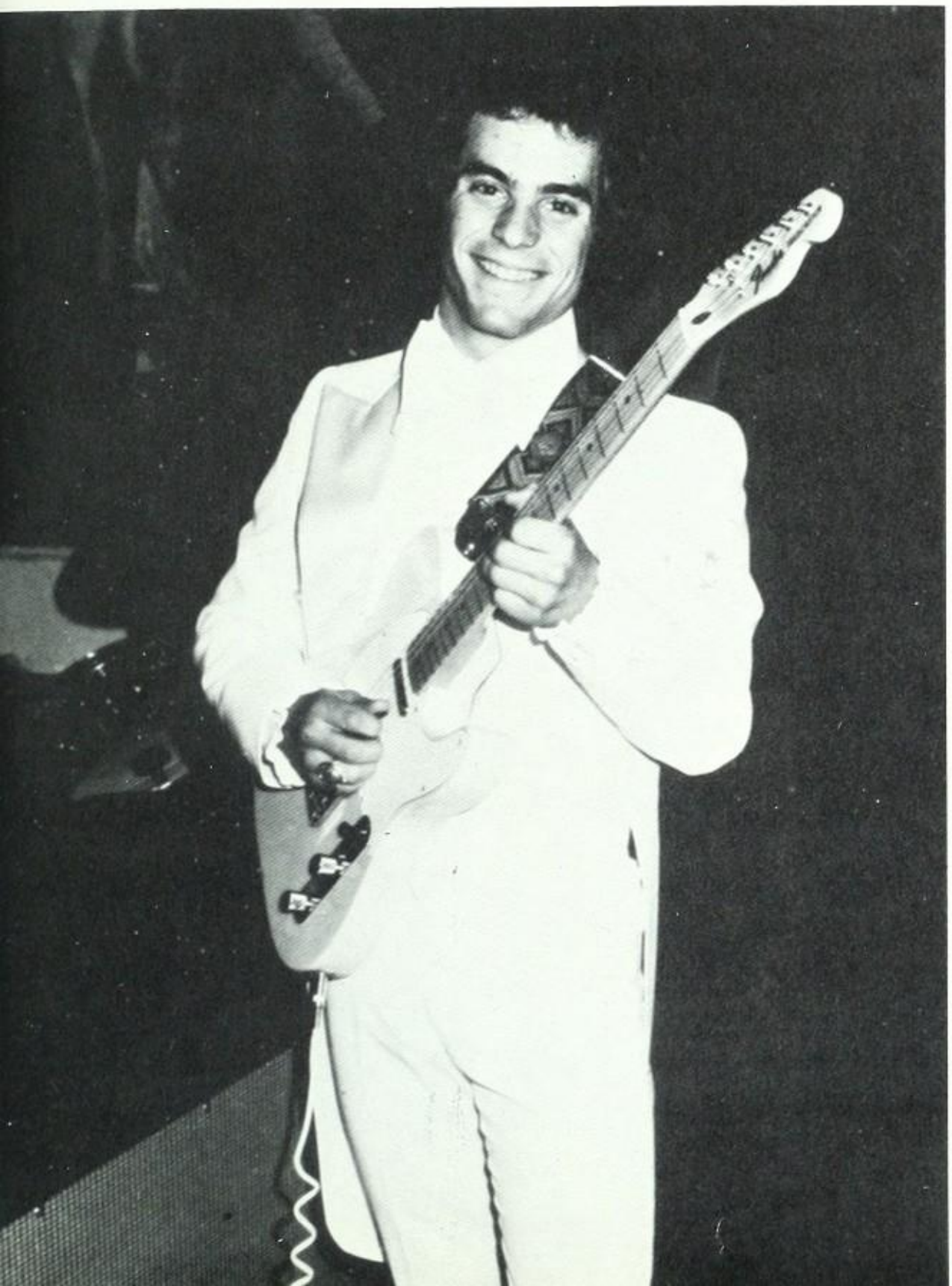
Hollands
There is no way I can express the thanks that I owe you for helping me get into Harvard. It's been the most beautiful experience of my life. I love and respect every one of you.

Grandma and Grandpa
Thank you for your love and support through this first part of my life. It's nice to know you're always there.

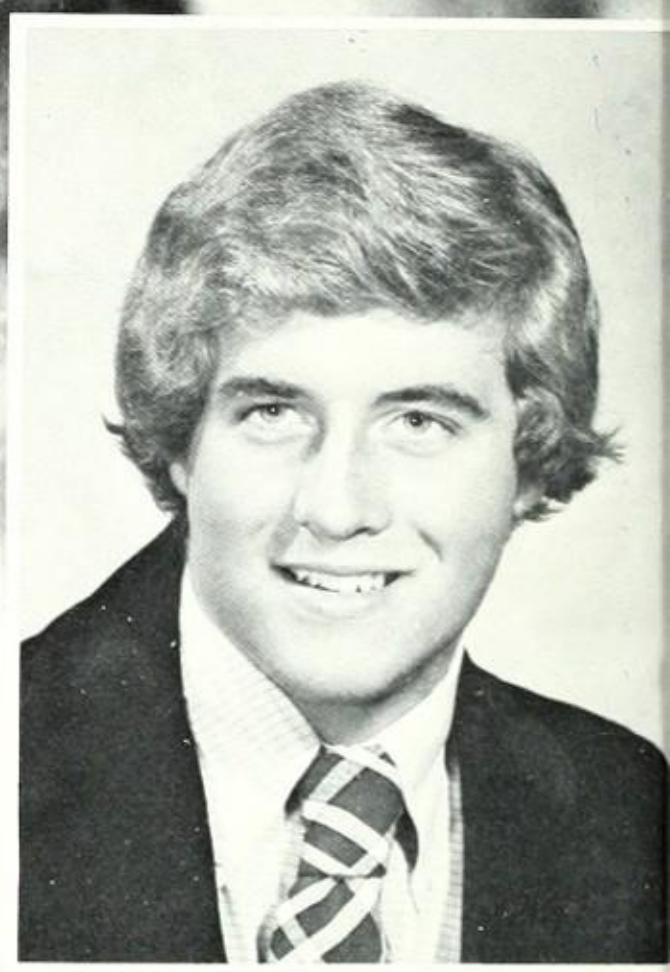
Dad
Thank you for helping me grow up; From the Mighty-Mite Golds to the midgets and now through Harvard. You've helped me shape my attitudes.

Mom
What can I say, Mom? Except for *you're* precious! Everything I've needed, you've given to me. I love you.

To all the seventh graders
Appreciate Harvard; there is not a better school around. Get as much as you can from Harvard, but remember — give as much as you take. Maintain the enthusiasm you've shown this past year. See Ya'all later!



GERALD FLINTOFT



Thanks to the entire Harvard School faculty, special thanks to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kindel Jr., for having made my years at Harvard a very enjoyable period in my life.
Good luck Tom!

JOHN FORD

7th — Blue (Champs)
All Star Baseball
All Star Football
8th — Blue (Champs)
All Star Baseball
All Star Football
9th — Frosh Football and
Basketball, J.V. Baseball
10th — Soph. Football, Basketball,
Track
11th — Varsity Football, P.E.
12th — Varsity Football
Left for the farmland

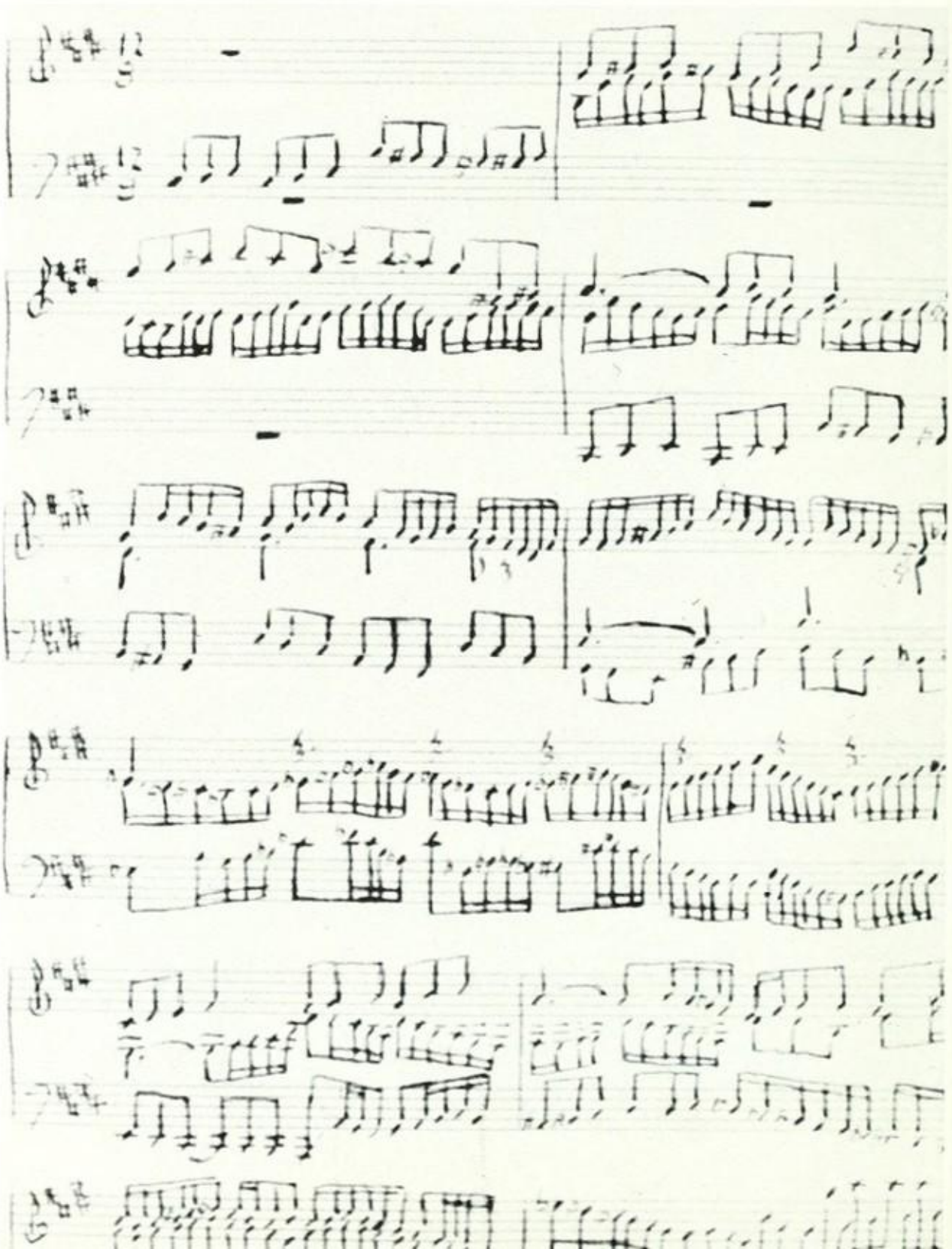
I, John Ford, do hereby leave the following to the following: BUM, that memorable Halloween, and a decent car: Janes, the cop with the big gloves, good friends: Lyon, "Ahem," wild times: Moss, Malibu, your porch: Bagnard, three great weeks, Winchells doughnuts: Riach, "You stepped in what?": Huck, the volley-ball tournament we never won: Berco, your parties: Julie, lots of good times, "Got a dime:" Perry, yourself, cause no one else wants you: Thabit, you can do anything: Book, the boat of your choice: UFO, "I kill him, I swear you," and a jar of pineapple: To Lucy, what can I tell you that I haven't already except that it's all true. I love you. To those who took me in, thanks. Special thanks to those who made it more enjoyable, especially my parents and Coach Thran.

"I wish you peace"
— Eagles

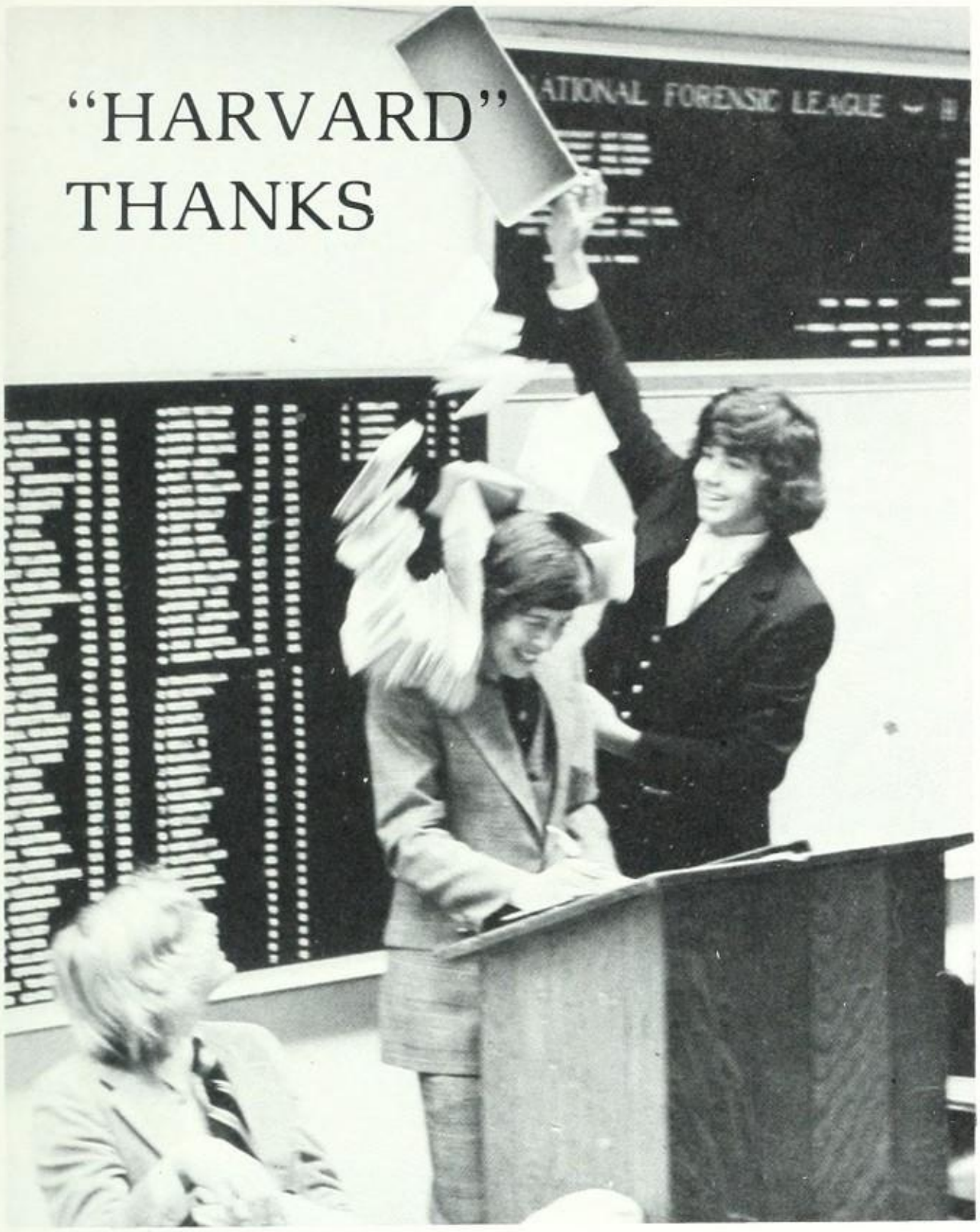
Christoph Graupner

A DREAM

The end of this hall, where
In ecstasy a dark man sat
His fingers in control of this
Finely strung treasure of pine,
When asked of his sound as
Die Kunst Der Fuge, a nod denied.
His reference: The Perfect Music it be.



"HARVARD" THANKS



My favorite place is a place that is always there.

For all my life it is my paradise.

It is the favorite plate of mine.

Which can be created at a moments thought.

No one can disturb you.

Not for your life, if you please.

The eternal silence, which would be great for anyone to have, is there.

You just have to concentrate.

There are endless galaxies which are yours.

You can journey to infinity.

Through the endless passages of the cosmos.

Even better this all belongs to you.

This is your mind.

JOSEPH H. GAMSKY

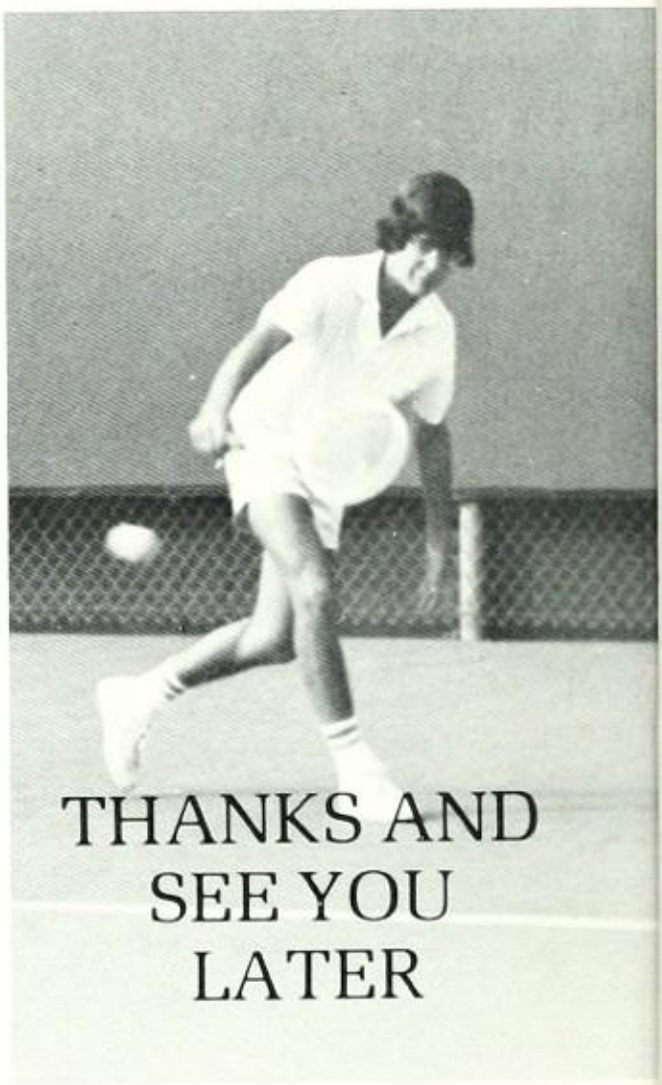
JON GIRARD

Farewell

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word-Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only Know we loved in vain'
I only feel — Farewell!-Farewell!

George Gordon, Lord Byron



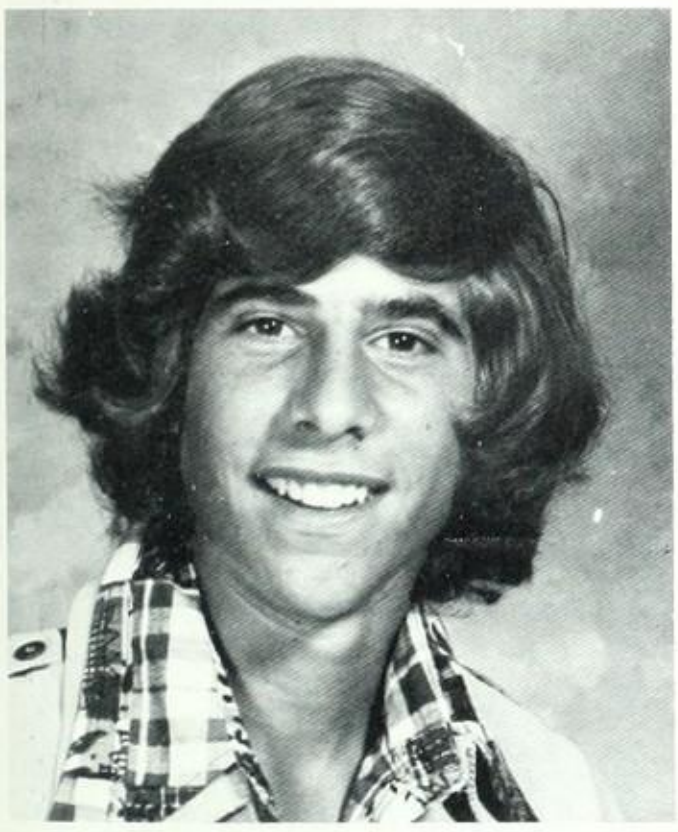
THANKS AND
SEE YOU
LATER

FRED GLASSER

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so.
— J. Donne

Rejoice! Glory is ours!
Our young men have not died in vain,
Their graves need no flowers
The tapes have recorded their names.
— Emerson, Lake, and Palmer

And in the end,
The love you take
Is equal to the love you make.
— J. Lennon, P. McCartney

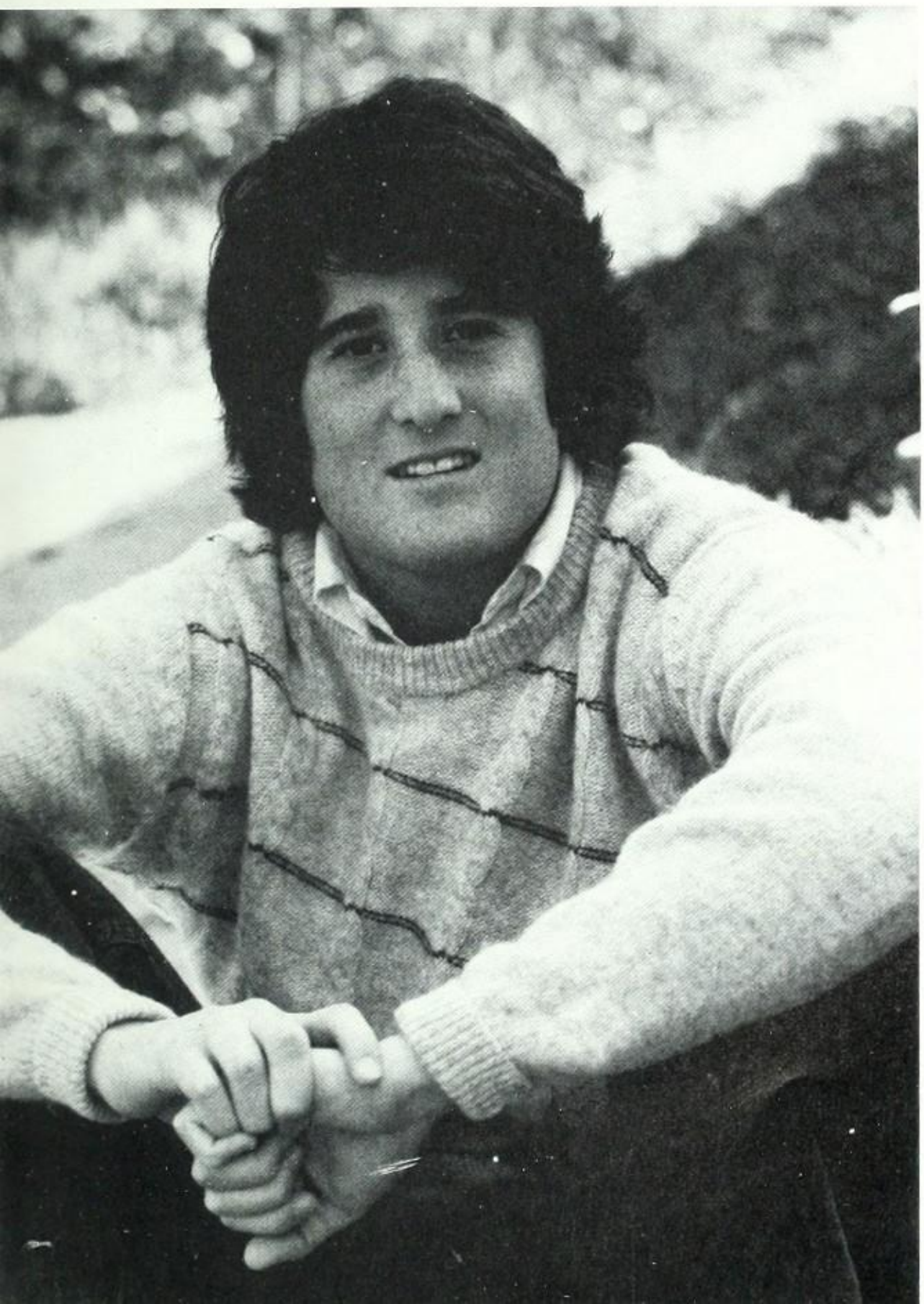


To Jeff H: I leave my tennis libary — Mental Toughness and Winning Through Psyching Up and Psyching Out, an invitation to invite himself over, great relationships and blown chances with a multitude of girls, a bus schedule so we'll always know that there is no bus to Calabasas on Sundays, and more importantly my thanks for all the fridndship you've shown and given me.

To Mark P: Thanks for the Bruin tickets, unsolicited math tutoring, Tito's and a bunch of tennis lessons.
To Dave G: Everlasting debates over the validity of the theory of evolution, and the fact that I'm still the better air hockey player.
To Mike D: My nickname — "Bulldog," some great Fox Venice movies, the hour and a half of hitting I still owe you, and these action photos.
To all the teachers I've had here: You are what makes this school great. Through I have not always immediately recognized this, you all are great. My extra special thanks to Mr. McGrew, Mr. Berk, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Hoeper, Mr. Pavon, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Hill.
Finally, to my parents: All my love and my thanks for sending me to Harvard.

To Harvard, I leave my thanks, with special appreciation to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Dickey, Mrs. Ryan, and Mr. Miller for making my stay a more enjoyable one. Thanks to Mr. Gibson and Mrs. Miller for putting up with me, and finally to my parents who gave me the encouragement when I needed it.

HARRY CHANDLER GOODAN



DANIEL GREENBERG

These past six years have been a time of learning, experiencing and maturing. There have been good times, many teachers who have guided me, and many friends I won't ever forget. Although I know it's time to leave Harvard, it isn't easy to say goodbye to so many great people. I'm going to miss you.

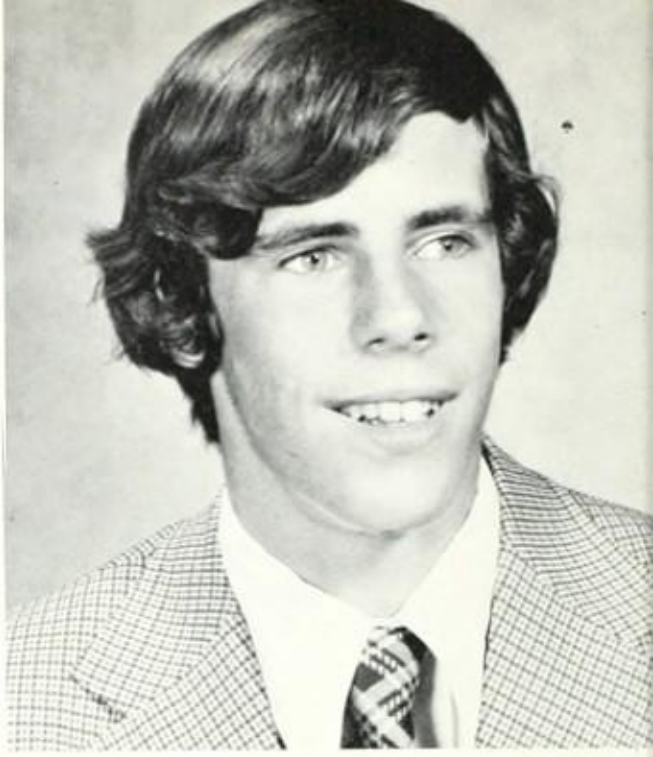
"Give me your hands, if we be friends. And Robin shall restore amends."

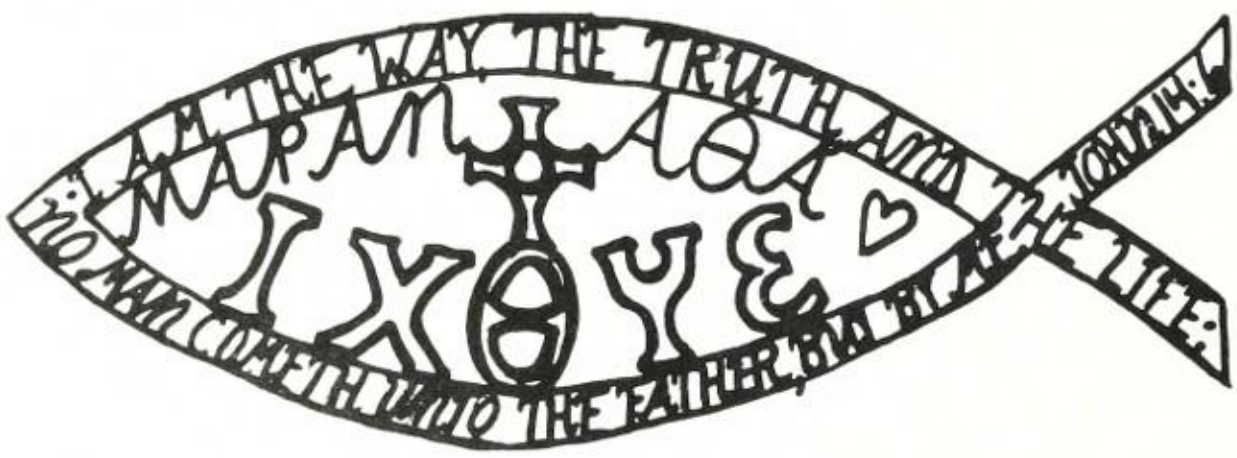
Shakespeare
A Midsummer Night's Dream

DAVID WESLEY GRIFFITHS

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoseover believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."
John 3:16

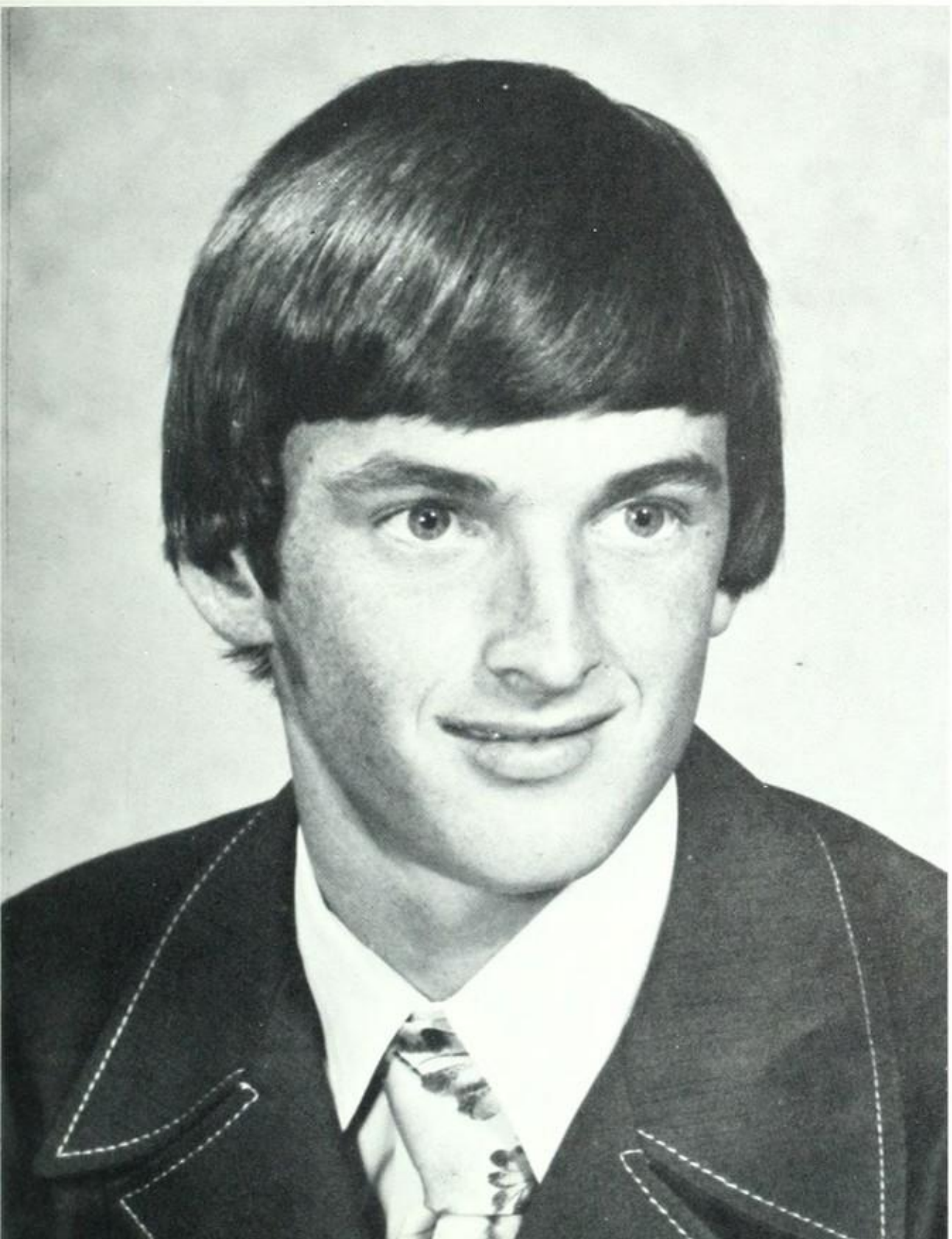
"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36





I am very grateful to Harvard School for the inspiration of it's great teachers and diverse extracurricular activities.
I thank all who really deserve my thanks for their warmth and understanding. Yet I especially thank my whole family for their love and patience to survive through all the problems I caused, and all the phases I experienced. And I thank God for his guidance.

JAMES A. GROVER



I, Jim Grover, known as Group to some and Elf and Twerp to others, leave the following memorabilia: To Kevin, Patty, and Tere — Tennis lessons, Kevy — Webers, Patsy-Pooh, and Dimples . . . To Joanne — Twerpness and the ability to stand without falling and without hitting her head . . . To Tony — a winning volleyball team . . . To Jeff — Halloween . . . To Lyon — Sing it group, I hear ya, and the Yosemite flash . . . To Chumpbook a great boat ride . . . To my parents . . . . . My sincere thanks and great appreciation . . .

To George . . .

. . . JT, JV, TG, TT, LF, I, LF, II, KM I, KM II, MF, AW, CC, CH San Diego, Pebble Beach, Yosemite the Almighty "Q" . . .

The 64,000 Question.

Is your mom playing college football?

KENNETH NUGENT HARKER

There is science, and there is philosophy.

There is a natural universe, and there is

a spiritual one. But why is there such

a separation between them? Both were

created as one in the

beginning, so why

can't WE —

as a universal

intelligence —

understand their

essential

relationship?

I believe

that we can.

And it will be

this generation

which will make the

next step towards ultimate

understanding; it will be

this generation which will

define the spiritual essence

in physical terms!

Thanks Harvard, sincerely, for helping me learn the process of thought, and for helping me develop my ability to imagine.

Ken Harker

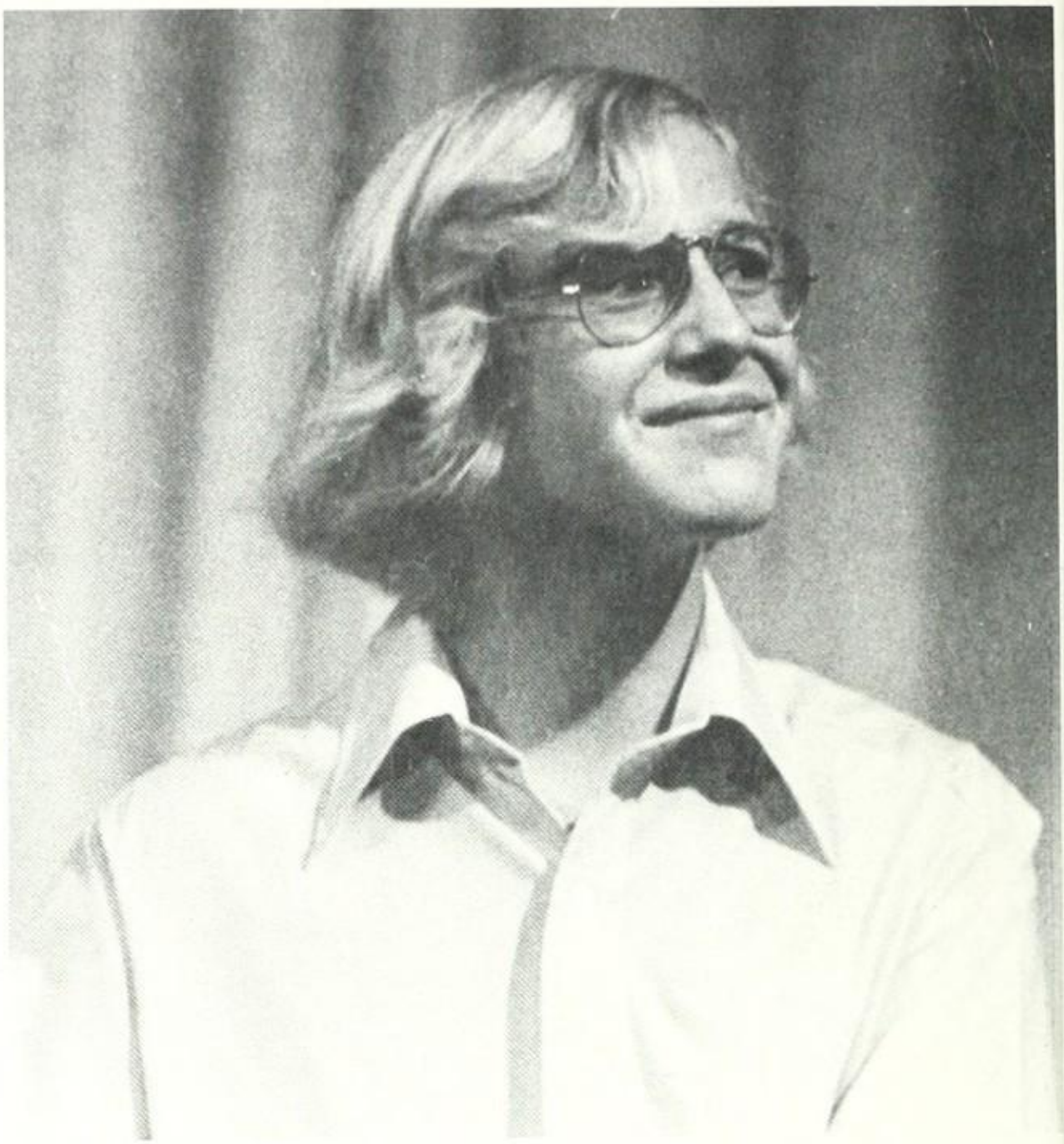
JEFFRY BRAD HARRIS

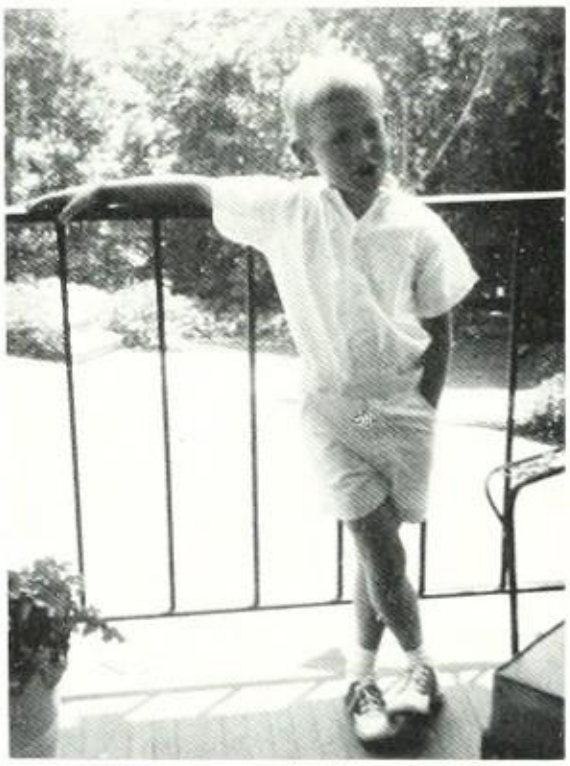
There's a pasture in the countryside I used to call my own.
There's a natural pillow for my head, the grass there is overgrown.
I think of that place from time to time when I want to be alone.
It's been a long way from anywhere like heaven to this town-your town.

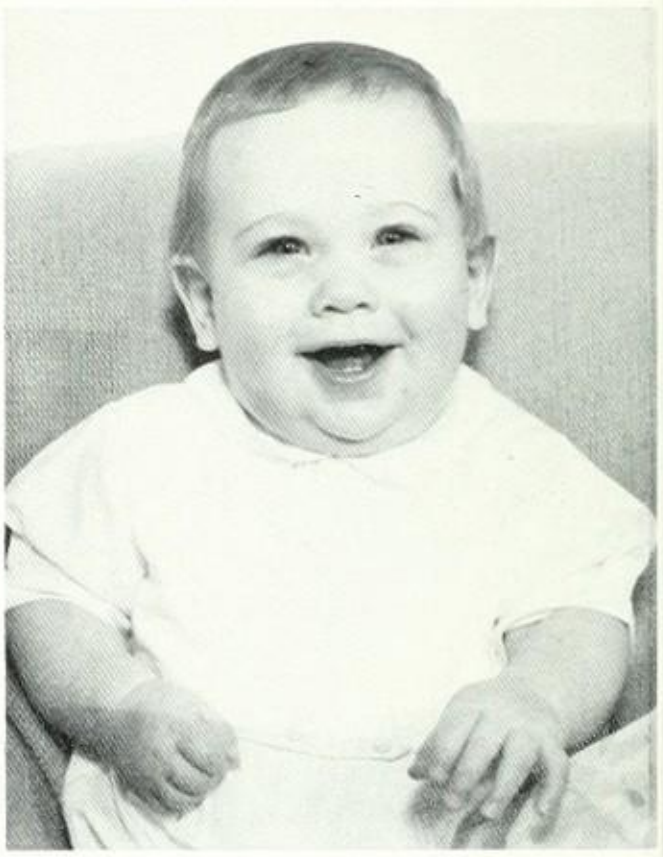
James Taylor

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON HARVIE

Thanks to the teachers and students of Harvard for helping me develop over these past six years. Special thanks and love to Mom, Dad and Ashley.

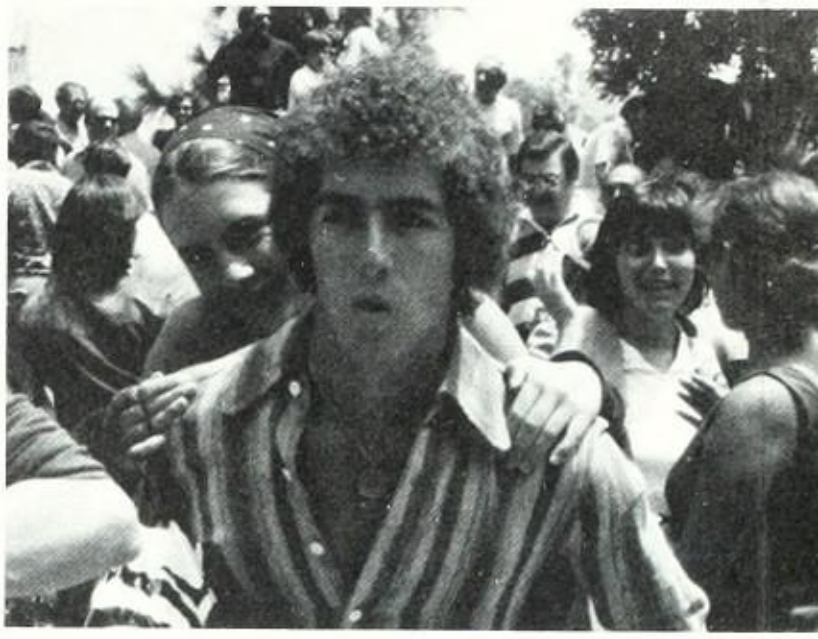






Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you got 'til it's gone.
-Joni Mitchell

JEFF HEYMAN



Matt, Kevin, Todd,: Sundowners, Fearsome Foursome.

Fred (I couldn't forget the hat), Bong, Berco, and those who were my true friends: Friendship and good times.

Harvard: My thanks and deep appreciation.

My Family: Love and thanks for being so wonderful as to put up with me.

Dad: Thanks for being a friend as well as a parent.

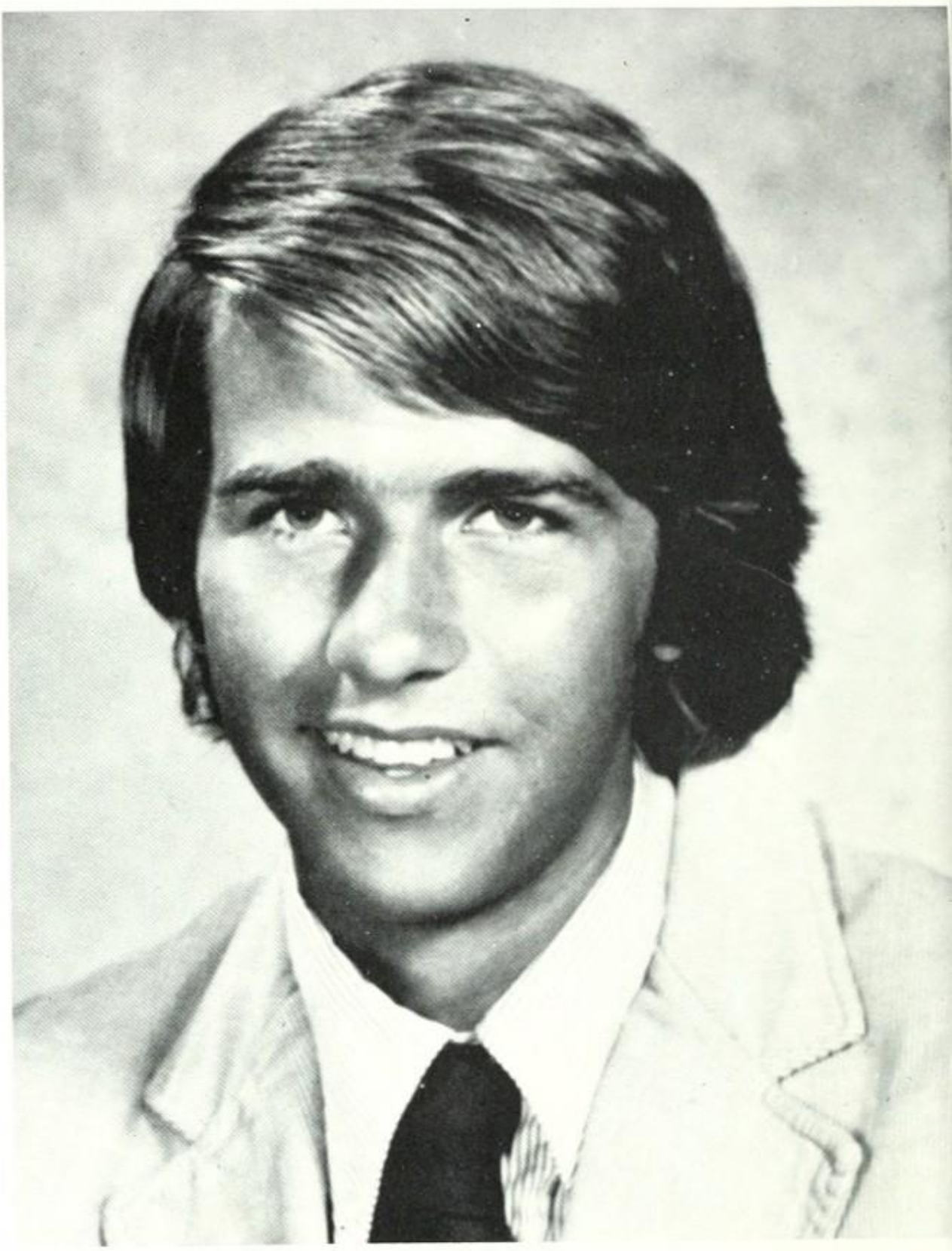
Keep on keepin' on (and don't take yourself too seriously.)

Well here at last, dear friends on the shores of Sea comes the end of our fellowship in Middle-Earth. Go in Peace! Gandalf

I, Tom Hoffman, leave a few of my many memories of Harvard to the following people:

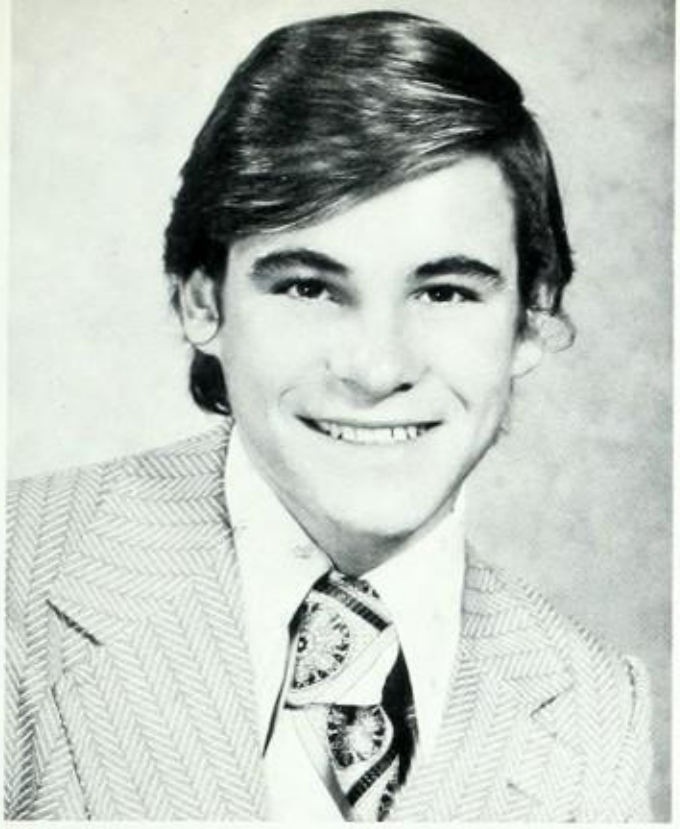
David: a comfortable chair and a T.V., Bob Dylan, cruising the Park. Tom: incredible get togethers, midnight munchies, YES concert. Chirs: We are true Parkers, goddesses, hair that never gets wet. Jeff: Sunday mornings with Mr. H. Valley!, your crazy brother. Toni: my deepest appreciation for all we shared and for all the good times, Dave Mason. Alison: a case of Coke, La Jolla. Martha: one more year, now you are no. 1. To my parents: A special thanks for putting up with me for so long and a general thanks to my whole family.

The world that we used to know
People tell me it don't turn no more
The place we used to go
Familiar faces that ain't smilin' like before
The time of our time has come and gone
I fear we been waiting too long.
Steeley Dan



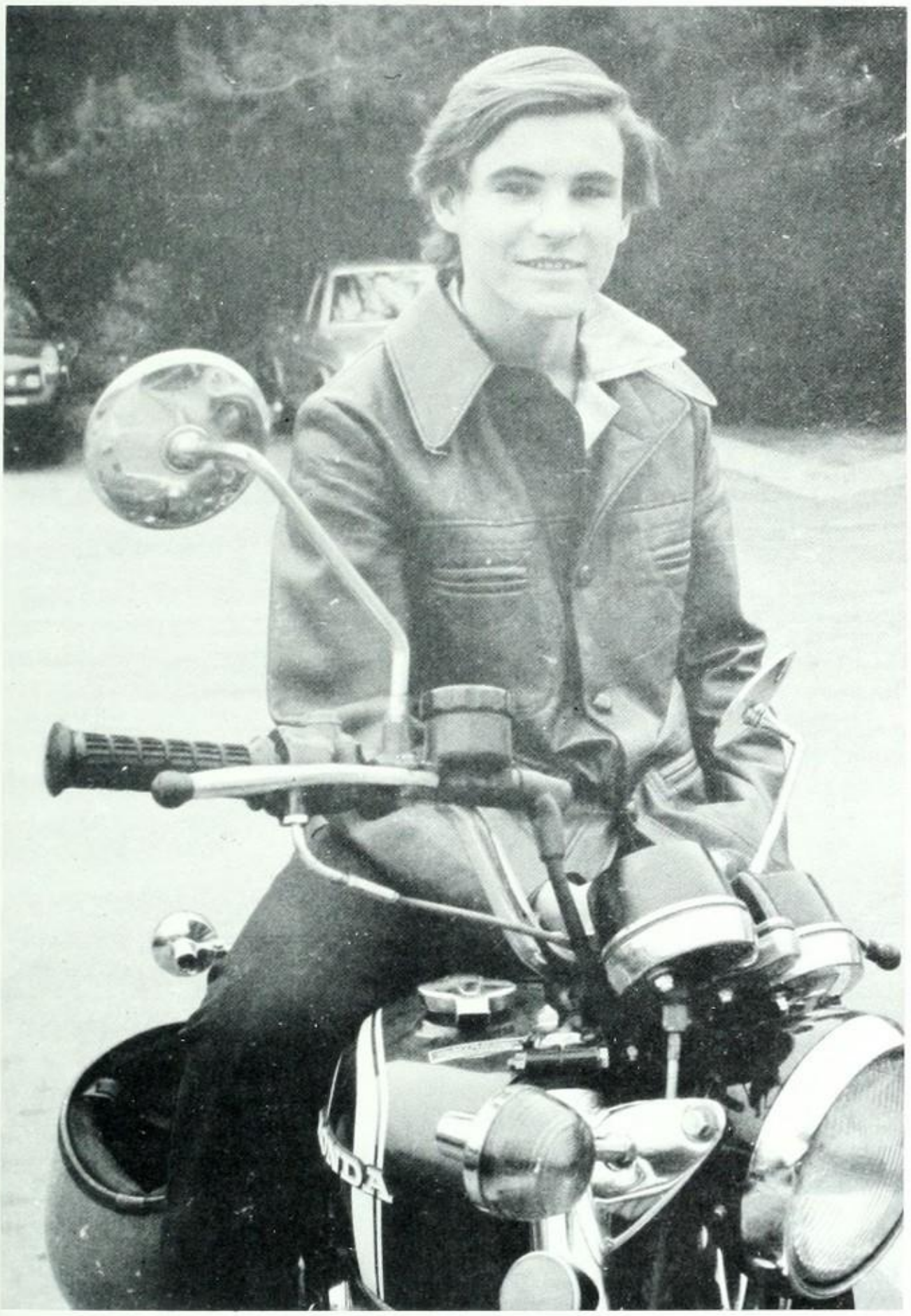
TOM HOFFMAN

Now here in the living present we stand for a momen
halted, poised between past and future, each tugging a
our will, Shadowed behind by the darkness, dazzled i
front by the Knowing one thing only for certain: There i
no remaining sunrise stil
Peter Henniker — Heato



What is life, it is full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like at night.
A poor life this, if full of care,
We have not the time to stand and care.

William Henry Davies

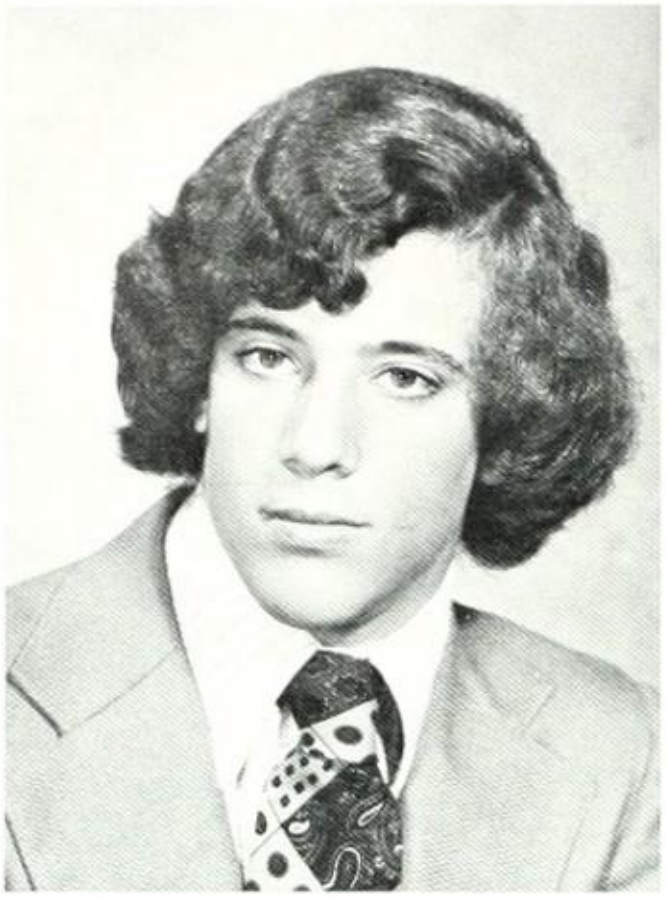


JAMIE A. HOGAN

Special thanks to:
Mr. Clark, for your great funny classes. (remember the scaling lecture.)
Mr. Humphrey, for three great years of your classes.

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by. — Masefield.

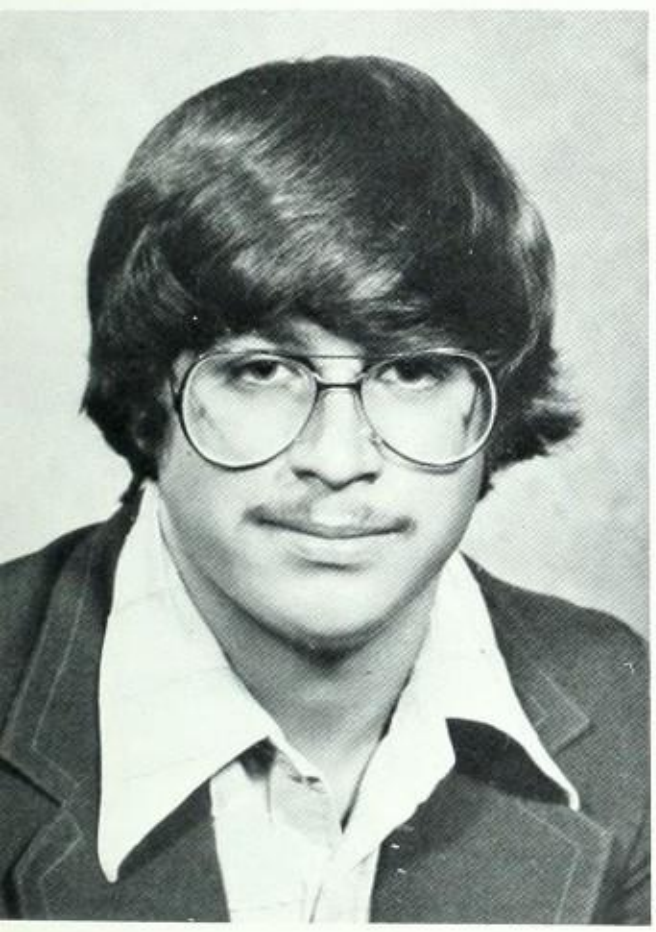
MATTHEW HOLLAND



MATTHEW HOLLAND

Jeff: All the times, dimes D.H. D.H., etc . . . and everything else.
Morgan S.: Painting the lawn, Kumquats, and everything there's not enough room to list.
P. Kevin: Sundowners, Grunion and much more.
Gerald: Sleeping on the floor and nothing else but laughs.
Todd,George,Adam,Tim, and Every - one else: Remember the good times.
Mr. Bingham: Thank you for helping me realize my potential and the potential of Harvard.
Thank you: Football Team and Coaches, and ESPECIALLY DAD, MOM, GRANDPA, GRANDMA, GRANDPA, BROTHERS.

MARC STEVEN HORWITZ



I am not an advocate for frequent changes in laws and constitutions, but laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind . . .

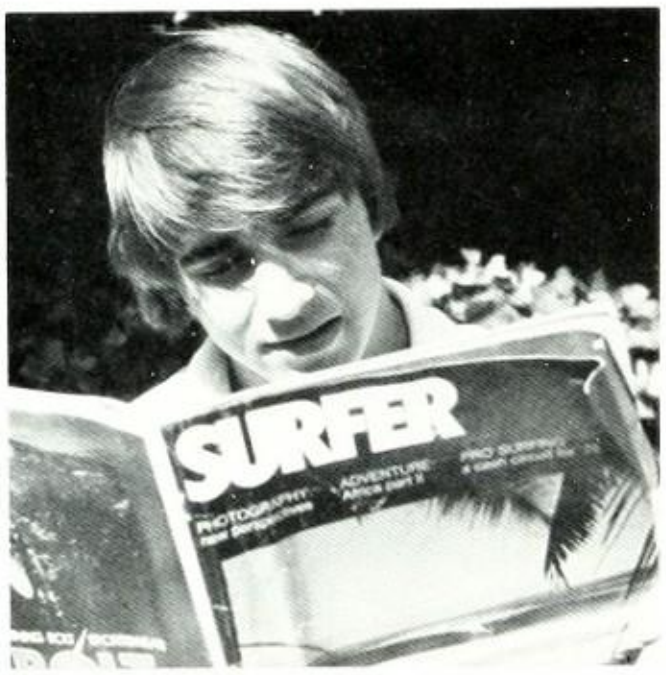
THOMAS JEFFERSON

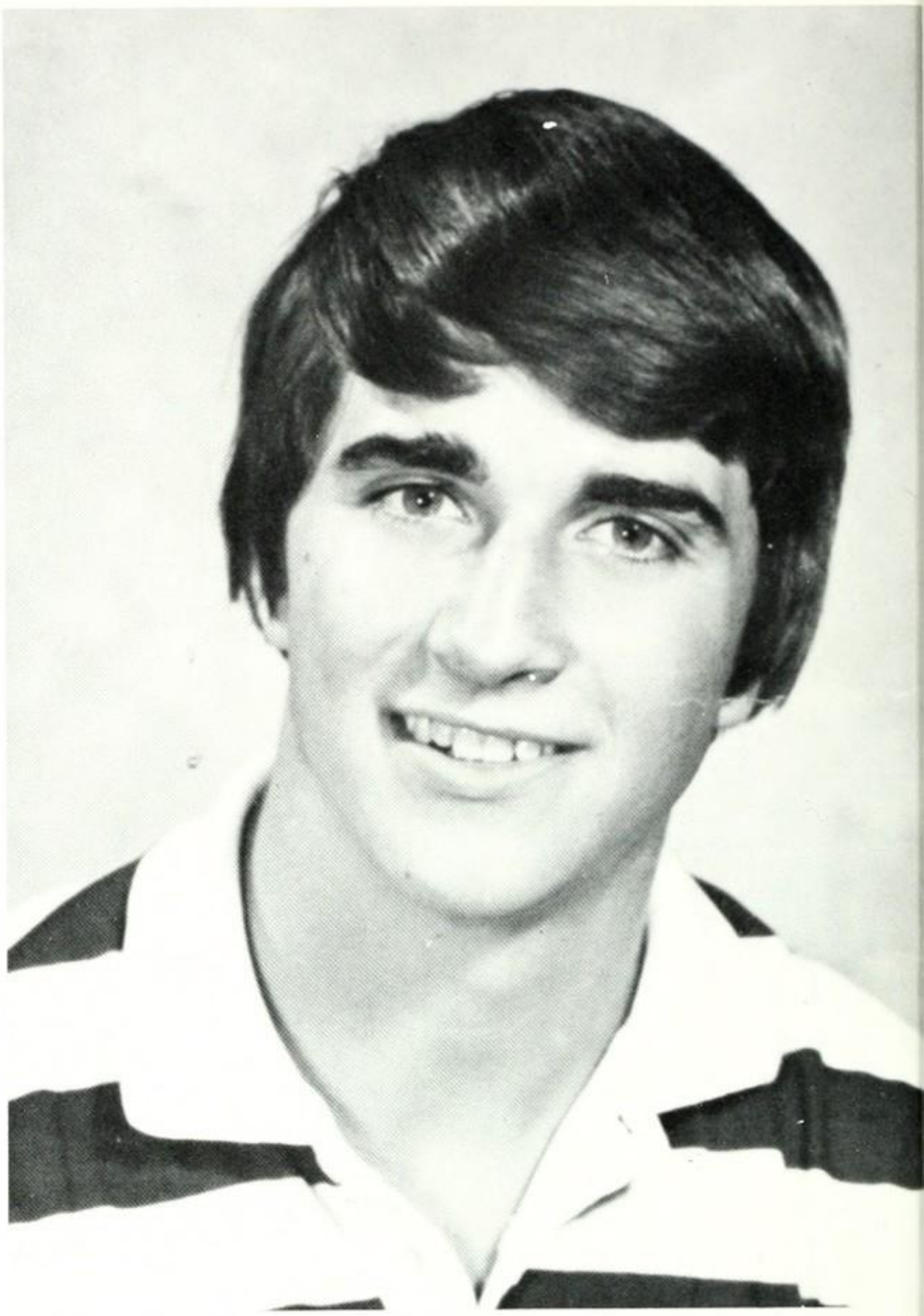
Now that I am leaving this school, I must leave behind me the following testament. To Scott — a new Lockheed jet, a bottle of bleach, and 2nd base. To Jeff — Yellowstone National Park. To Tom — hot tomato soup and a healthy cat. To Ken — the outer limits. Steve, please calm down! To Richard — @ # %$&*! To Dave — a last handshake. To Jeff S. — 2, 4, 6, 8, — who do we appreciate, its, so seemple. To my brother, Jeff — my footsteps and my nickname. To Coach Gingell — Coach Nelson, did he ever hit you in the head? To all those left unmentioned thanks for your friendship. Special Thanks to Mr. Zawacki, Dr. Schmidt, Mr. Stewart, Ed. P., Peter, Ron G., George, Mike, and or Todd Ed David (Hey, did I get that right guys?). Also, special thanks to my parents. Without you this whole thing would not be possible.

P.S. — Sorry, Tiger and Lady, but there were no good pictures of you.

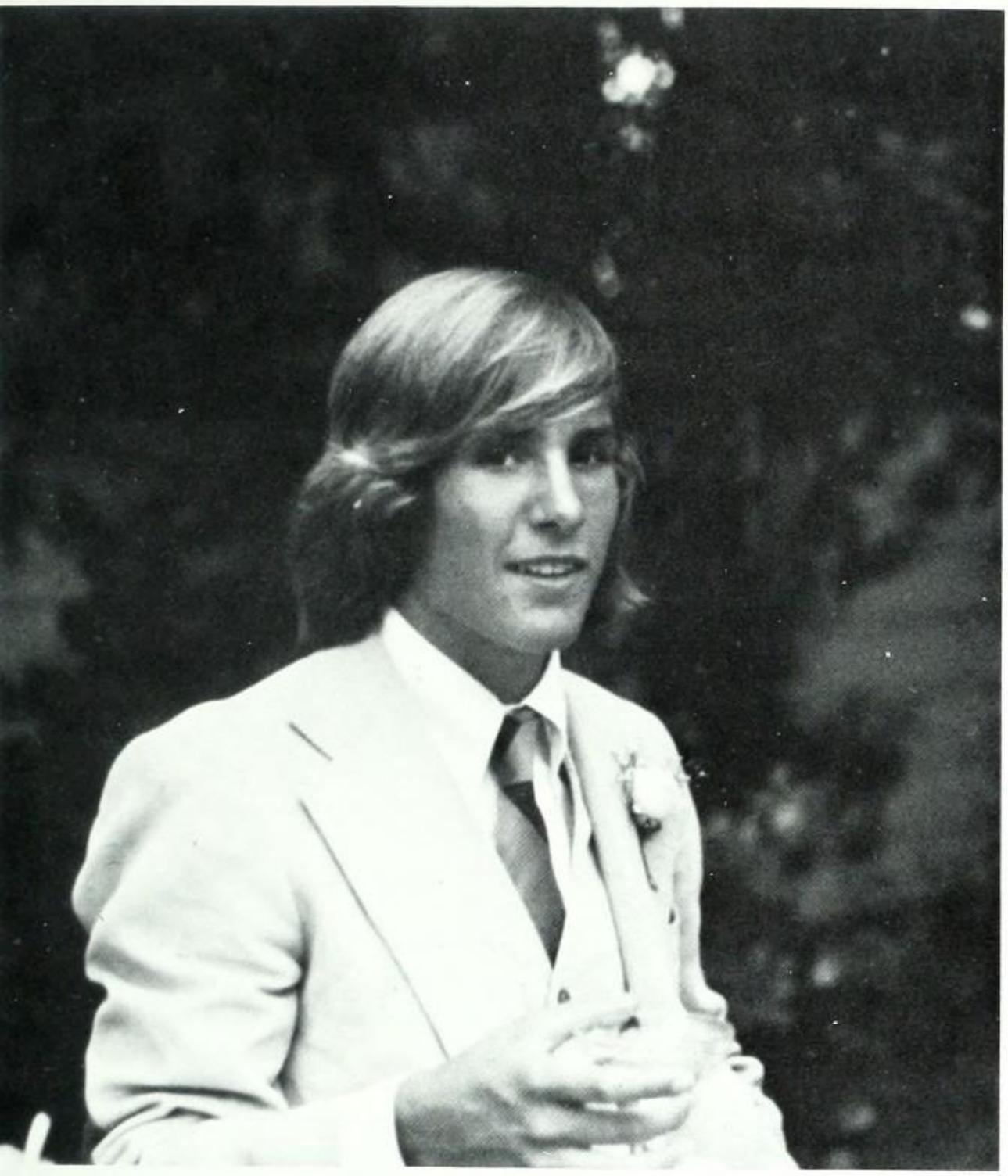
WILLIAM WARREN JANES

I thank my teachers for many good years at Harvard. I thank my parents for their help and understanding.





I, Bill Janes, do herby leave the following articles to the following: To Dewey, otherwise known as Tom, I leave one of Charlie's Angels and a stool to stand on, an eventful night at Mammoth in which he could participate, and the ability to keep up with me on skis; to Ken, or B.U.M., I leave the perfect wave to do with what he will, an exciting backgammon game with Tom, and a case of shampoo; to Bert I leave the USS Enterprise, a cross country record, and a date with G: to the Ford I leave a better stereo or at least one that compares with mine and good times in Ohio; to Brian I leave another day at San Onofre; to Doug I leave Hollywood by the Sea and a subscription to SURFER. GOODBYE



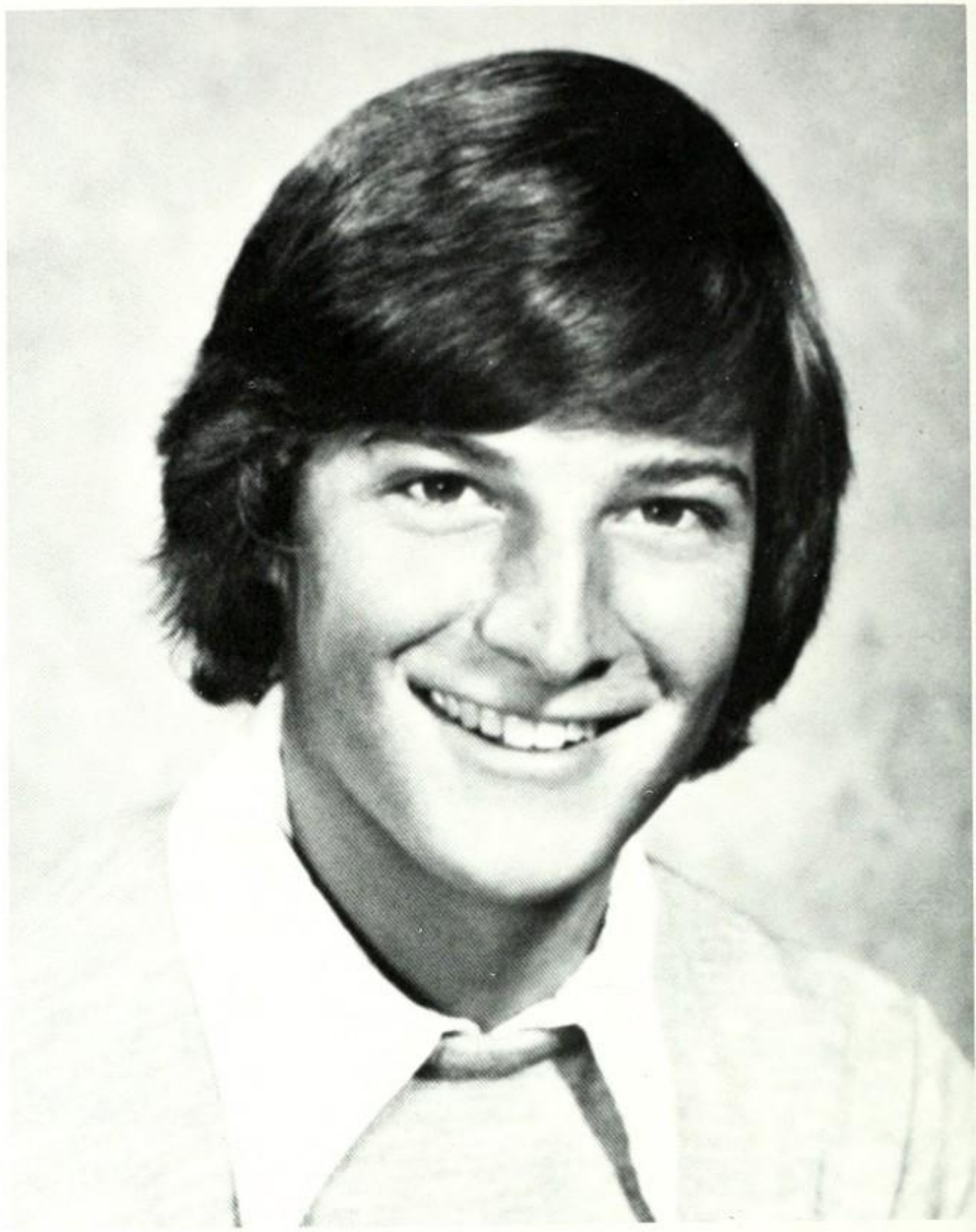
Christpher Lee Jones

This being the last page in my notebook, I, Christopher Lee Jones (also known as C.L.) find it appropriate to write my last will to a few friends. To Topher — the ultimate go-outs of my surfing life. Along with; unreal munch-outs, La Jolla Magic Mushtain, Drive to Mammoth, "Jonesiee!", Pines, Mammoth, Grueller, the Tang, Drive home from Mammoth, team Toph, and the Fearsome Foursome. To Hoff — morning carpool in the Panama Blue along with; Palm Springs, Shotze the wonder dog, a hard job at the beach, the goddess, emergency meetings and the Fearsome Foursome. To Zaro: Huntington Beach, Sunday Morning Chapel, Panama Blue Carpool, Disneyland and the Fearsome Foursome. To Jeffrey: "your house at 7:00," a late friendship, Herbert and munch-outs at the B.C., Magic Mushtain, Porter's party, and the girl of your dreams. To Corley: the Panama Blue and Hoffman's Radar. To Burnap: "I'm up for it.", double dates, grateful Dead, Buzz and 99 at Mammoth with Zaro and a bottle of Squirt. To Bagnard: the Senior P., a nige, "Are we outta here?", Blake's party, T-balls and the chamber. To Swanson; the Grueller mobile and a muddy parking lot at Black's. To Grover; "Hoolia." To George and all other westsiders, I leave them the westside and a prayer. To Lisa I leave First love, basic nights and friends forever. To Tom and Cindy: Light and Love. To Jeff and Lenna I leave a part of me that only you understand as well as the advice you have given me, throughout the years. Finally, to my parents I leave all my gratitude, respect and love for the chances you have given me to experience life by my own judgements.

HUMMING along (HMMM!) waving to people with your motor purring smoothly (PURR-RR!) . . . then, wham! Bip! Chug! You're out of gas . . . stopped cold. End of fun. Blotto.

CHRISTOPHER LEE JONES

I find it rather odd for someone who is eighteen to be leaving a will, but I have done so in accordance with Harvard tradition and I leave the following to the following: To Chris Nicholas, someone who will satisfy your "image," a book entitled "How to get along with others," and a bill for my professional counseling and guidance; To Bill, courage to do certain things, a strong stomach, and an active summer to balance your inactive school year; To Tom, maturity, a mailbox full of magazines, and your own pest-control center; To Ken, deodont, a job as a parking attendant, and a sleeping bag which matches your bathroom; To Brian, a nice comfortable bed to sleep on while your friend sleeps on the floor, and fertilizer to keep a thriving garden; To John, a Box of Ritz crackers for a lightweight, and a strip of black tape to shut your big mouth; To Scott, a plane that has never been flown, and someone that you will remain satisfied with; To Jeff Mow, a pair of Rossignol cross-country skis; To John Bertram an ulcer; To Joji, responsibility and twenty episodes of *Star-Trek;* To Plato, your own fireroad and two trips to school on a Saturday; To Mr. Berk, an air-conditioned car to follow the team with in 100 degree weather; To Mr. Florian, a reminder to get the check in on time; To Senor Pavon, myself in A.P. Spanish; To Mr. Winetrobe, and exciting job; Mr. Hughes, a special thanks for giving me your individual attention; To Kirsten, my mother and father I leave my love and thanks for making the first part of my life so enjoyable. To everyone else, a prosperous future.



BURT JORGENSEN

Behind me, feverish nights and days
Of glowing life, that even now I carry
Carefully as treasures in my deepest thoughts
As though I still wet my feet in the jungle stream.

— H. Hesse

Thank You Everyone!
For without you
My priceless treasure would be worthless.

Thanks especially to my family
Mom, Dad, Steve, Hugh, and Clyde
The Manns, Sandy, Ricky, Bobby,
Bob, David, and Mont.
I Love You All
And you have guided me toward that.

All I want to do, need to do, is stay in Rhythm with myself. All I want is to do What I do and not try to do what I don't do. Just do what I do. Just keep Pace with myself. Just be what I will be.

— H. Prather

JAY
JOSEPHS

And now as the past lingers.
The future awaits . . .

To my teachers, friends, and family I am grateful more than words can express.

JONATHAN SAMUAL JUSTMAN

MICHAEL KAPLAN

Practically everyone whom I ever came in contact with made my stay at Harvard enjoyable. However, those that come to mind immediatley do deserve to be mentioned. Thanks to Mr. Ackerman, Mr. Archer, Mr. Hill, Miss Grandilli, Rick Berg, Robert Wyman, Tegan West, Tedd Woods (may your enthusiasm never falter!), Doug Levinson, Mother Kaplan, Father Kaplan, my two sisters (strange, I can't seem to remember their names), and above all, to my best friend, the person who made the dull interesting, the unbearable bearable, and the sane insane: Peter Kleiner. Every writer has a flaw in his style, and mine is most assuredly an inability to find an appropriate ending line (how well we remember from those Mystery Theatres!). In attempt to go out with some style, I am allowing you to pick one (or all) of the distinguished last lines below. As for my own, I can only say thank you for a wonderful 5 and a half years.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter.
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

For me," said Sherlock Holmes, "there still remains the cocaine bottle." and he stretched his long white hand
p for it.

'm breathing . . . Are you breathing too? . . . It's nice, isn't it? It isn't difficult to keep alive friends — just don't
nake trouble — or if you must make trouble, make the sort of trouble that's expected. Well, I don't need to tell
ou that. Good night. If we should bump into one another, recognize me.

Zyzzyva n. Any of various tropical American weevils of the genus Zyzzyva, often destructive to plants.

Smiling, the boy fell dead.

And this is my room. And you're all here. And I love you very much and . . . Oh Auntie Em, there's no place
ke Home!!

Louie, I have the feeling this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

This is where you came in. We have to go on for ages and ages yet. You go home. The end of this play isn't
vritten yet. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus! Their heads are full of plans and they're as confident as the first day they
egan, — and they told me to tell you: good night."

Outside a summer sun was taunting. I walked to the car, lawyer at each elbow, wholly alone. The wrongness of
hings seized me. At the Parade Grounds boys were throwing footballs. It was that season: baseball would come
gain. The team was broken up and with my father dead there was no one with whom I wanted to consider that
ragedy, and because there was no one I recognized that the breaking of a team was not like greater tragedy:
ncompleteness, unspoken words, unmade music, withheld love, the failure ever to sum up or say good-bye.

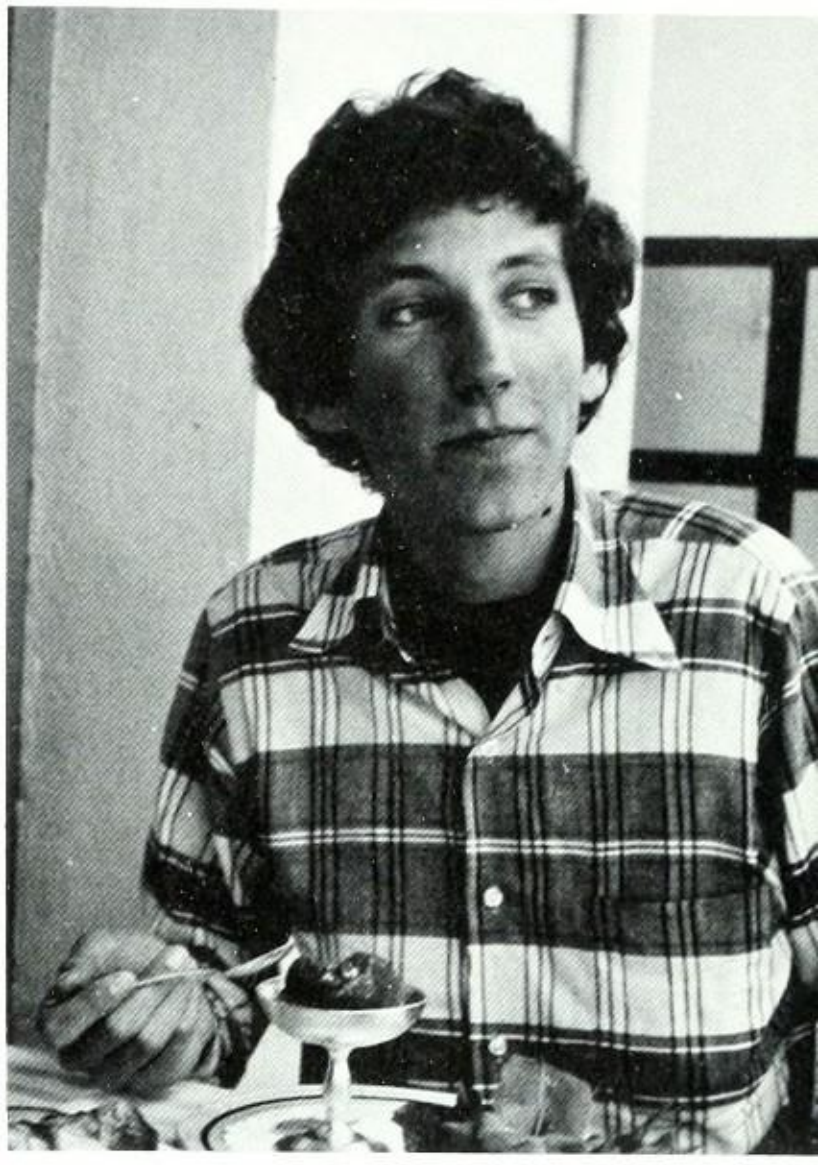
Dean Karny

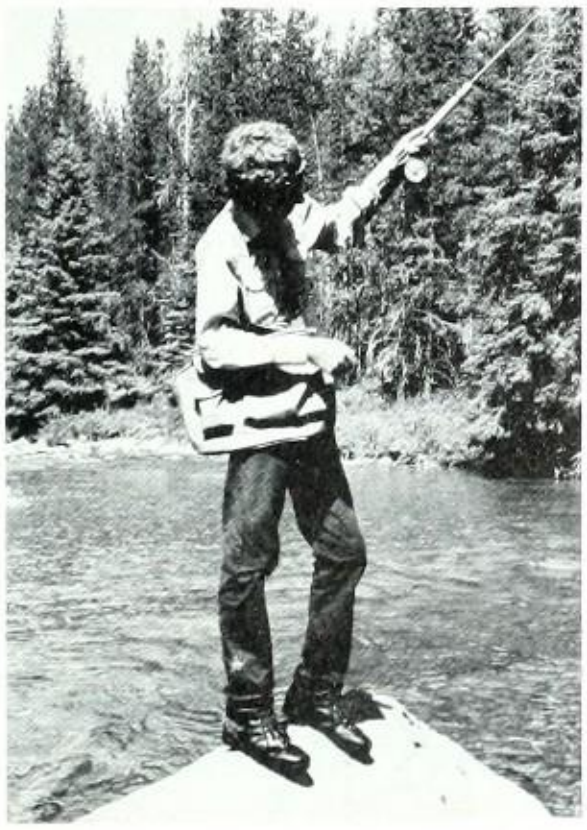
I owe my deepest and most fond thanks to those who have helped me along my way — especially Mrs. Moore ("I prefer not to"), Mr. Archer, Mr. Hill (ol' man), Mr. Berk (Where are my papers??), Mr. Smith (Comment?), Mr. Johnson and Mr. Leigh (wherever you are). Furthermore, I must thank my parents most of all for their efforts to give me the very best. I have spent many years at Harvard, and I will leave here with but one regret: College is gonna be even harder!!!

9th — tried out for Freshman football (didn't make it)
4'11" — tried out for Freshman basketball (didn't make it)
89 lbs. — tried out for J.V. tennis (got lucky)
10th — tried out for sophomore football (didn't make it)
5'1" — tried out for Sophomore basketball (didn't make it)
95 lbs — tried out for J.V. tennis (got lucky again)
11th — I turned my pursuits towards forensics and the
5'4" — cultural aspects of life, placing the greatest
106 lbs — emphasis upon eloquence in circumlocutionary speech.
12th — I'm gettin' bigger and I'm still tryin'

GOODBIGH

MARK REILLY KELSEY



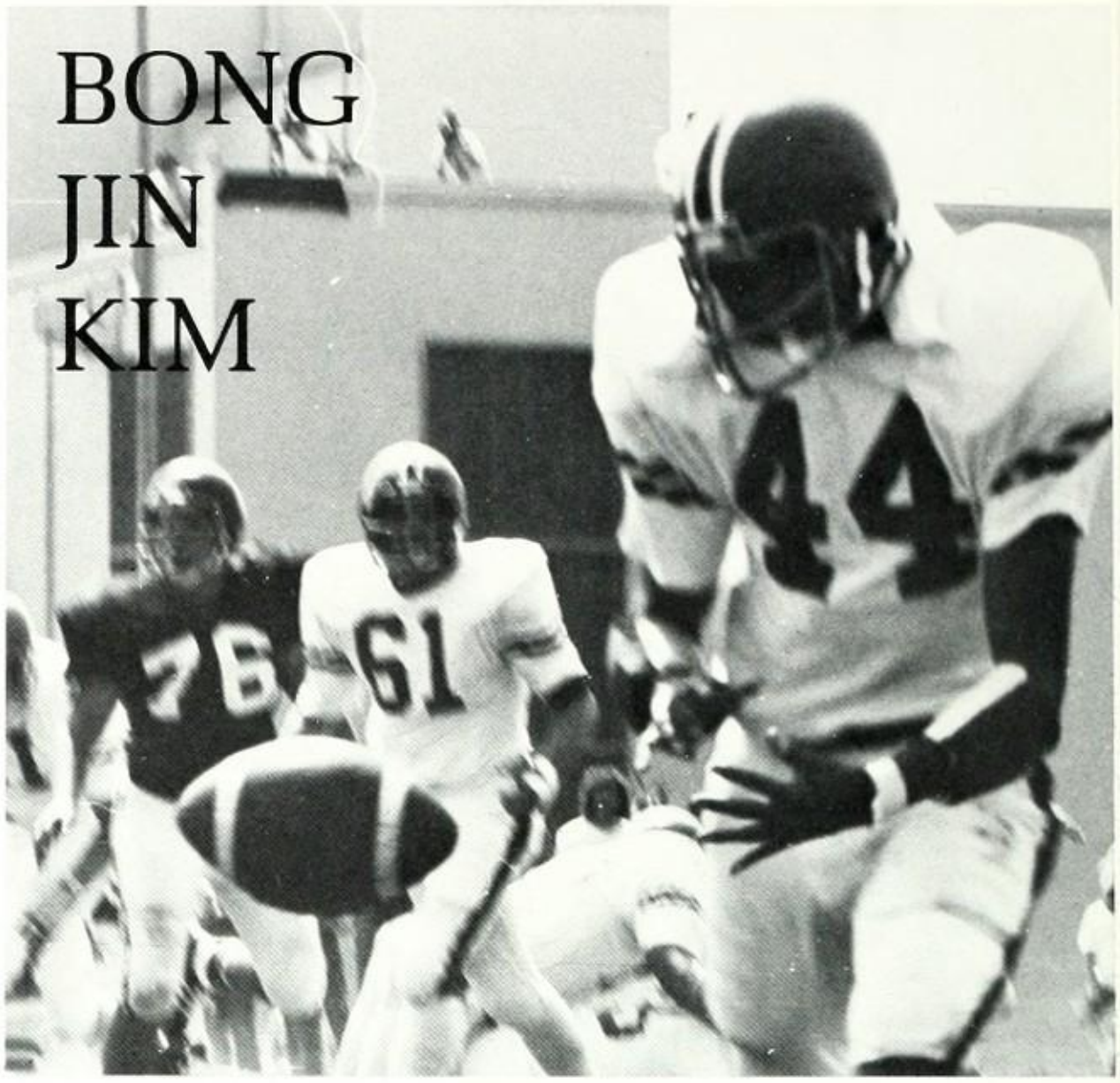


I benqueath:
to Seniors — the wills, my presentation on how to do a Senior page, and all the glue some of you used sticking your pictures to rough draft layout sheets.
to Mr. Woods — only half a page for speech and debate instead of six because you left my name off the N.F.L. roster in the 1976 annual.
to photographers — your procastinations and blatant insubordinations.
to Rosy Cheeks — square dancing at S.T.R., An Irish jig and my nickname.
to Em-Sweet — strawberry juice, J.K. (just kidding), the impersonation of Mark Ludwig, and the night I dropped a gallon of beer in the middle of Balboa Blvd.
to Harry G. — 6 hr. philisophical discussions and the story that I backed into a bus at 30 m.p.h. and 26 lawsuits.
to Mike M. — my logo in your picnic table and the time you twice disassembled my car in one night.
to Dave G. — our ice capades and chairmanship of the youth group.
to George F. — the Hahvard treatment at camp and our slight differences of opinion.
to Steve Cutler — next year seniors and the late night editorial sessions.
Drew P. — I can't go skiing, why that would be like worshiping the snow! Caroline M. — maybe someday you'll radicalize me. Hugh B. — why was I left a straight jacket? Huck S. — the time you ran fully clothed into the ocean at night.
to Susy W. — the Farmpton concert, Stills at The Troubador, and Yes.
to Everyone — my ability to follow my own advice of writing a short will.

Special appreciation to the man who committed suicide off a twelve story building and just missed flattening me on the sidewalk.

My years at Harvard were the best.

BONG JIN KIM



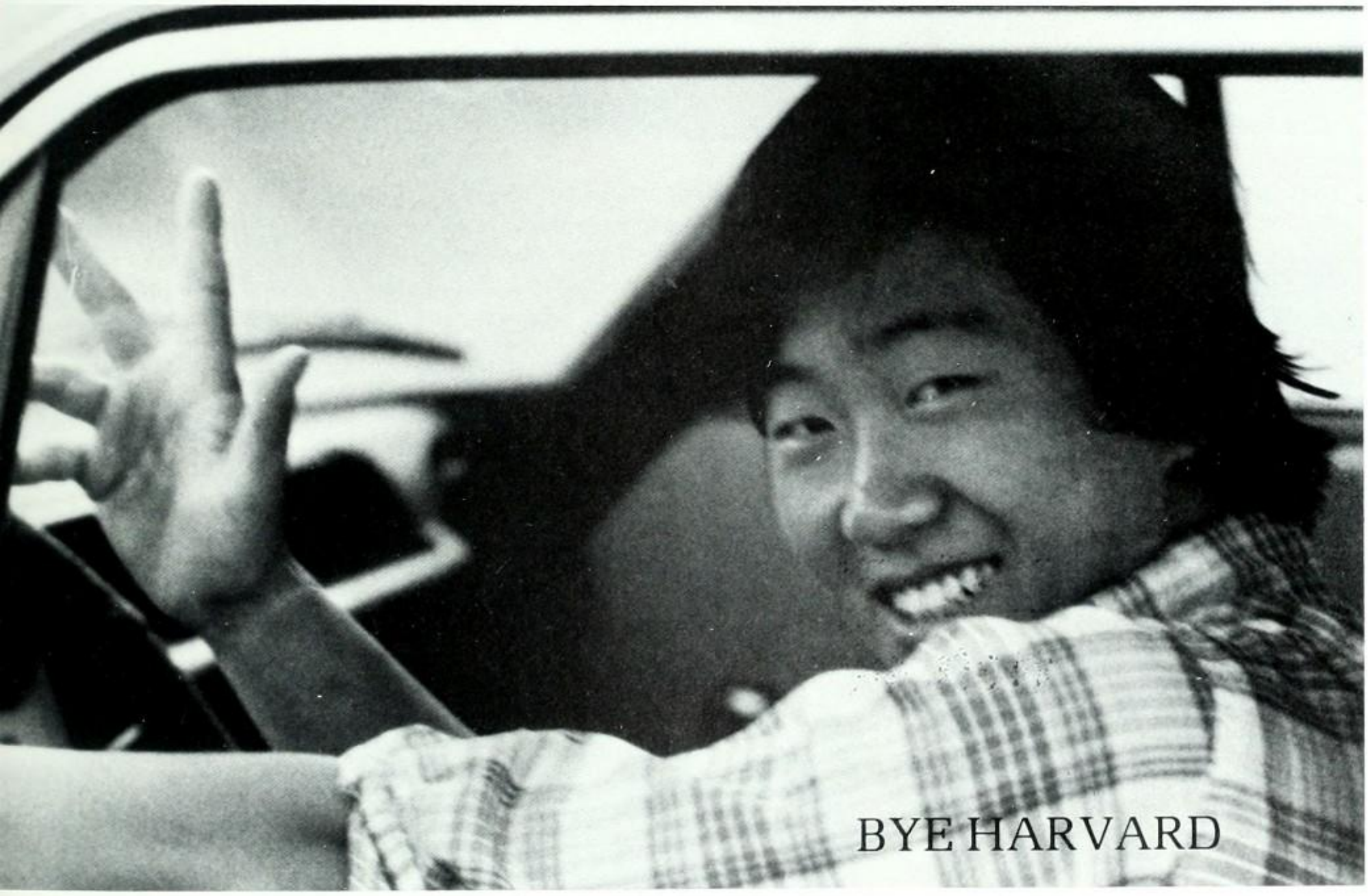
The Thrill of Victory
The Agony of Defeat

I would like to express my sincere thanks to all Harvard faculty and very special thanks to my wonderful, one and only mother who made it all possible. It has been three good and fun years. Good luck and have fun little Bong!

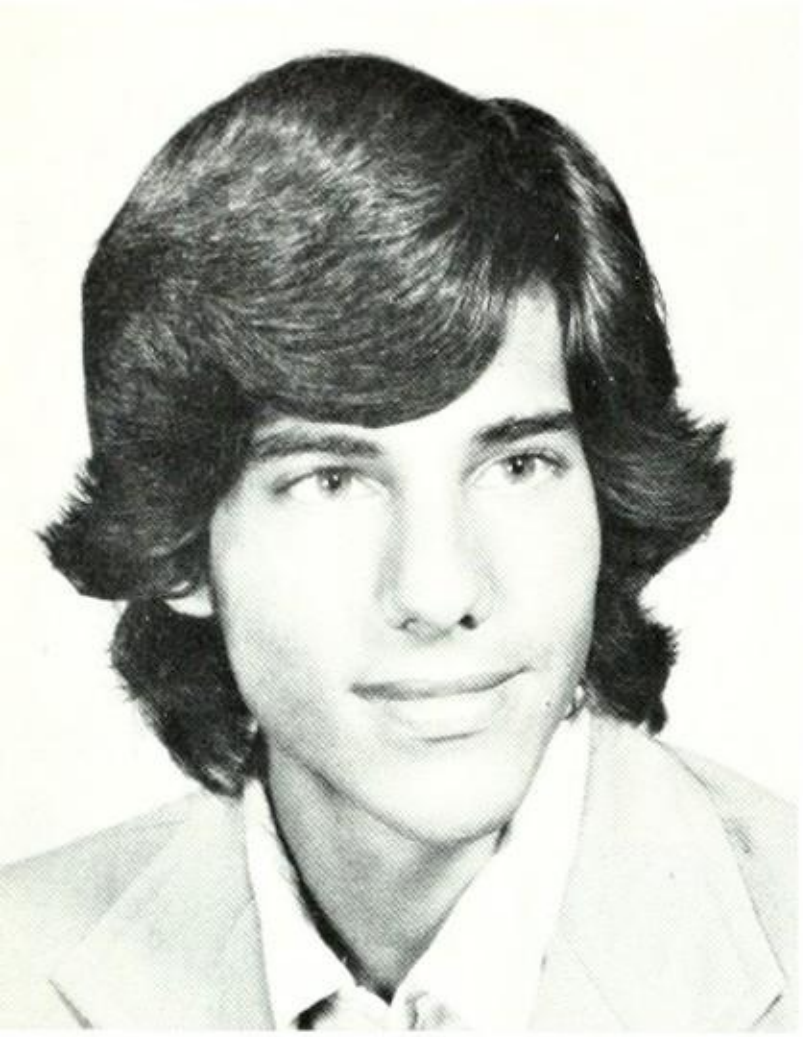
Special thanks to my parents and Mr. Hughes. "Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day. You fritter and waste the hours in a off hand way Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town. Waiting for someone or something to show the way."

— Pink Floyd —

CHULYUN KIM



PETER RIVAS KLEINER



What we do is only a shadow of what we want to do.
And the only truths we can point to are the ever-changing truths of our own experince.

Peter Weiss

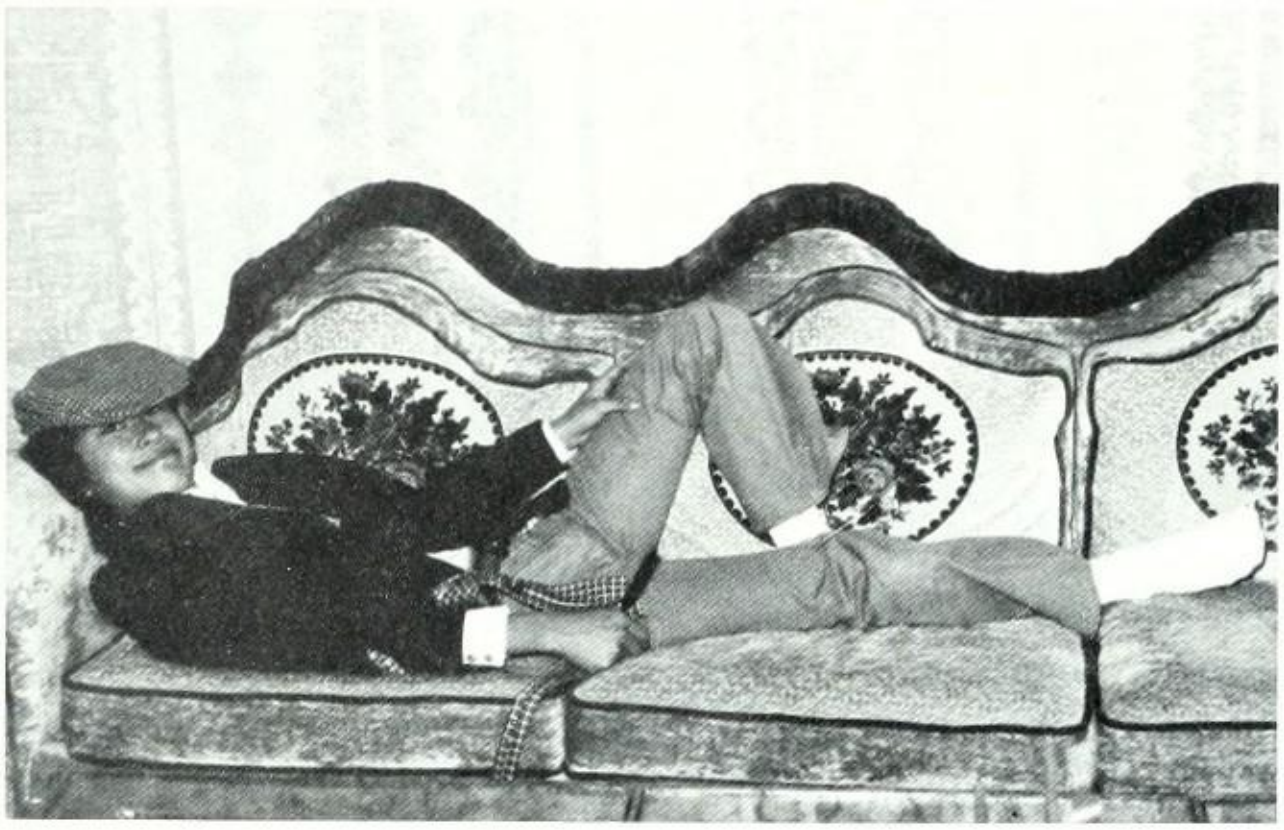
Damn everything but the circus.

e.e. cummings

Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself 'til he had learned them by heart: and through them he and glimpses of the real world about him. The hour when he too would take part in the life of that world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him, the nature of which he only dimly apprehended.

James Joyce

Thank You All
And
Good Bye.
You too, Mr. Clark.



RICHARD NOMID LEE

DOUGLAS DWIGHT LINDHOLM

A moment of pause to reflect and project. God, family and country with great institutions like Harvard are focal. The faces of my classmates flash by and I know they will always be part of me. Founders, parents, faculty and others of Harvard are my lasting creditors.

Like the surf, we come and go, but the cycle continues. We march by in sets of hopefully superior swells. In the power of the great waves, I have found a feeling of life's challenge. In their quiet anticipation, a solitude for communion.

In a moment will pass a decade, a generation, and then final accounting. It is my hope that I may in a small way emulate my alma mater and leave some meaningful imprint.

Michael Lubic

For non-conformity, the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore, a man must know how to estimate a sour face. . . . but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause — disguise no God, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs.

— Emerson

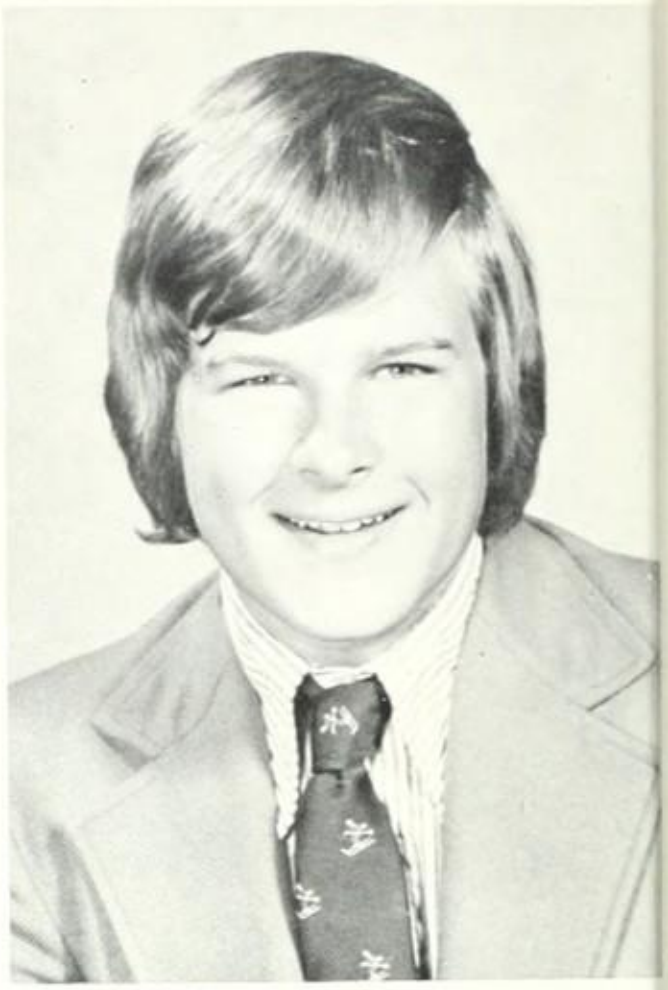
In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach; and bide his own time, —
happy enough, if he can satisfy himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step.

— Emerson

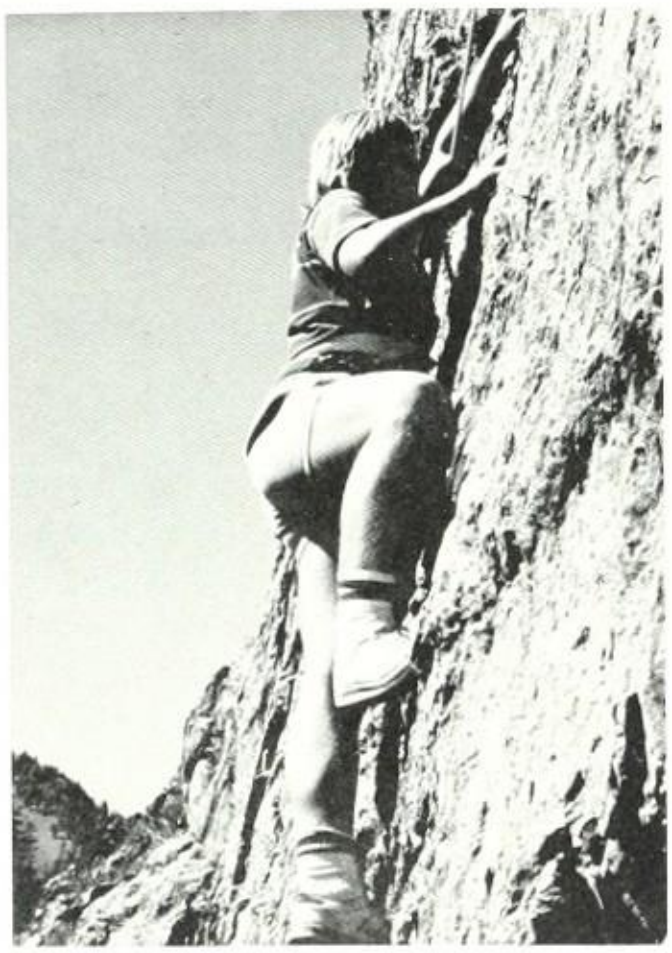
1972 — 7th grade
P.E.
"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown"
1973 — 8th grade
Intramural P.E.
"Spoon River Anthology"
1974 — 9th grade
Frosh-Soph P.E.
directed
"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown"
1975 — 10th grade
J.V. P.E.
"Kaleidoscope"
1976 — 12th grade
Varsity P.E.
"Mr. Ameer told me to"
Track scores:
50 yd. dash — 11.9
440 yds. — in progress

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation to Messrs. Ackerman, Archer, Berk, Berrisford, Mrs. Diskin, Dr. Dunster, Fr. Gill, Messrs. Graziano, Holmes, Hoeper, Humphrey, Keith, Koslow, Luebtow, Martinez, Michaud, Miller, Mrs. Moore, and Messrs. Murrow, Ozawa, and Woods; and special thanks to Mr. John Ameer, Mr. Jeff Cohen, Mr. Nathaniel Hughes, Mr. Craig McCarvey, Mr. Elliot McGrew, Mrs. Joan Ryan, and Dr. Ralph Schmidt, and especially Mom (2-5-6) and Dad.

STUART EMIG LUCAS



My experience at Harvard has been a good one. I learned a lot, matured a lot, and had a great time doing so. Throughout my stay at Harvard I have made a lot of friends and now I would like to leave them, and Harvard, some of my memories. To M.R.A.S.: You may never be able to handle girls "properly", but you'll have a great time trying, mind-boggling discussions going on until 3:00 in the morning, the English Pound, and brotherhood. Hugh 5: Zawacki tests, skiing, front yard football, and friendship. Jeff: Mammoth parties at Brown's condo and Stanley Clarke. The Shaf: Sticks to chase and an endless supply of Burger King puppets. Dave N.: Running with the bulls and the greatest seven day party ever and Portillo. Rene: 553-9297. Sr. Pavon: July 4, 1976, Nelson's slang, Spanish 5, and a wonderful trip to Spain. Ann, Danny, Kenda, Tegan, Jan, and the others: A Mid-Summer Night's Dream and the great time we had doing it. Thank you for your help, Messrs Murrow, Thran, Hughes, Hill, Roberts, Cohen, Zawacki, and Ms. Dietz. Special thanks to the Reynolds, Gates, Nelsons, and Stuarts. To my family, I'm not really sure what to say except I will always love you. to everyone else: Thanks, happiness, and the best of luck. To Harvard: Thank you and good-bye.



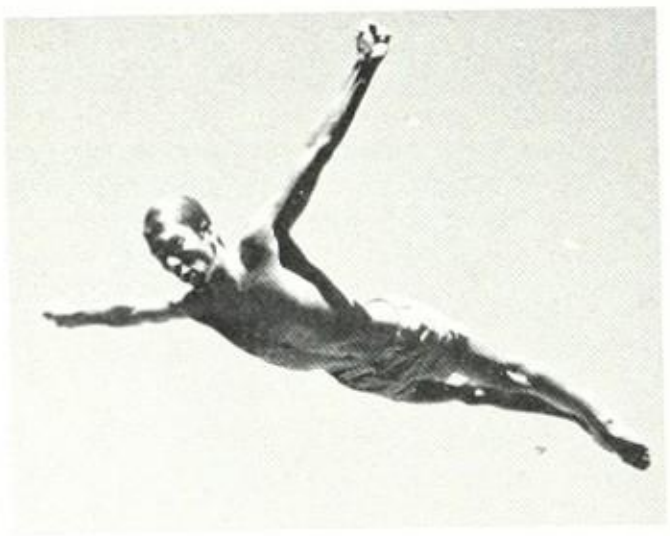
You were bred for humanity
And sold to society — one day you'll wake up
In the present day
A million generations removed from expectations
Of being who you really want to be.

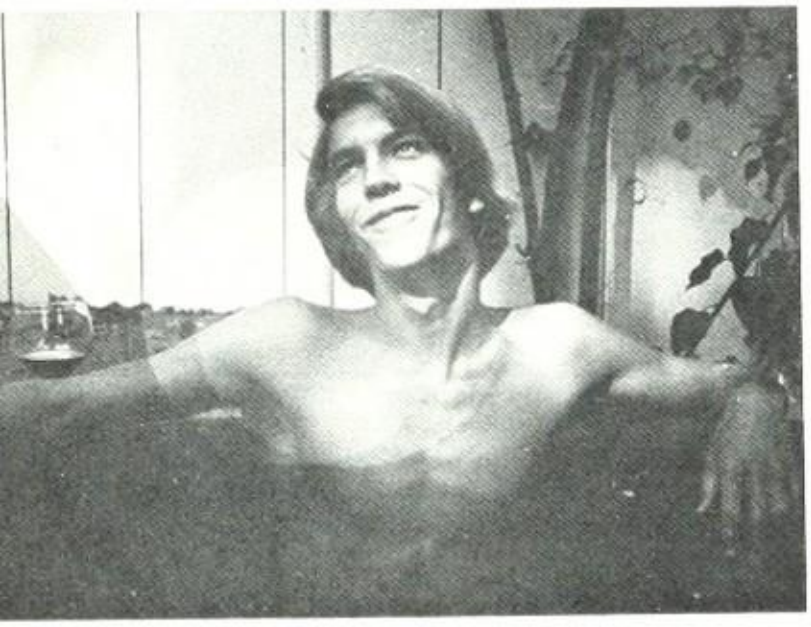
— Ian Anderson

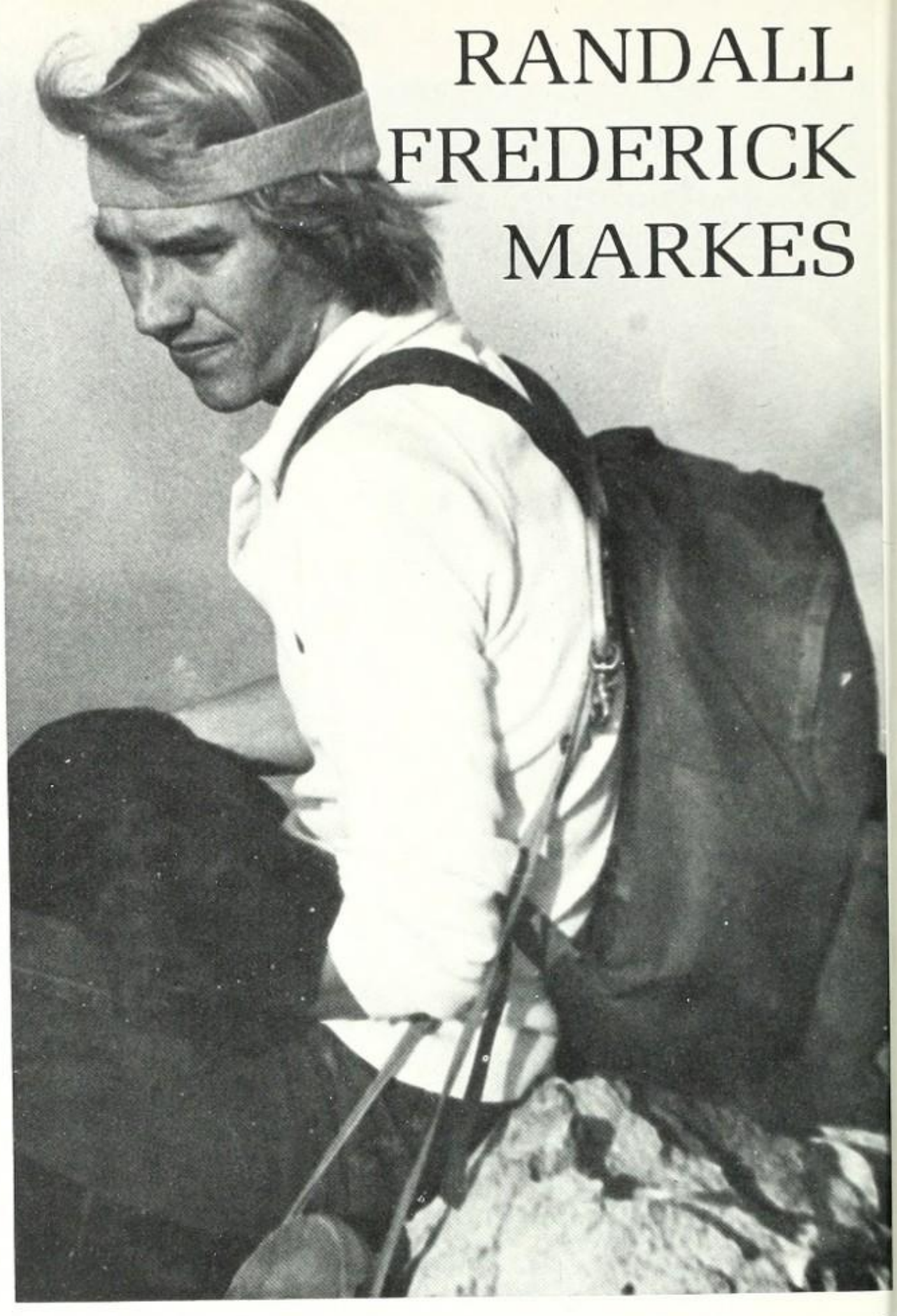
THOMAS LYON

I, Tom Lyon, alias the Riler, do leave these memories to my friends. To Stud I leave a hard rock stomach, you're dead if you tell anyone and "You look a little pekid." To Burt I leave a case of beer for twenty-four drunken nights, skiing at Mammoth, and the cross country team. To Bum, a new head that works, the beach, camping out in the bathroom, and, "Ken you're one behind Bill and me.' To the Fed I leave; "Oh my God six out of seven," the curb in the Hollywood Hills, continual munchies and Ohio. To Brian I leave a twelve foot porch, the police helicopter, Malibu, and the new E.L.O. album. To Spaz I leave the Ritz, dancing, and my swimming ability. To the twins I leave thoroughly mangled cars, the boats and fishing, and skiing at Mammoth. And last of all to the westsiders the fact that the east side is tops. I would also like to thank my Mom and Dad for their understanding and funding.

RANDALL FREDERICK MARKES







The door blew open and the afternoon sun rushed in. Red eyes battered and blinked and heart beats stopped, though all had been hidden at the twist of the doorknob. It was Mom, so my friends were safe at least. I wondered what other sin could have caused such an entrance. We went outside to talk privately, where she broke into tears, hugged me, and told me I had been accepted at Harvard.

Ever since that one summer day I've been dreaming of my page and of how I might capture all my exploits and exhilarations on just one. I even said at my interview that this page was one of the real reasons for wanting to go to Harvard. They laughed when I told them that, but underneath, I was serious. I believe that if one leaves his honest character, one described by his pictures and so pictured in his words, he will live and be someone, or just Be, each time the Sentinel is opened and flipped through, over and over for on and on. To me, this is Immortality. And as long as there is an Intelligence that walks the Earth and can decipher and read this language, then, on this page I will live forever, never changing, never dying. And if my real heart stops? It has stopped in these pictures, and yet on this page I am still alive.

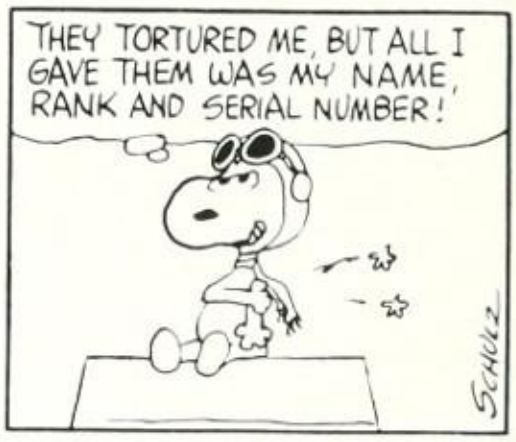
And so, as I sit here looking at my Will . . . I can think of all the others I still have to include, and already my Will pushes two pictures off the page. So instead of a Will, I've decided to leave this message to all of my friends. I have been a leader. I have been a follower. And many times I have lost myself. But were it not for your help, the pats on the back, all the memories and all the wisdom that each of you has given me, I still would be stumbling. I want you all to know that there's always a space in my room for an extra sleeping bag when nobody wants you or everybody's after you. The roof is open everyday in summer and the hot tub awaits you every night in winter. If you're hungry, come to my table. If you're hurt, take my hand. If your world is dark, we will find laughter together. Whatever I have is yours.

I'd like to leave a quote from Ambrose Bierce's *The Devils Dictionary*, Education, n. That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

DAVID
HERBERT
MAY III

TIME TO BOOGIE

Tom May



SCORPIO: October 23-November 21
PLANET: Pluto
ELEMENT: Water

You enjoy being where there is danger. Your life is a perpetual struggle and you like it.

You may have boundless ambition and a need for power which tends toward the absolute.

Your expansiveness is a whirlwind which in passing creates a certain disorder. Rebellion, mystery and money are the themes which shape your life.

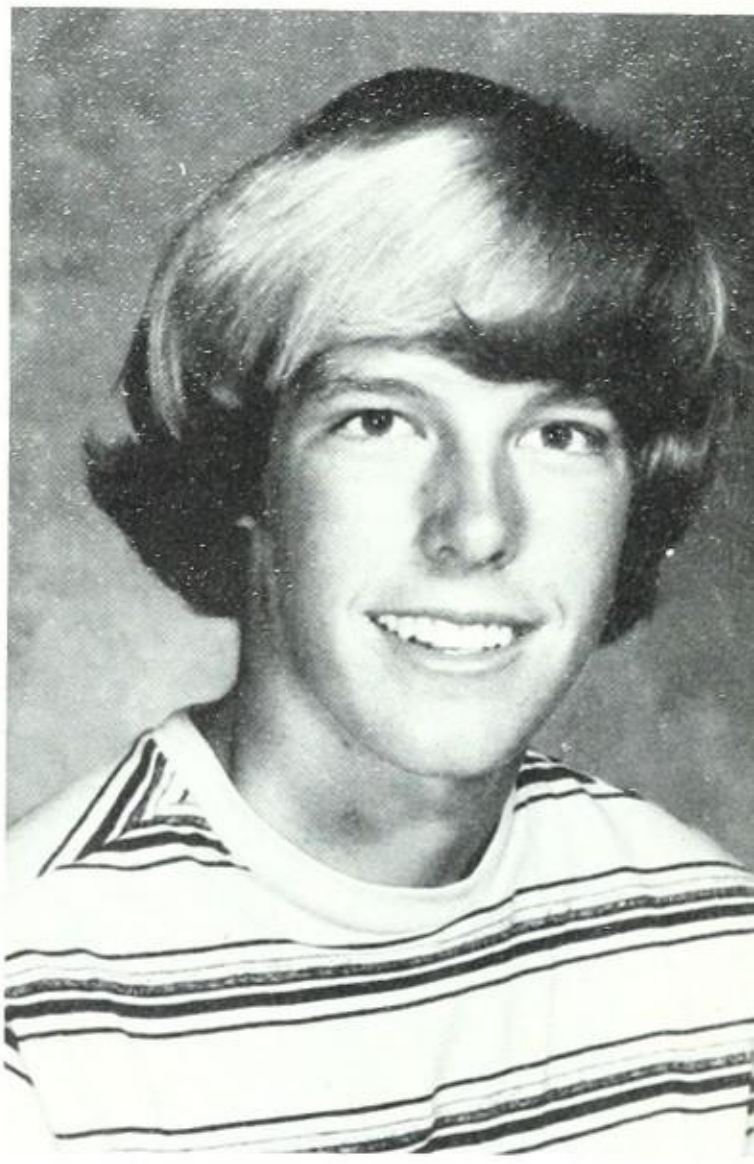
A very special thanks to my family, who made the whole experience possible.

"Breathe, breathe in the air
don't be afraid to care
Leave but don't leave me
Look around and choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be." — PINK FLOYD

To Richard Humphrey, John Ameer, William Dickey, Nathaniel Hughes, Art Gibson, and all my teachers — my deepest appreciation. Your compassion and concern have made my stay at Harvard an enriching experience. You will be remembered all my years to come.

To all my friends — My undying love. I will always have the memories of the experience we had together. My only regret is not knowing any more of you any better.

To Mom and Dad — my deepest love and gratitude for making my experience in life as beautiful as it has been. Your unselfish love will never be forgotten. I hope that I grow up to be as loving and caring as you.

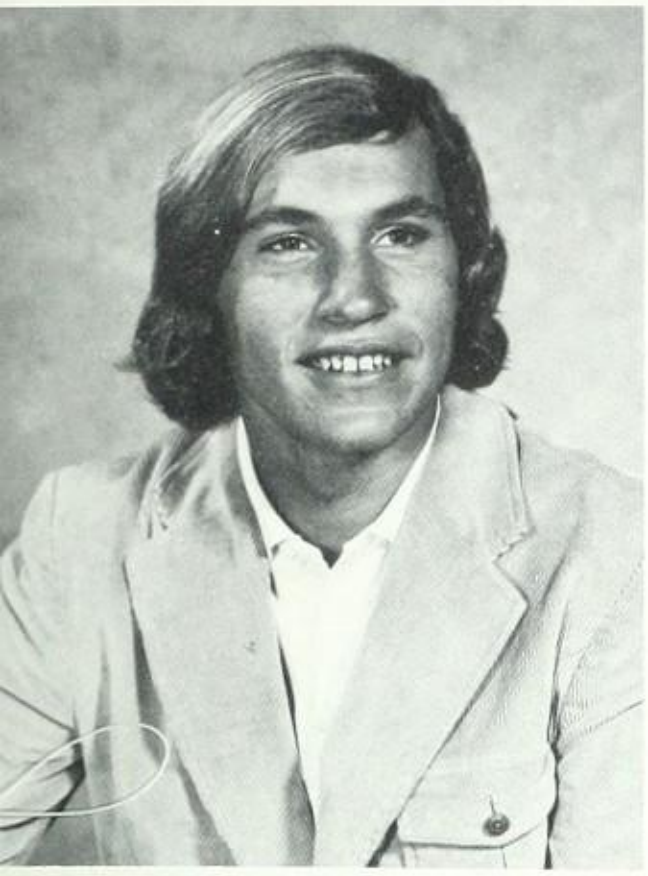


MICHAEL
ALFRED
MELLENTHIN

DOUGLAS MICHAEL MILLER

This is the craziest place . . . I have ever been.

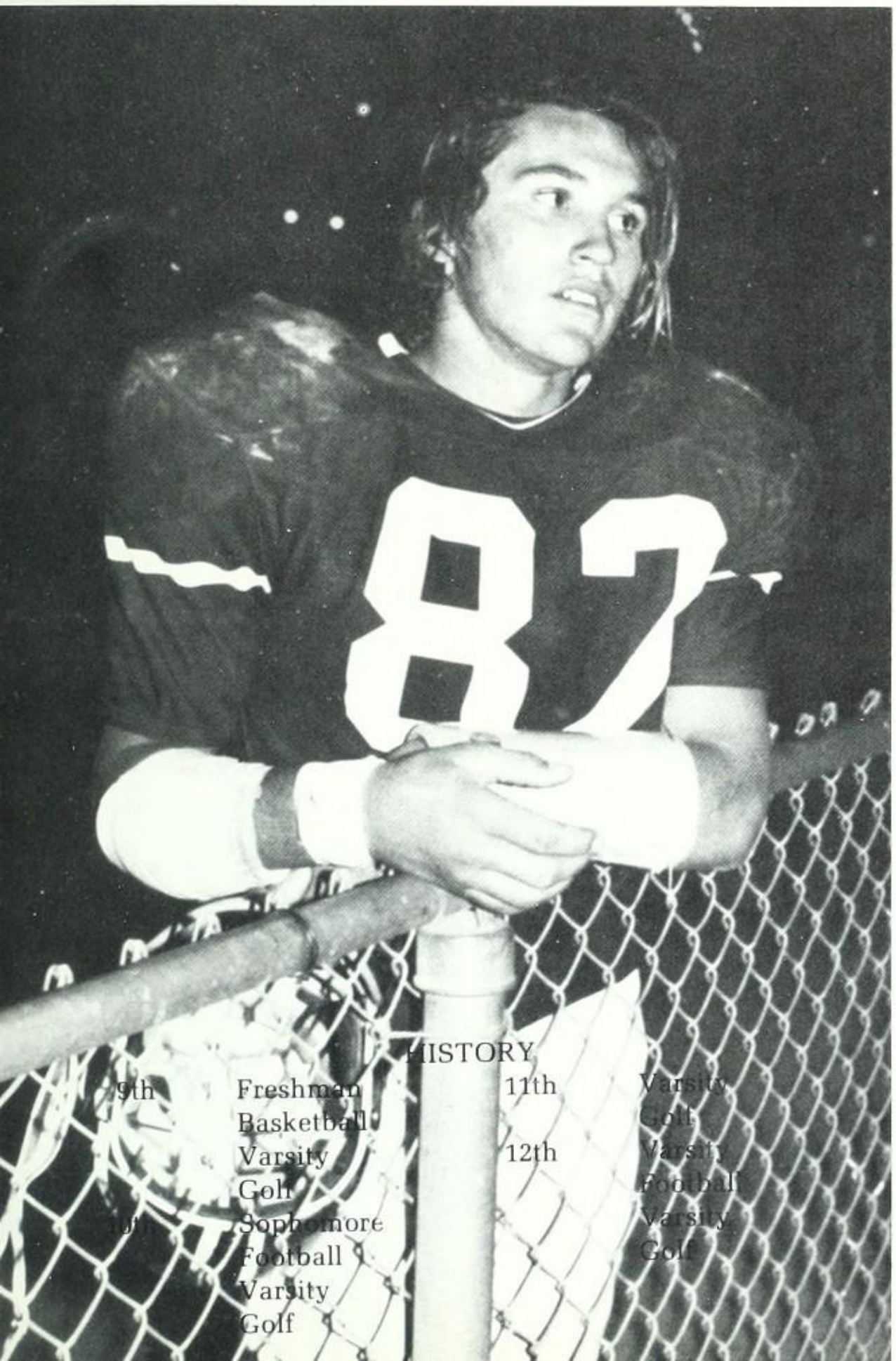
Rory Gallagher



KENNETH FREDERIC MORGAN

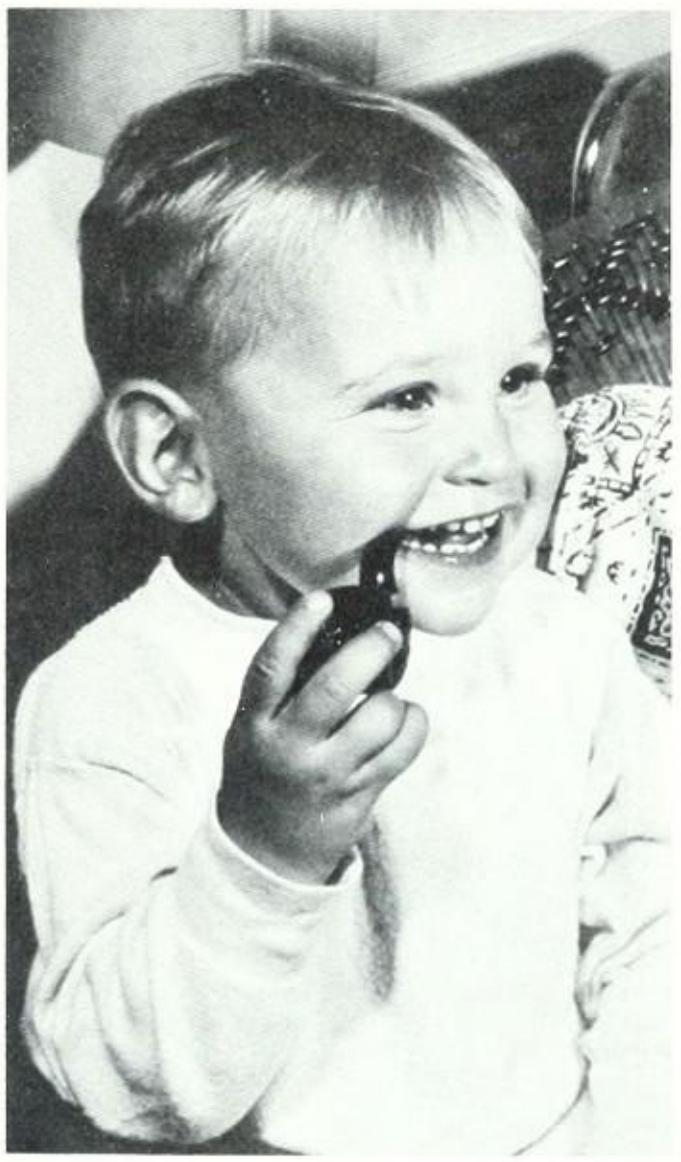
WILL

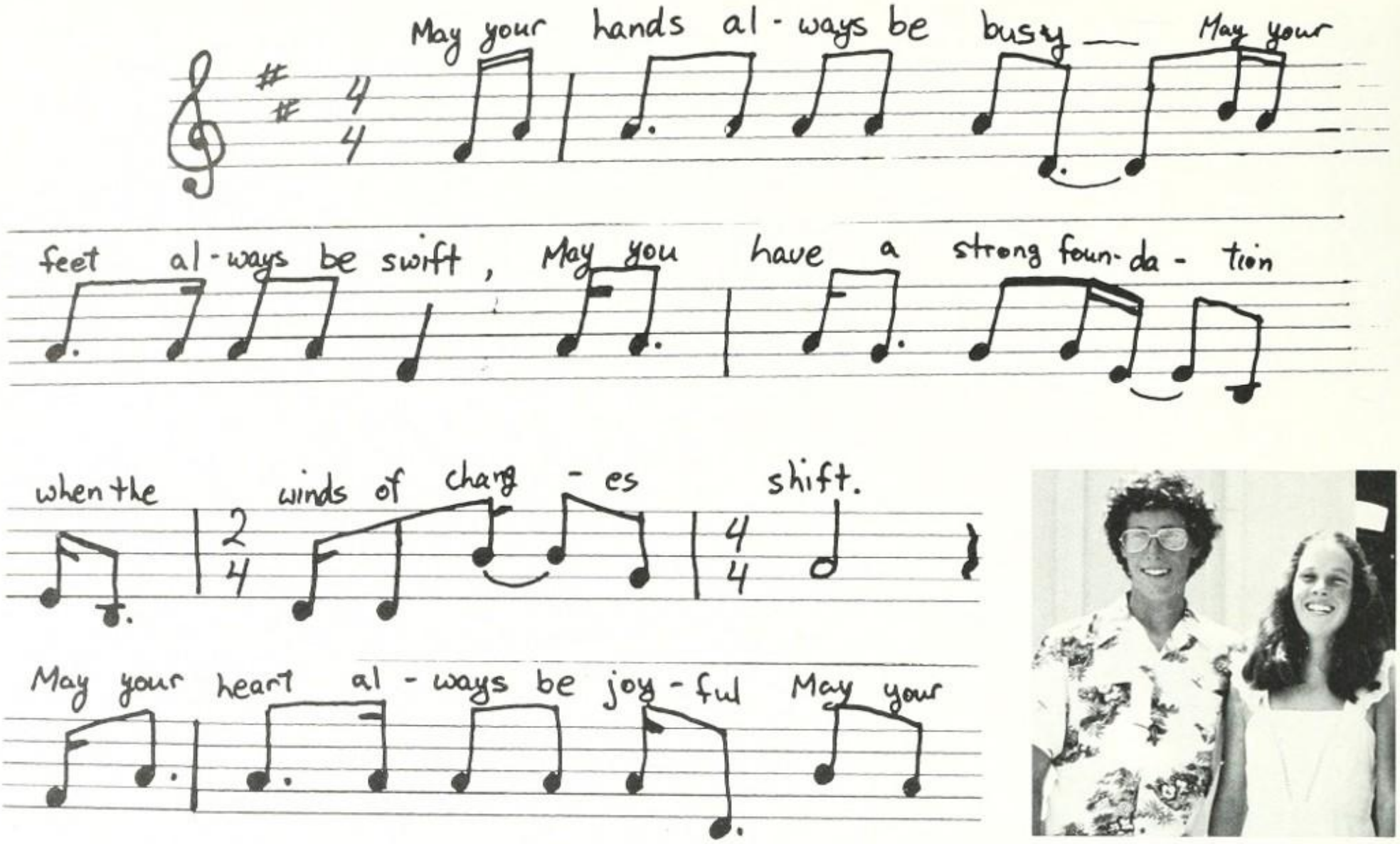
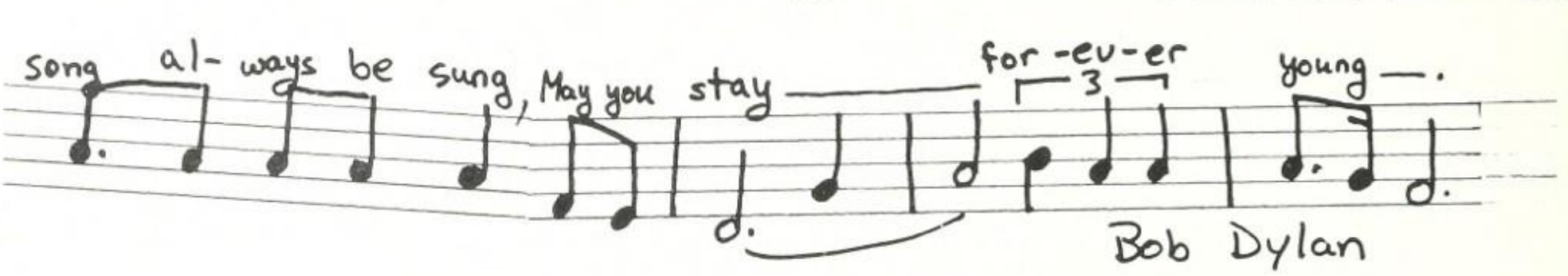
I, Ken Morgan, alias "Mose," B.U.M., and big ugly kid hereby bequeath the following unmentionables to their rightful owners. To Riler — The unbeatable pinball machine, another Mammoth, Ohio. To Wee Willy — A Moscow mule, surfer safaris, another haircut. To Lightweight — The materials in our garage. To Ferd — The insane B-ball, my football ability, and a "real" car. To Bong — Thai, V.M., and a new Porche. To Jerry F. — The turkey bowl. To Brian — New plants for your new porch and a six foot high Glasshead. To George — A night of "Southern Comfort" at Bercos' (it made for one of the funniest nights I have ever had.)

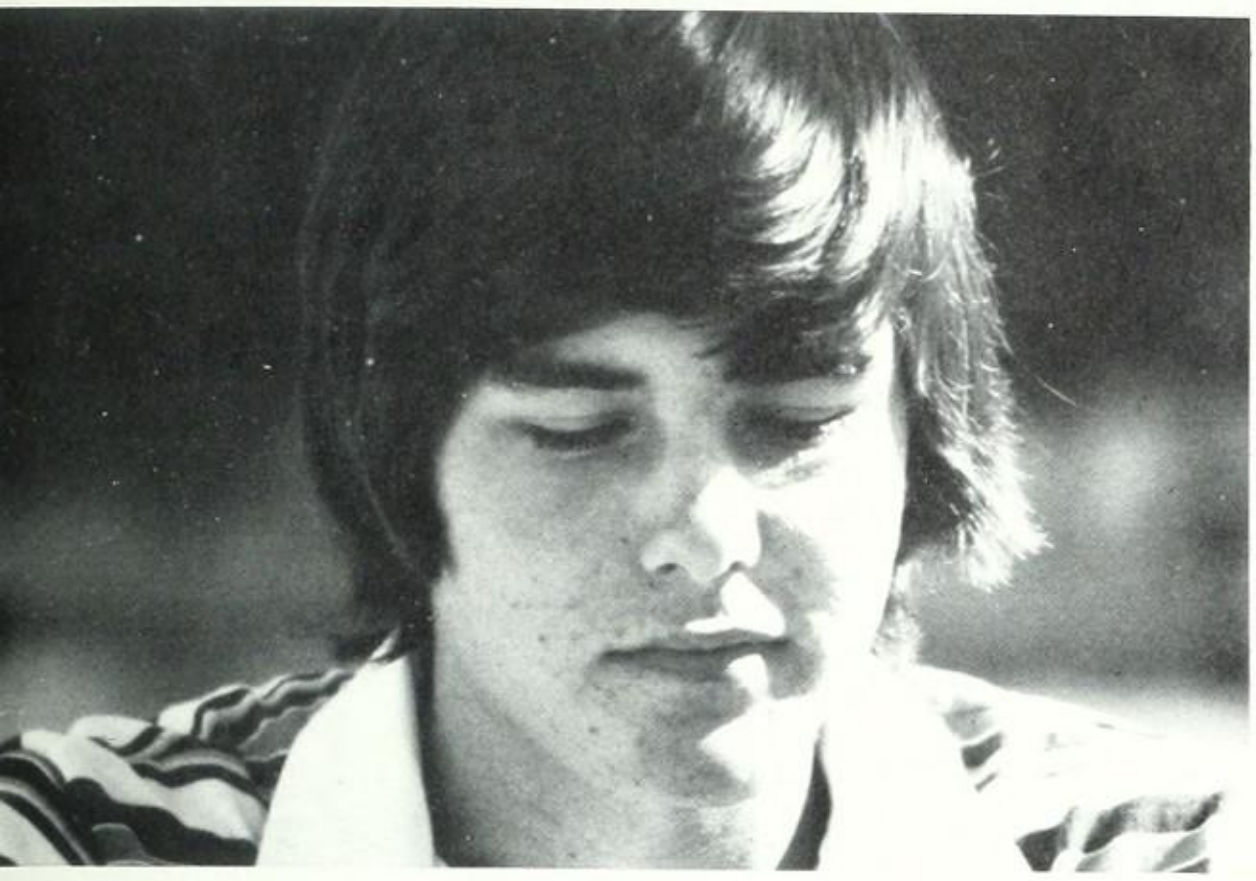


HISTORY

9th	Freshman Basketball	11th	Varsity Golf
	Varsity Golf	12th	Varsity Football
10th	Sophomore Football		Varsity Golf
	Varsity Golf		




May your hands al - ways be busy — May your
feet al - ways be swift, May you have a strong foun - da - tion
when the winds of chang - es shift.
May your heart al - ways be joy - ful May your

ROBERT MORIARTY

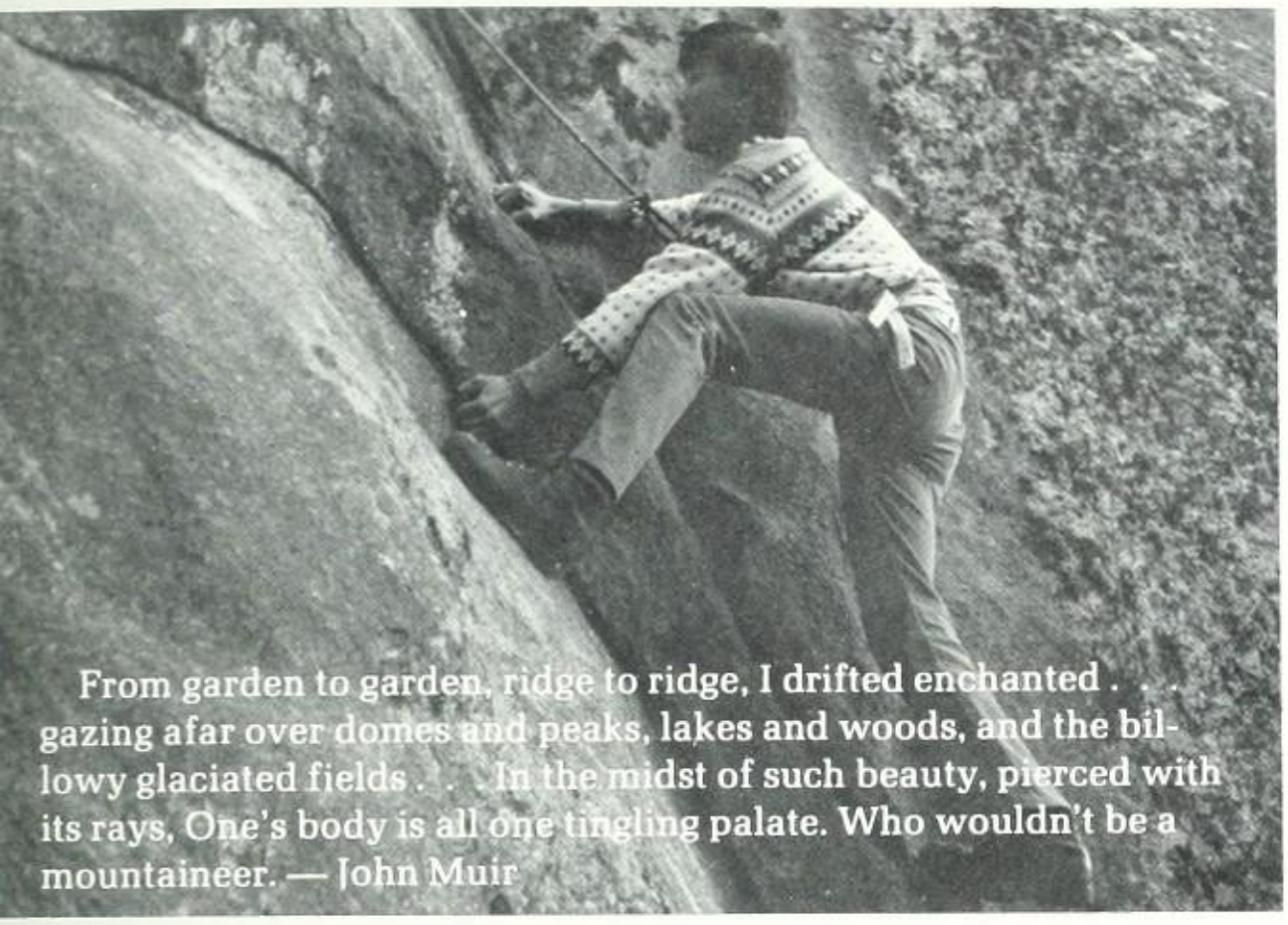


BRIAN EDWARD MOSS

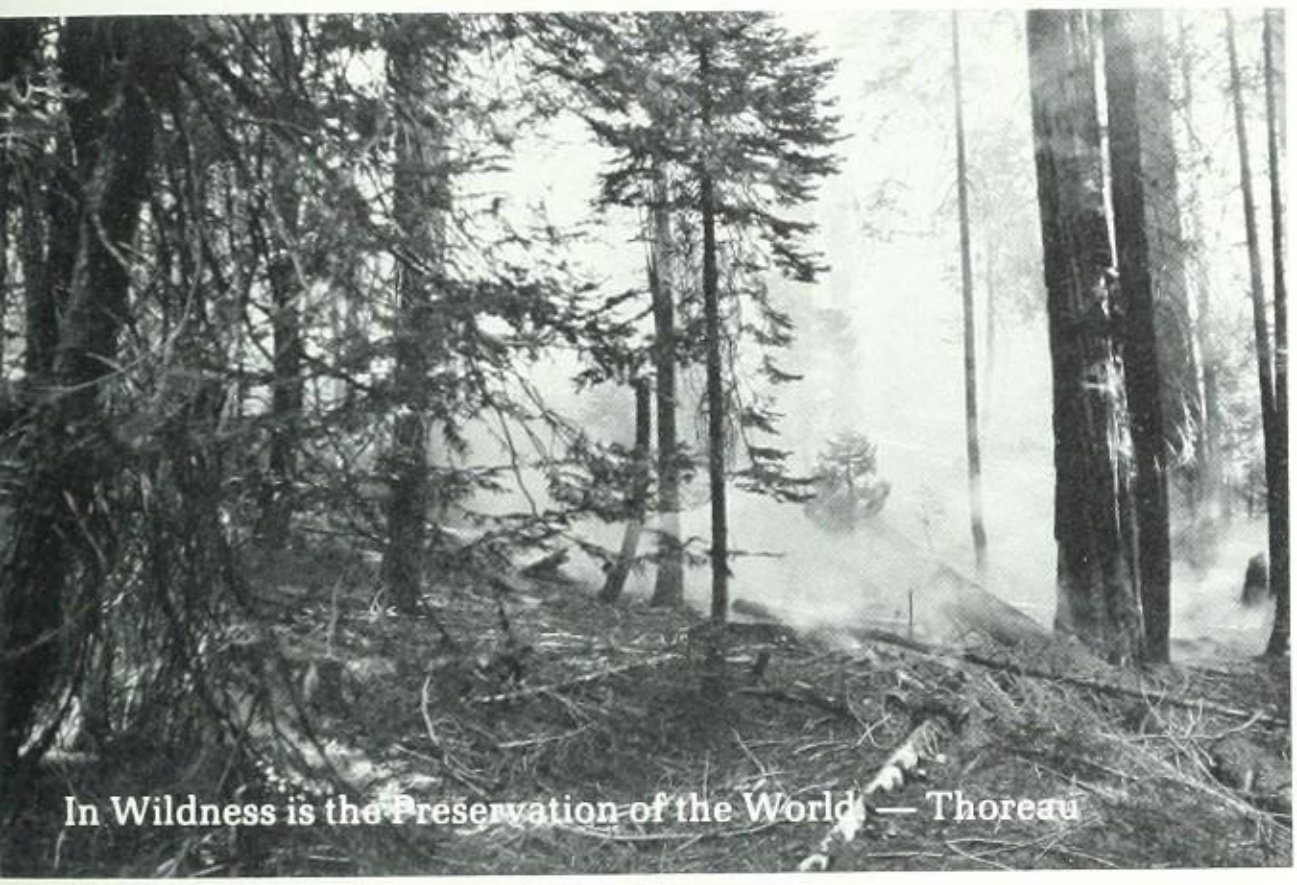
Special thanks to Mr. Leigh, Mr. Dickey, and Mr. Luebtow for opening up my life. To Mom and Grandma who I dearly love, thanks for a wonderful six years. Last But not least I cannot leave out the man of reason, the poet and song writer Stephen John Kalinch. To the rest of my classmates — good luck, I will really miss you all.

Always look
not just to see
But to SEE
the eye
the intuition
bound

John



From garden to garden, ridge to ridge, I drifted enchanted . . . gazing afar over domes and peaks, lakes and woods, and the billowy glaciated fields . . . In the midst of such beauty, pierced with its rays, One's body is all one tingling palate. Who wouldn't be a mountaineer. — John Muir



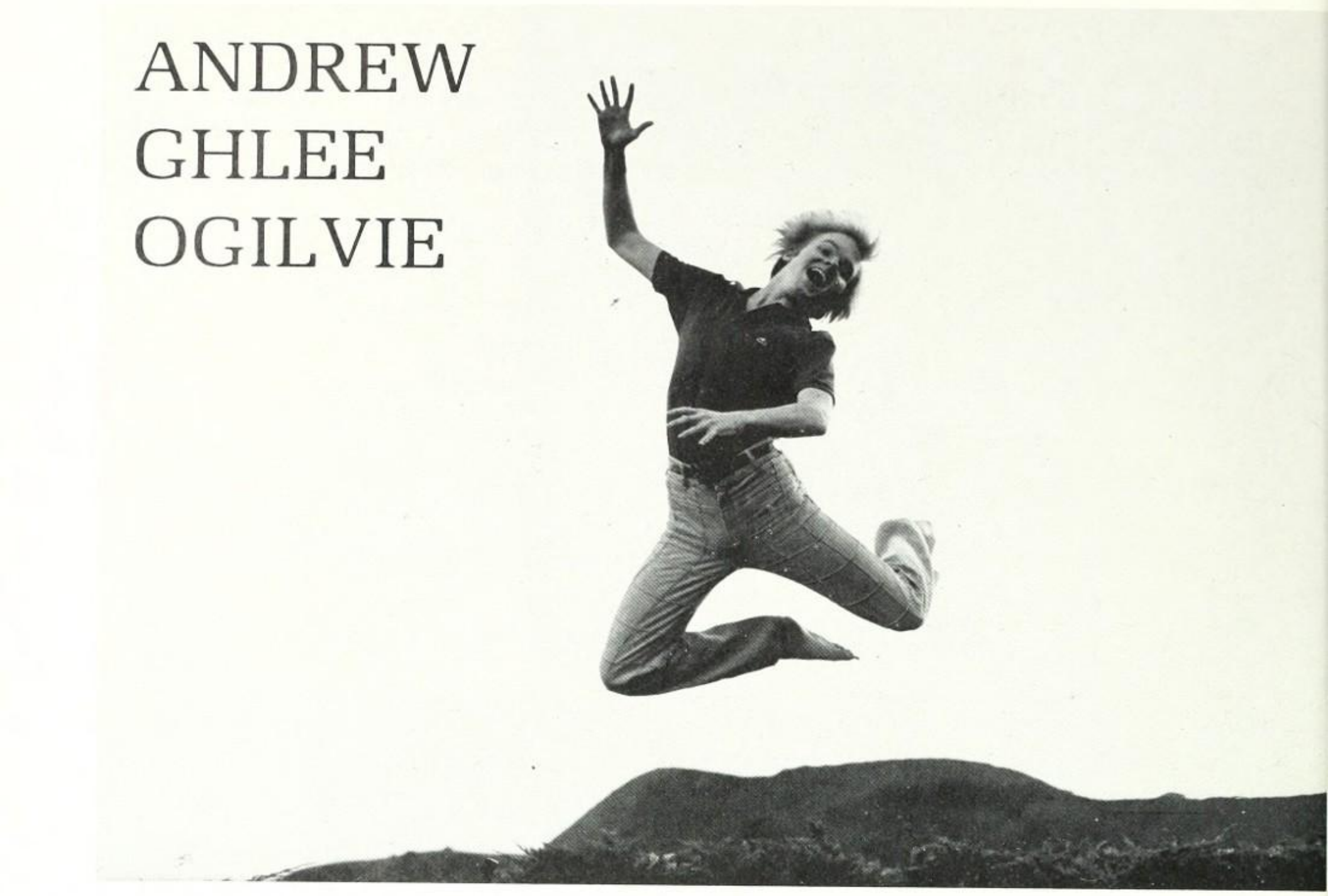
In Wildness is the Preservation of the World — Thoreau

JEFFREY DAVID MOW

I would like to thank the faculty for all their help and efforts, which made Harvard a fantastic experience for me. To the school and administration I can hardly express my gratitude for enabling me to stay at Harvard. My greatest appreciaton goes to my family, especially my parents, who have made my experience the greatest gift I have ever received. It's been a long long time for us all; to see it end is like the end of a lifetime; now it's time for us to depart each in his own direction.

Langlaufer Leben Langer

ANDREW GHLEE OGILVIE



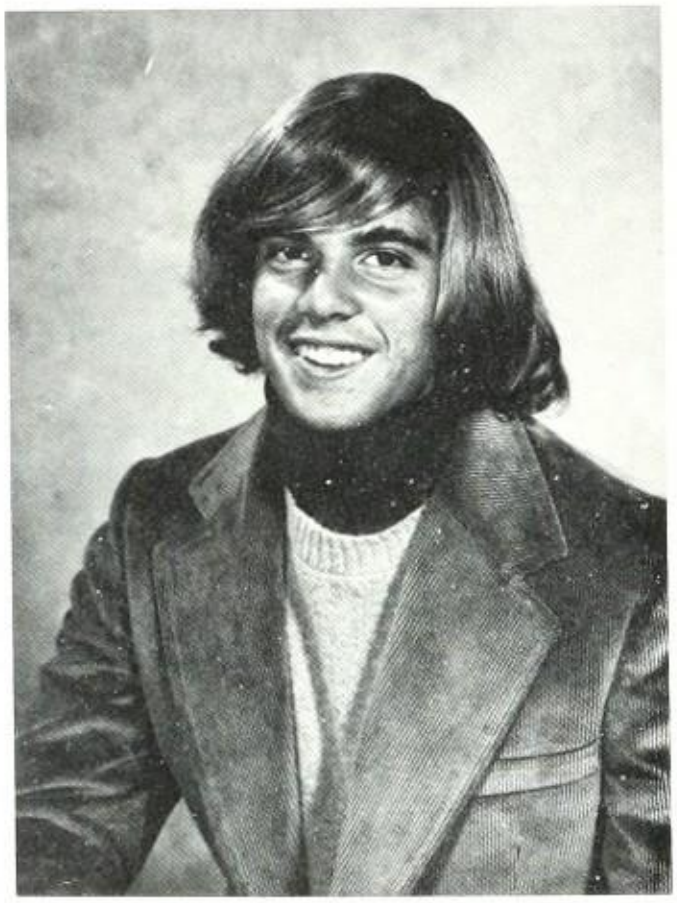
SAMUEL COPELAND PALMER IV

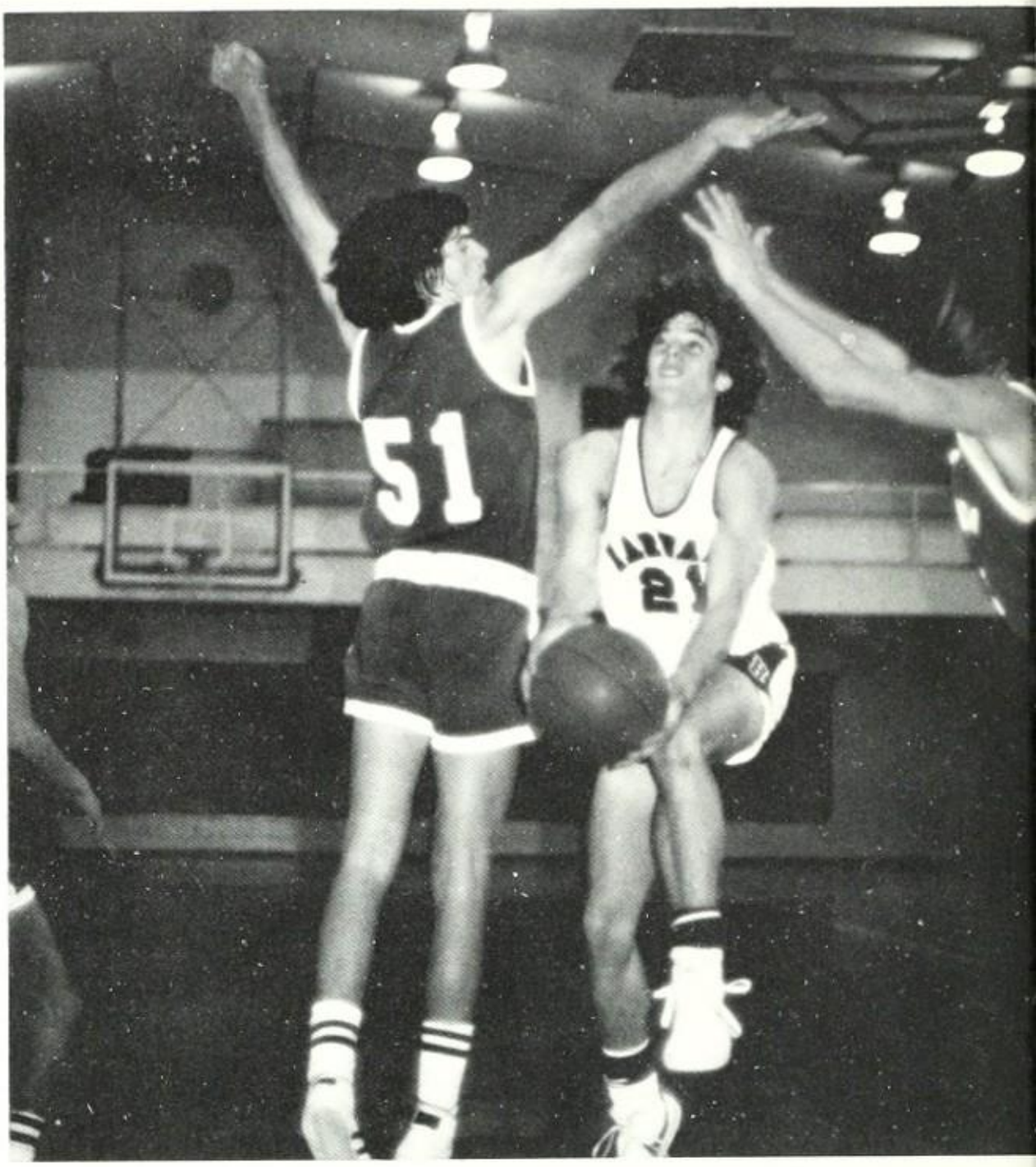
"No noble, well grown tree ever disowned its dark roots, for it grows not only upwards but downwards as well."

To my friends Joe Ozawa, John Gill, Elliot McGrew, Fran Miller, Walt Stewart, and Rogelio Martinez, you helped me grow through your support and friendship, I thank you. I will never stop missing you.

Mom and Dad, Sally and Bryan my memorable experience at Harvard is second to the happiness and pleasure we have together. I will try to take with me now your gentleness and love that so few people actually have.

GEORGE MARK PAPPAS





I, George Pappas alias The Greek and Pap do hereby bequeath the following items to the following people; To Pom: a Newport summer, an honorary ½ Greek, a great record and many theories. To Napper; the ability to tell the same story with equal enthusiasm, vengence on the Vetsand Whos game. To Swanny; the mistaken fortune of always getting caught, frisbee in Newport and your own cloud. To John B.; the ability to get in and out of an argument quickly and always be right, guts. To Harv; a new set of golf clubs. To K. Read; Heyboody! and V.B. To Bill B.; chasing B's in boxers, and to all the Parkers; the fact that the East side will always be inferior; but specifically, to Hoff; a tough job. To Zaro; S.C. in a blizzard. To Toph; honorary west side membership. To Pete; the honor of being mentioned. To C.L.; the ability to get around; and to three good friends who usually provided good advice, Jennifer, a race, Disneyland and a close call; Alison, a birthday present and V.B. partner; Anna, a certain period and tennis match. And special thanks to Mssrs. Cohen, Holmes, Archer, Gibson, Jon LoPresti, and Mrs. Moore. And especially Mr. Bingham for showing me something different, Mr. Winetrobe for being a friend over a teacher, Mr. McFadden, a lot of philosophy and a left-handed Danny Jr. But most importantly, to my sister, Gina, for always being around and someday you'll get a car, and to my folks; thanks a lot for making the opportunities of Harvard possible. And I will leave with this:
telosponde spoudea ta lahana

A man needs the challenge or a man couldn't be . .
— D. Mason

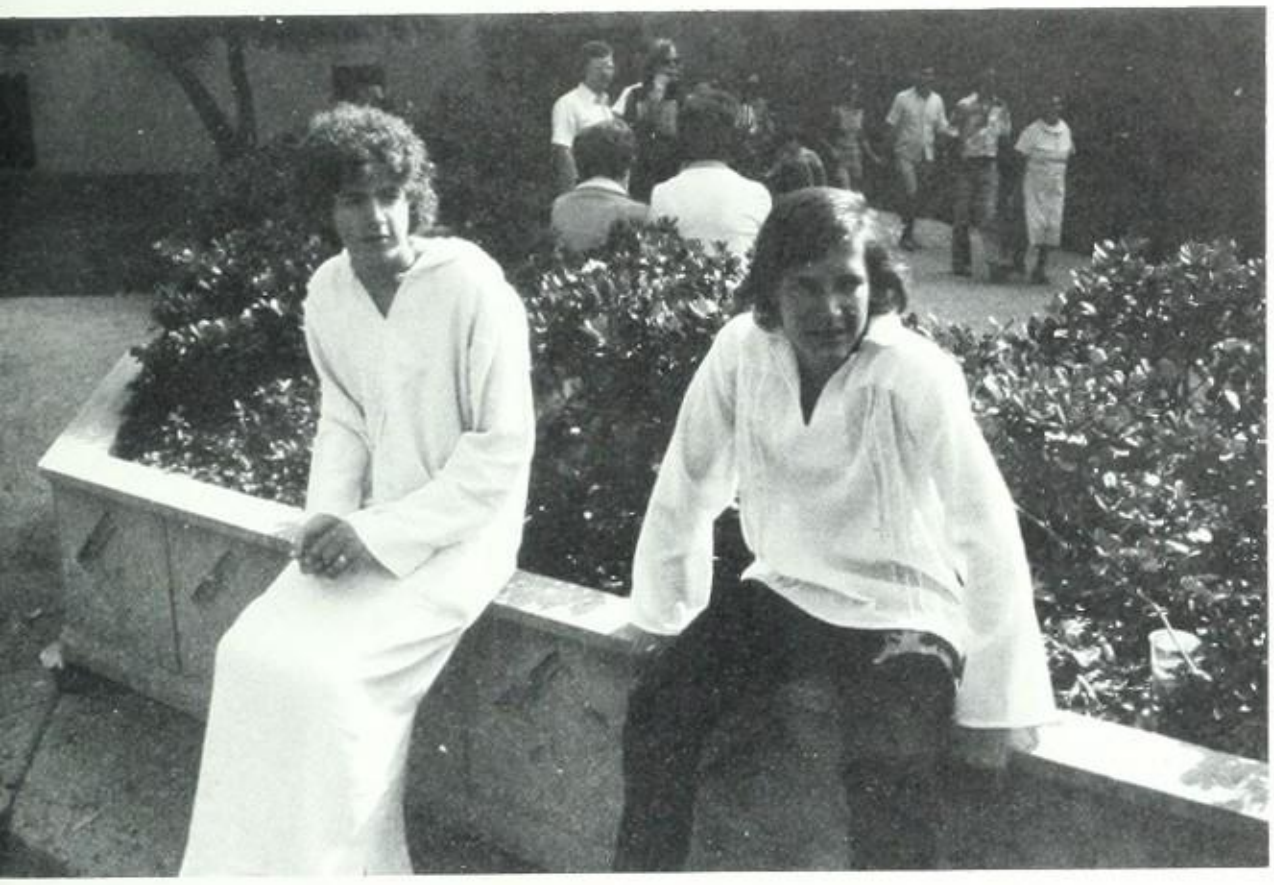
These are the good ol' days . .
— C. Simon

Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got till it's gone . .
— J. Mitchel

WILLIAM CHARLES PASNAU

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended if this suit be won
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us; and take our hearts.

— Shakespeare
All's Well That Ends Well.



To my friends:
Brief were my days among you,
and briefer still the words I have
spoken.
But as my voice fades into the past,
remember the time we spent
together for it will live in my mem-
ory forever — K. Gibran

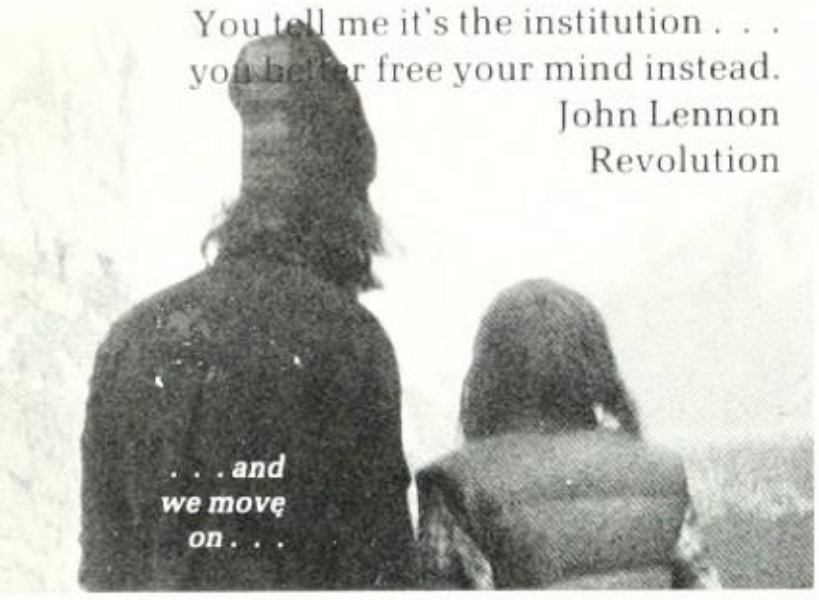
I am. That explains me, excuses me,
and leaves you as befuddled as
before.

— J.D.P.

Goodbye!
P.S.: Thanks Mom and Dad. I would not have made it without your support and love.

STEVEN FITZGERALD POMEROY

You tell me it's the institution . . .
you better free your mind instead.
John Lennon
Revolution



November 3

I'm sitting in a cafe,
drinking a Coke.

A fly is sleeping
on a paper napkin.

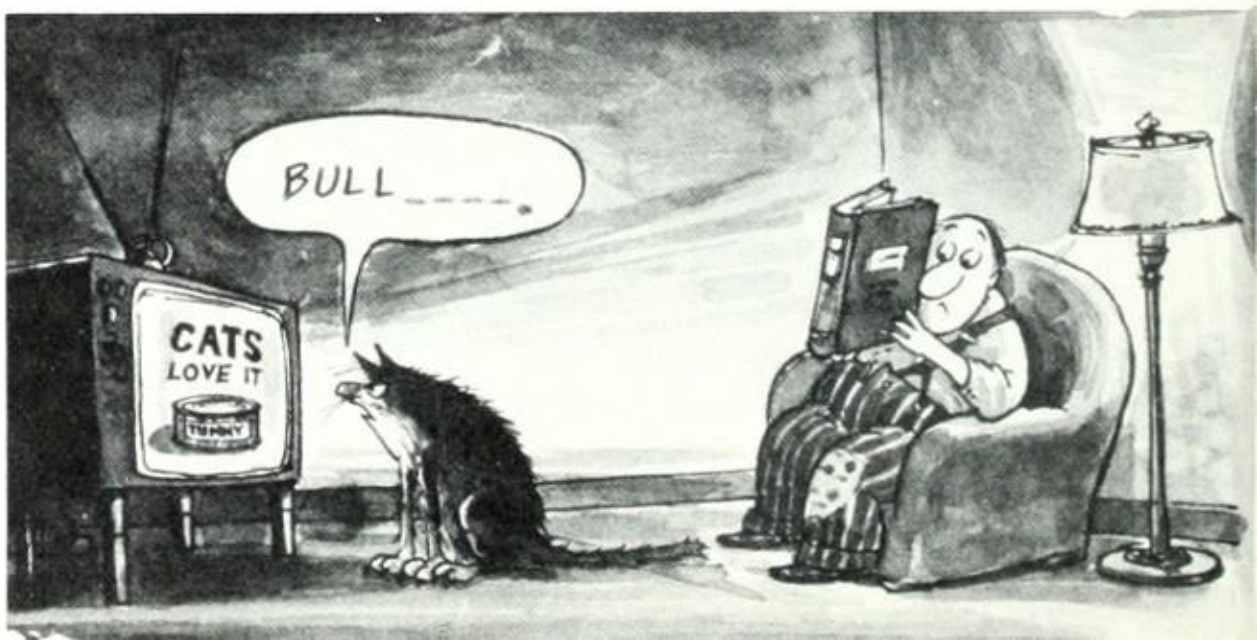
I have to wake him up,
so I can wipe my glasses.

There's a pretty girl
I want to look at.

Richard Brautigan

A succulent young lady with a taste
for the bizarre. — Frank Zappa

WILL
I leave my kitchen table to everyone.
Special thanks to my brothers, sisters,
parents, and dog for the patience
you've had in putting up with Mr.
Steve.
WHATEVER . . .



TIMES

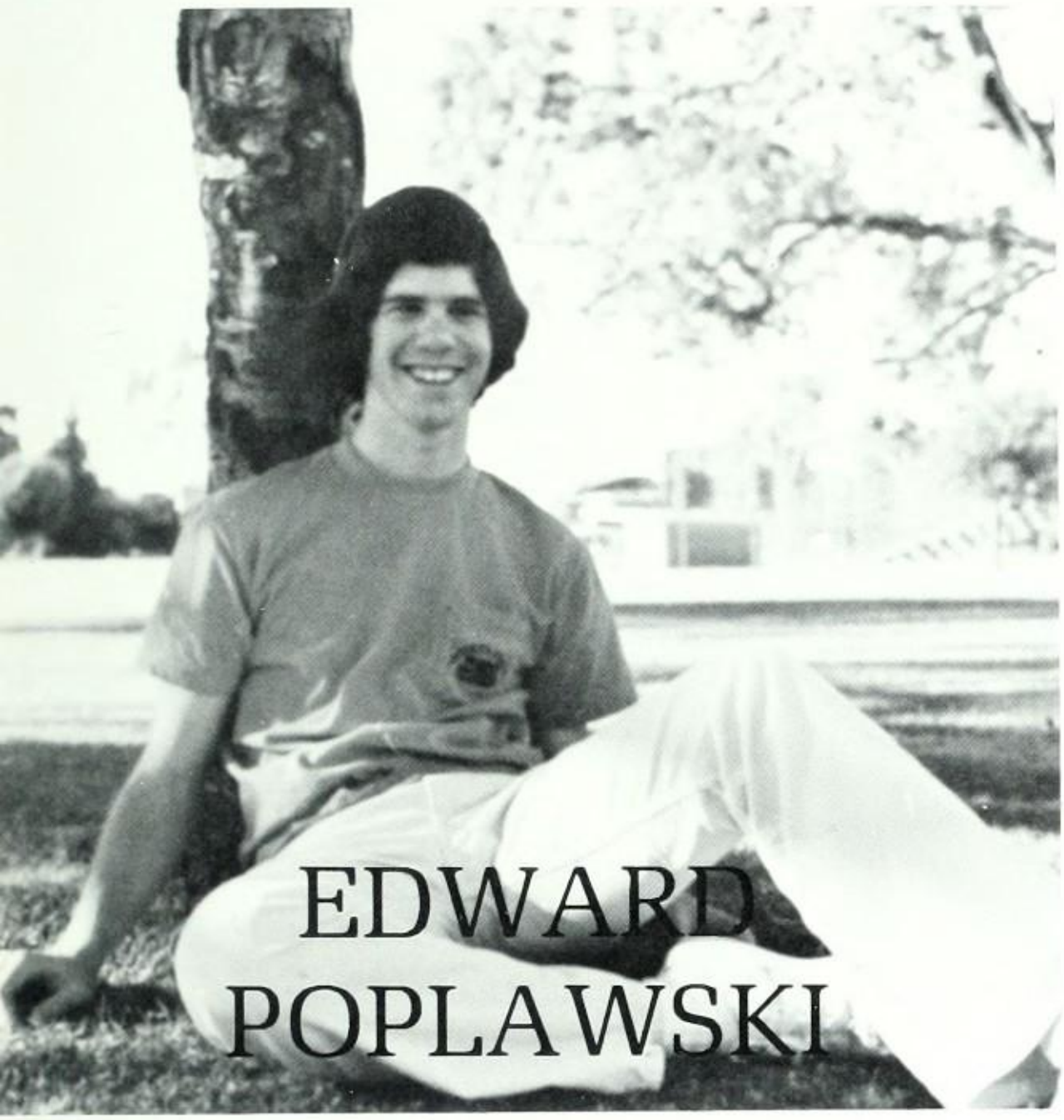
The times we dreamed of now are past
Times move slowly
Yet, years too fast.

We wait today
As yesterdays grow
We realize "today" was once tomorrow.

Some folks win and others lose,
Some sing jazz-while others sing the blues.

The future set, as fate is cast
As the leaders now, may later be last.

Gary A. Kleinman



EDWARD POPLAWSKI

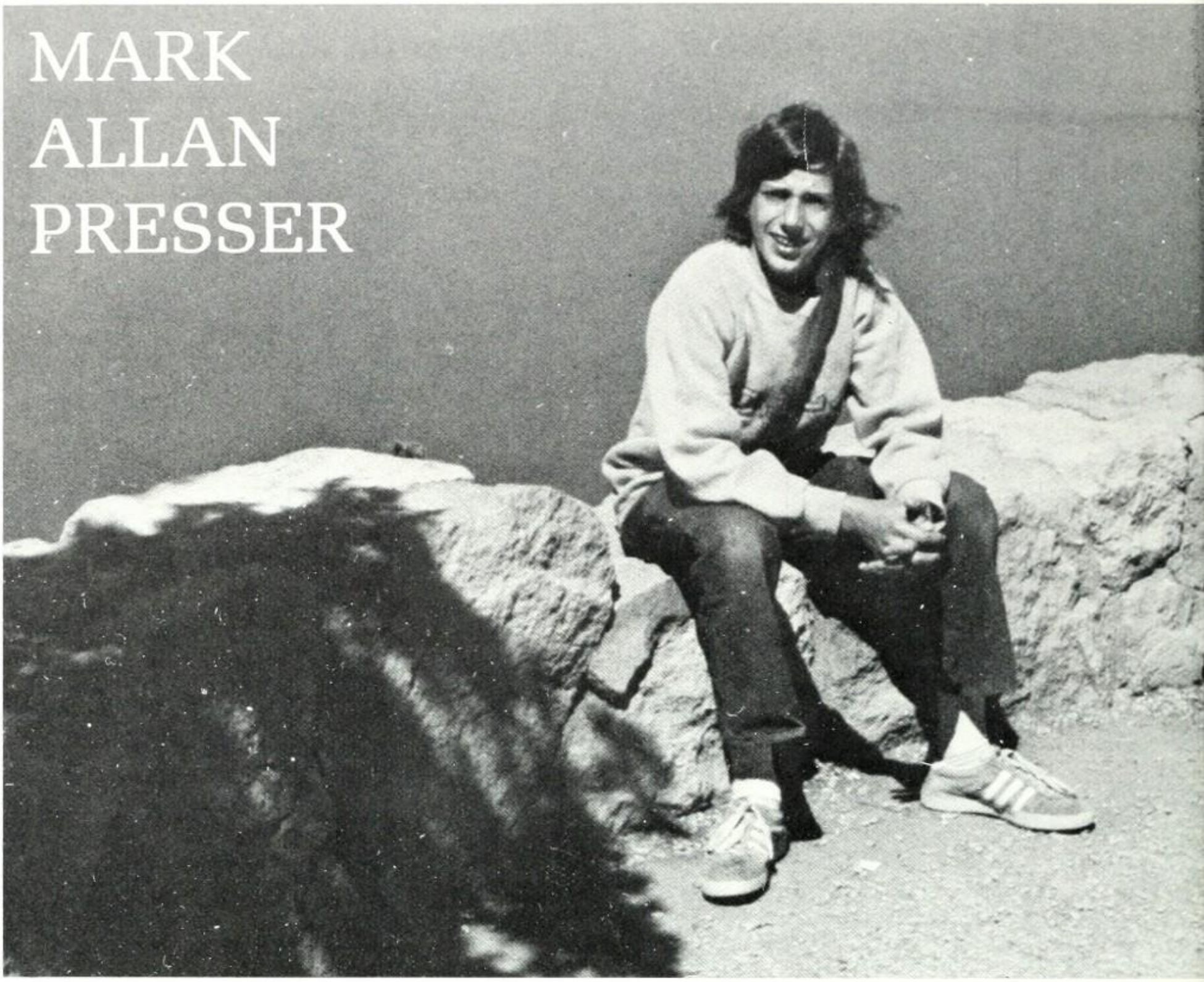
NO TIME TO LOSE

So often we sit worrying
About the things we cannot control
And before we know it,
Our biggest worry becomes
The time we lost, spent worrying

Gary A. Kleinman

Eddie Poplawski, alias Jojo and Arms, leave the following: to Perry, George T., Jeff and George P. a multitude of thanks for the unforgettable times we shared together; to John D. a ride home from the Palisades, the Rally Committee, and all of my gratitude for being my friend and companion; to John B. — a cadillac "say-Dan," and self-assurance; to Huck — great times at Newport and many regrets that I didn't get to know you sooner; you're a great friend; to Danny— my best friend, thank you for your time, encouragement, and advice; to Ann . . . Roo — a Jackson Browne concert, and an infinite amount of happiness. Thank you for your love, affection, and warmth. You're a very special person to me. I love you . . . teaser.

My special thanks to Mssrs. Ameer, Hughes, McGrew, Mc Fadden, Ozawa, Stewart and Winetrobe, whose guidance and friendship have been so helpful in my development as a responsible individual. Dad, without the understanding, support, and warmth which you have given me, all the happiness which I have experienced these past six years could not have been possible.

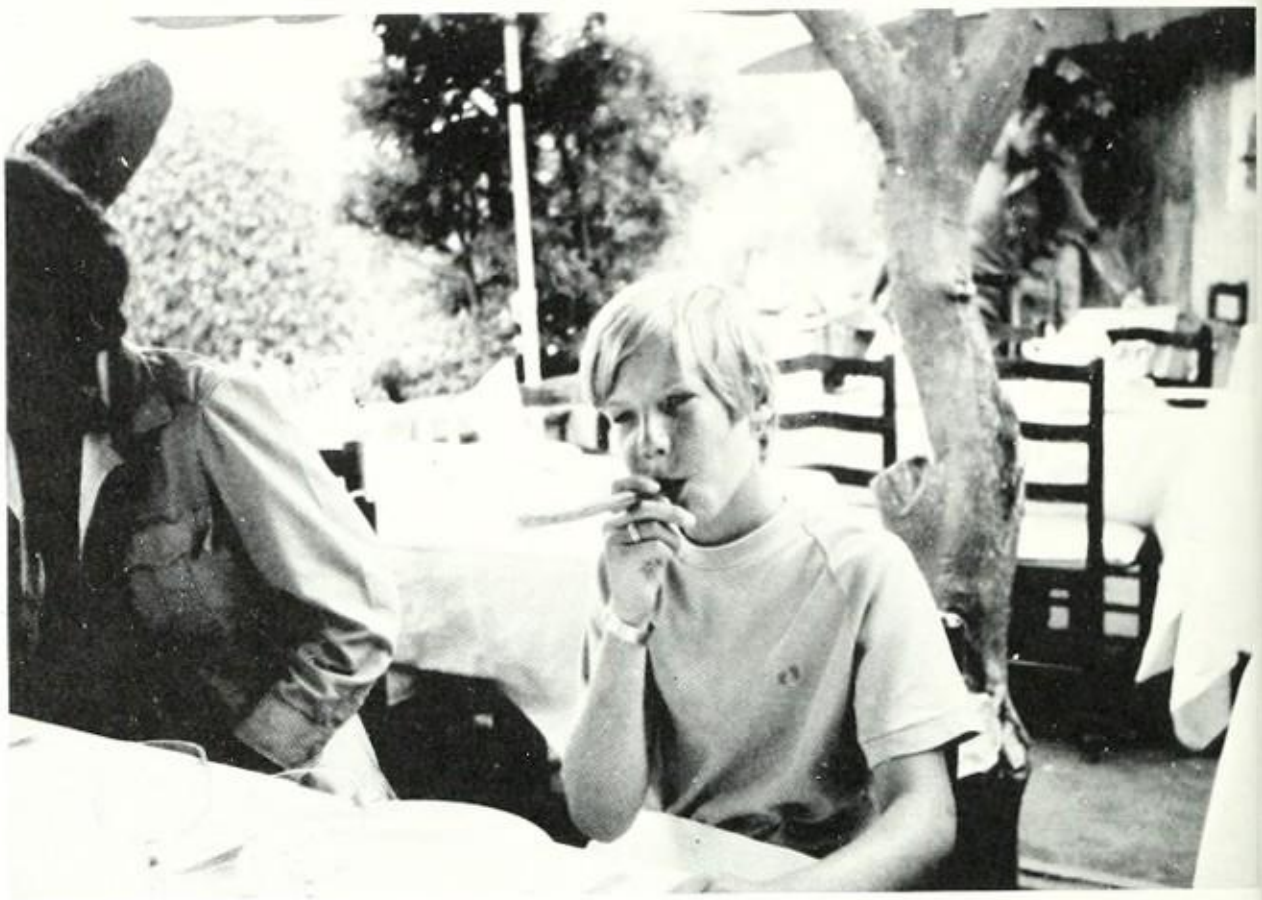


Many thanks to the members of my family who were there when I needed them and who made it possible for me to go to Harvard. It was a great learning experience.

TO MY TEACHERS: The ones who make Harvard academically excellent
— THANK YOU

My life now could be described as crazy, as, I suppose, I've been described myself. It's not possible to tell of my life and times, for there is much to be said and little space in which to say it. Therefore, I hope it shall suffice for me to mention the names of those who helped me. Thank you to the following: Christopher Leon Jones, Chris Swanson, Tom Christopher, George Pappas (theGreek), John Bertram, Dave Zaro, Bill Bagnard, Jim Burnap, Doug Lindholm, Lewis Douglas, Tom Hoffman, Kenny Morgan, Steve Pomeroy, Jeff Bell, Adam Bercovici, Rickey Berg, Kevin Fisher, Bong Thai Kim, Doug Miller, George Thabit, The Grueler, Coach Thran, Coach Pacheco, Coach Gingell, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Holmes, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Archer, Mr. Winetrobe, My very special thanks to Mr. Huges, Mr. Dan McFadden (for showing me how to dress fashionably,) and my Mom and all the folks at home.

BRADLEY CARL REIFLER



Without my family's (you know who you are) encouragement, nagging, empathy, help and love, I would have never made it this far. Thanks again. I love you Mom, Beth, Grandma Eve and Zada.

Mrs. B — You've been a special friend; thank you for the wonderful times I've shared with you and your family.

Barry F — Thank you for your guidance, you've helped fill the void.

D.I.R. — You can look at me from behind a door, but if you had stepped inside you would have been proud.

I feel that Harvard's success is due mainly to the quality of teachers. They are caring, encouraging, and challenging; most of all, many have become valued friends. I would like to mention a few teachers who have contributed greatly to my experiences at Harvard: Mr. Michaud, Mr. Magusin, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. McGrew, Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Rebek, and Mrs. Wardlaw. To the above mentioned and to those who I have forgotten to mention or who are no longer affiliated with the school — Thank you so much for your friendship and guidance.

My six years at Harvard have enabled me to watch others, as well as myself, grow and change. I leave the following memories and experiences to those people who have made my life a happier one: B.B. — one more blind date — trust me; Europe; Oh my God the car — call AAA and your dad; Double trouble tourneys.

B.W. - debating memories, S.A.T. classes; no money at the Old World — let's wash dishes? It's been great being friends with you both. We've come a long way- Dye, Buckley Harvard.

Mrs. W. — You'll always be a winner in my book.

P.K. — Running from the gangsters; personal talks, sorry I'm late for the play.

D.G. — Using your court; spitting on the men.

C.P. — Having similar transcripts; running as a team.

E.P. — Being my landlord; being cut down at Mike's Pizza.

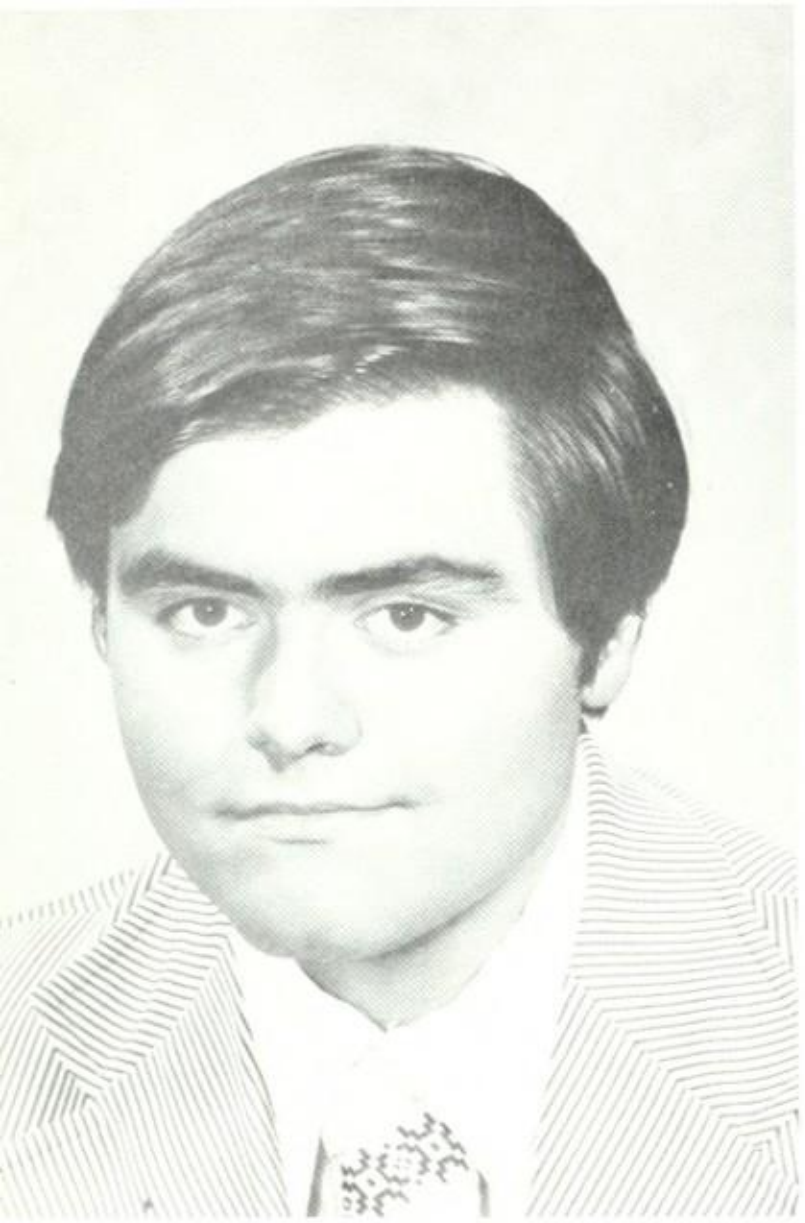
J.G. — Talks of heart attacks, ulcers, not being able to talk to you for 6 months.

D.Z. — Here's a good joke . . .ha, ha, ha,; being cut down at Yosemite.

The formula that Harvard uses to mature its students is a special mixture. It is a combination of pressure, lus a warm and gentle caring by the faculty and administration to ensure that we fulfill our potential and talnt. The aspect of Harvard which I appreciate most is the opportunity for any student to shape his school environment around the activities he enjoys doing, such as forming a club, taking a particular class, or conversing with a faculty member. This freedom is what helps mature every Harvard student. I thank Mr. Miller for his heerful mood, even after grading my chemistry tests, and Mr. Woods for his constant inspiration and sacrifice o bring out the best in my speaking skills.

THOMAS
JOSEPH
RICCARD

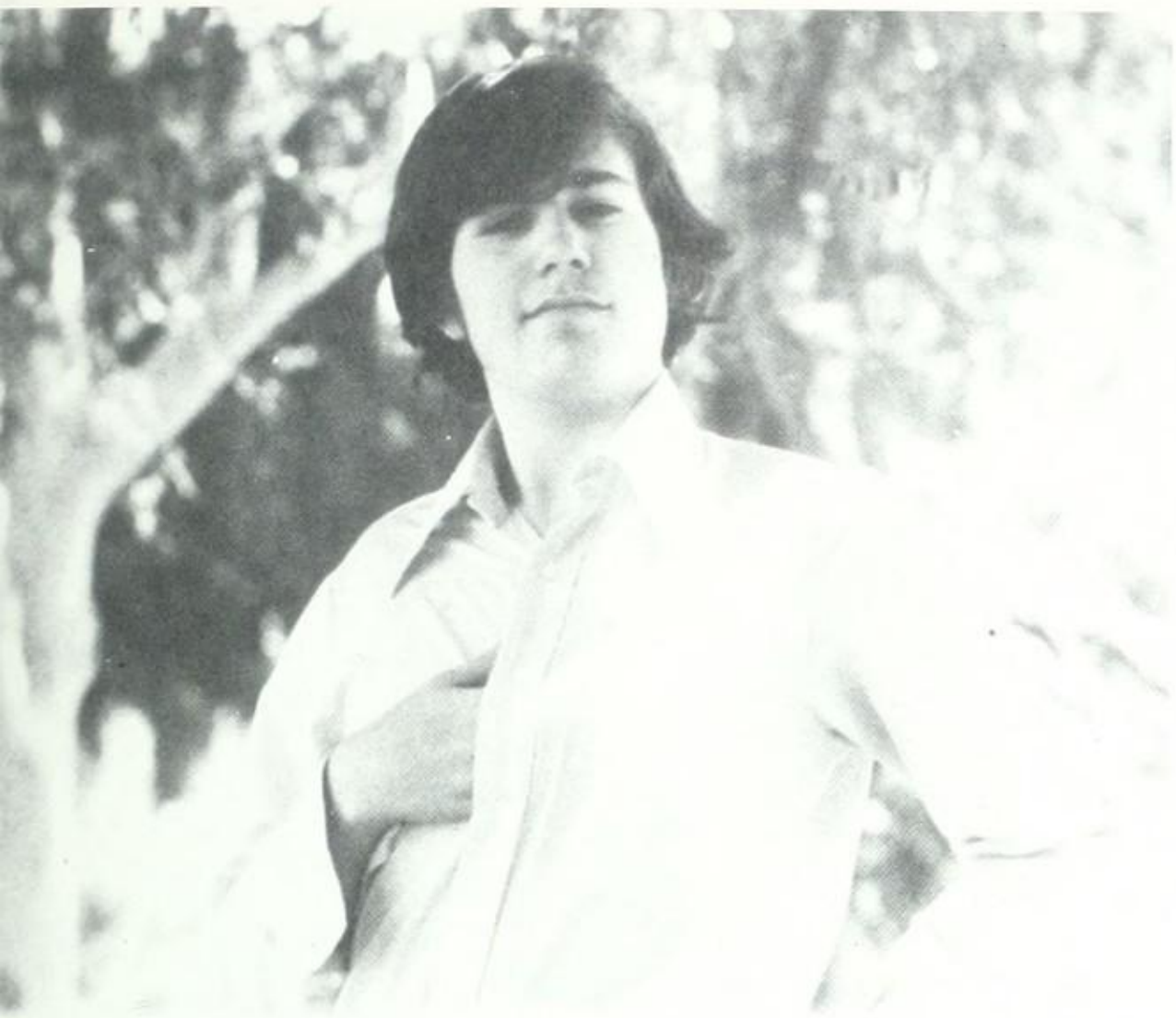
JON STEVEN RICCITELLI



I have had six good years at Harvard School. Harvard has given me "une tête bien pleine" (Rabelais) together with "une tête bien fait" (Montaigne). I want to leave all my friends with a wish for the best of luck and good wishes for their futures. I want to especially say good-bye and good luck to the following: Scott, Ed C., Marc, Ed P., Dean, Jeff M., Jeff H., Richard, Nat, Dennis, Tom R., Tom B., Peter W., Steve S., George F., Ricky, Peter K., Bobby W., Brian M., and also Dave U. for the great year of science in the seventh grade. I wish the best for the entire senior class. I also want to express my deepest gratitude to all the faculty that helped me through Harvard. My special thank go to M. Smith, Mr. Martinez, Mr. Graziano, Mr. Florian, Mr. Nau, Mr. Magusin, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Ameer, Mr. McGrew, Mr. Kahn, Mrs. Moore, and Mr. Hill. Also, special thanks to coaches Thran, Gingell, Duva, Pacheco, and Brysha. Again, many thanks to Harvard School for giving me six good and rewarding years. Above all, thank you mom and dad.

Good-bye, Au revoir, Arrivederci!

WILLIAM E. RODEN



I sat down the other day, desperately racking my brain to figure out what to put on my senior page. I flipped through several old annuals in a ain attempt to get some inspiration, some divine word of guidance, but alas, none came. I considered several of the traditional themes, such as a Last Will and Testament," but I realized that no matter how carefully I combed my writing for errors, some worthy people would be forgotten. I onsidered the more recent craze of full-page photos, but noticed that photos represent but a fleeting moment, and none can truly represent, like oman busts, the true personality and entire life of a person, for a person is like a multi-faceted gem which, when rotated in light, displays an nfinite variety of color and light, none of which can ever be representative of the whole. Finally I realized that I was making the same mistake for hich I had so harshly criticized others in the past. The senior page can never be all of a person; rather it is meant to be a means of remembering oth the actions and the thoughts which we had here at Harvard; a memorandum not just for a few, but for all here, and all to come.

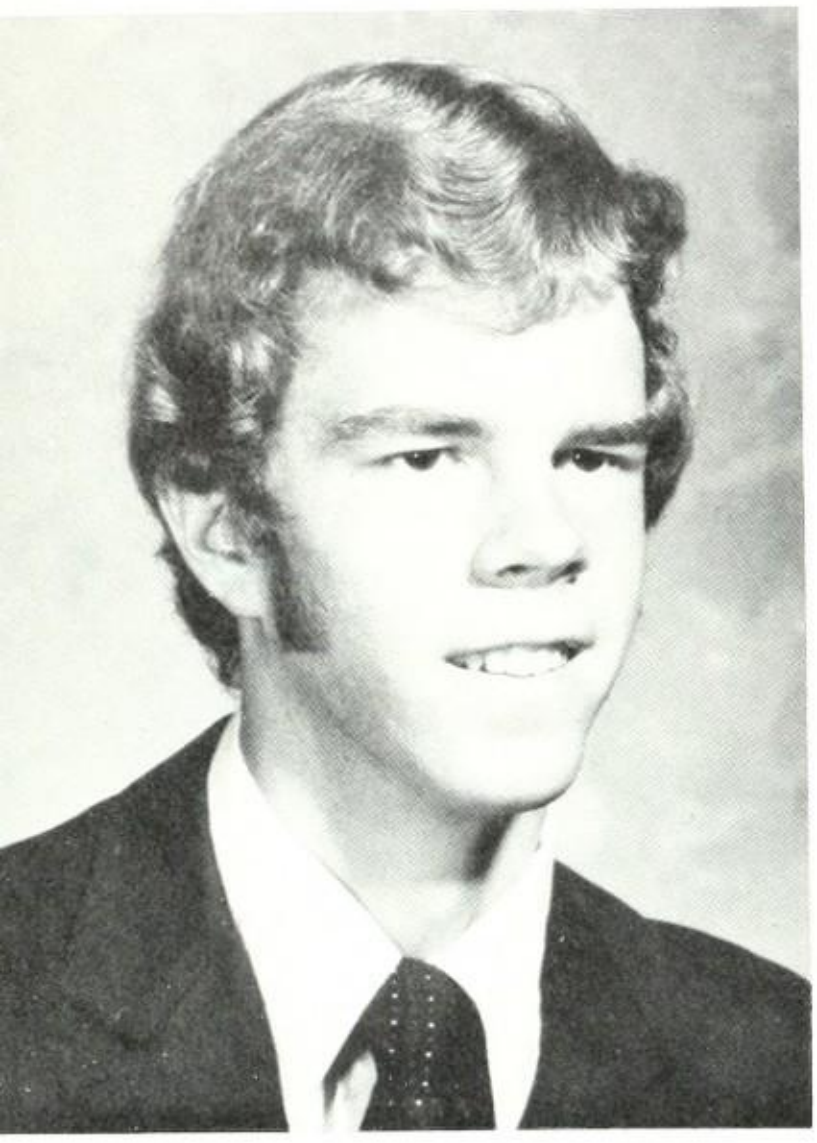
My stay at Harvard has been characterized basically by one thing (other than very little sleep): my class is the last class of the old system. Change as followed on my heels wherever I have gone; hence I feel not an affinity toward those who will come, but to those who have gone before. Yet I lso envy those to come, for they will benefit from both the old and the new, and shall thus receive that of which I have never had an opportunity o partake. Even yet massive revisions of systems continue, and if, in a few years, I should return, it will be a place foreign to me; yet Harvard will ave benefited, for it must change in such a rapidly changing world. Things will have been lost along the way, for this is the way of life; this is nevitable in the course of any progress. But who is to say which is better or which worse? To those students and faculty already departed, thank ou for what you have given me, for it is now an integral part of my existence, and I would never be the same without it. To those still here, thank ou for your friendship and help; it is above estimation in value. To those yet to come, I merely hope that you will contribute as much to Harvard, nd get as much from it, as have I; I envy you for the future. To all, Good Luck.

The King is Dead; Long Live the King!

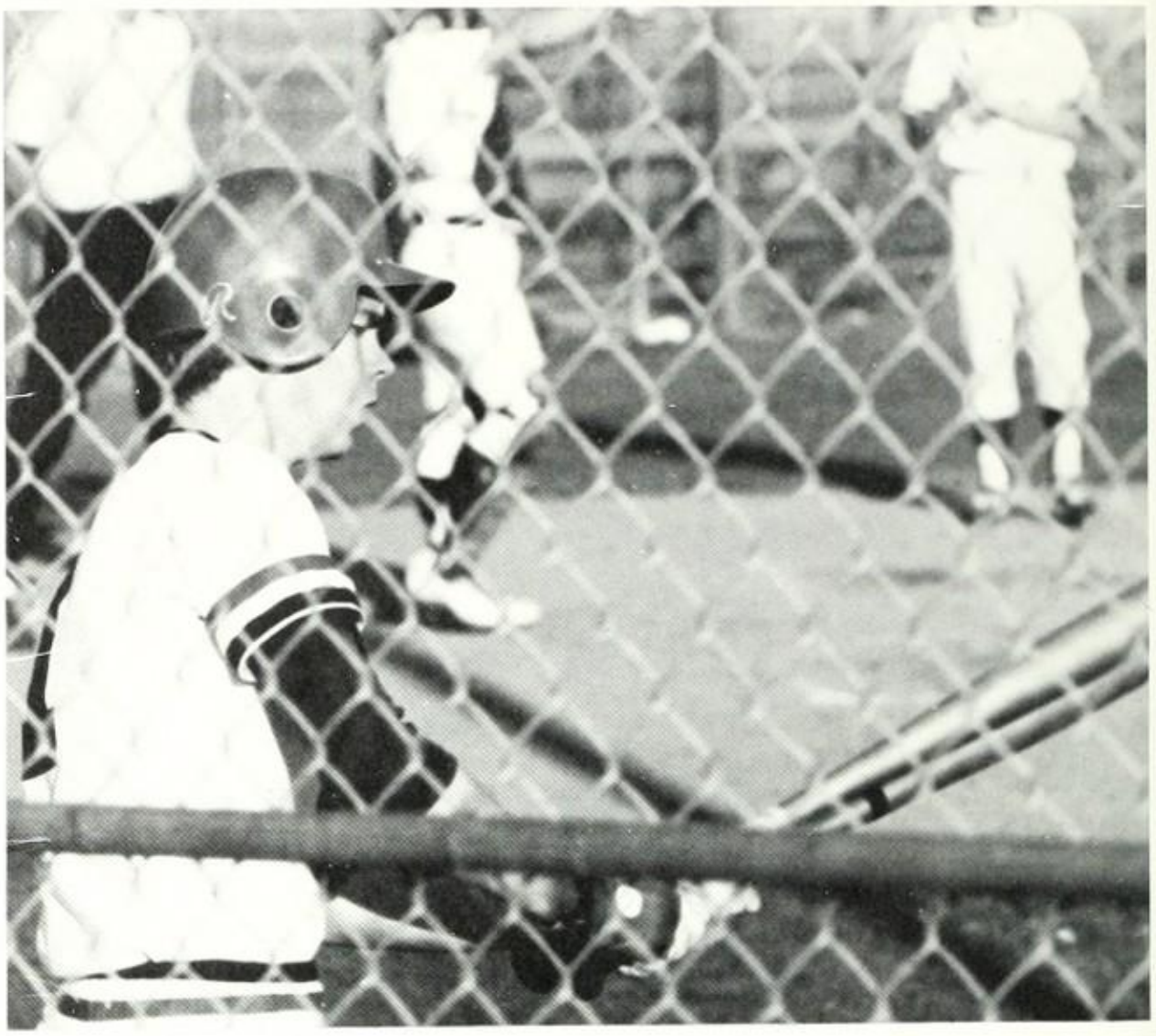
I would like to thank Mr. McGarvey, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Marks who have taught with an enthusiasm that increased my desire to learn and who also have been real friends. Tom Mom and Dad, all I can say is "thanks."

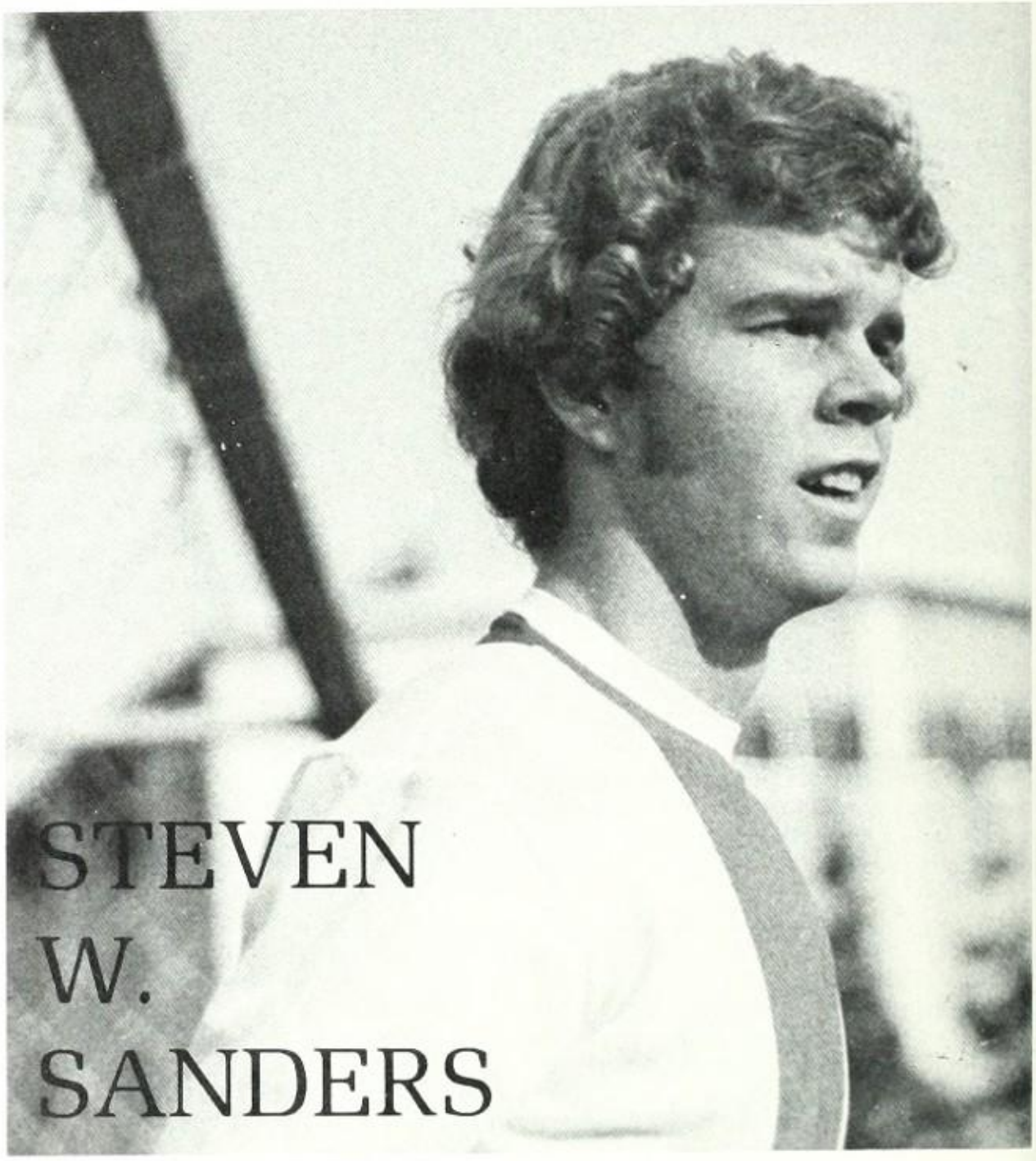
"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Proverbs 17:27



My past six years at Harvard have been particularly meaningful to me. I have been in contact with an interesting and exciting group of students and teachers. I feel especially fortunate to have attended a school that has so much to give to its students — through its outstanding facilities and energetic and stimulating faculty.





STEVEN
W.
SANDERS

To do my part for the preservation of an extremely important tradition, I leave this, hopefully last, senior will and testament.

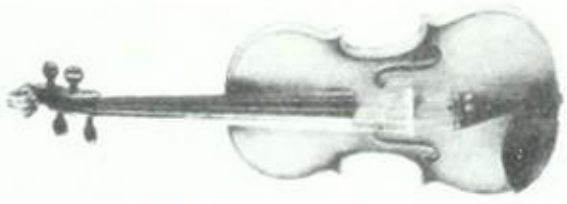
I, Timothy Glenn Sarnoff, being of semi-sound mind, and fantastic body, do hereby leave . . .

To Gary . . . a golden clip for your notebook, the other half of your moustache and a girl without one.

To Mr. Margolis . . . many thanks, and good luck on all future shows.

To all the Harvard students who will graduate after me . . . lots of luck (you'll need it).

To everyone who has helped me through the years . . . my gratitude for not only making my life bearable, but enjoyable, and my apologies for not naming you individually.

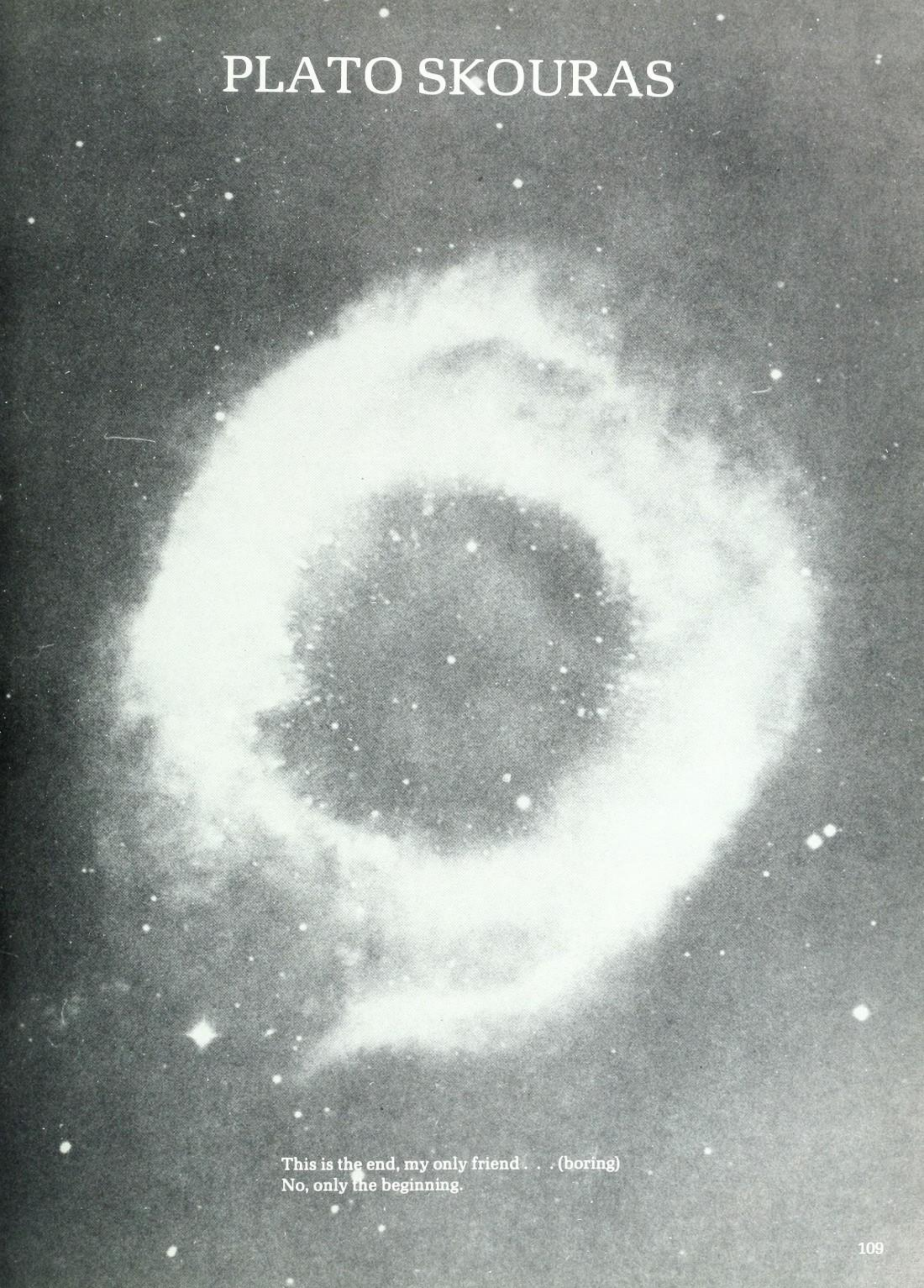


TIMOTHY GLENN SARNOFF

STEVEN MICHAEL SHAFRAN

Don't let it bring you down,
It's only castles burning;
Just find someone whose turning,
And you will come around.
N. Young

PLATO SKOURAS



This is the end, my only friend . . . (boring)
No, only the beginning.

KEVIN SMALL

Unless God protects a house, they who
guard it watch in vain.
Hugo.

He sleeps. Although fate was very strange
to him,
He lived. He died when he lost his angel;
It happened simply, as naturally as
The night falls when the day goes away.
Hugo.

The past four years have been important to me. The people of Harvard are unique, and I value my association with everyone. To mention just a few is to leave out too many. Just the same . . .

Thanks to Mr. Archer, Mr. Berk, Fr. Gill, Mr. Hill, Mr. Johnson and Mr. M. Miller for their limitless knowledge and guidance. Special thanks to Mrs. Rebek, Mr. Schmidt and Tony Miller for their friendship, guidance and understanding over the last few years.

The few people who know me pretty well have made an impression on me, and I look foreward to a lifetime association. Most of all, I want to thank those few people whom I got to know this year. I learned more in the presence of two people than I can ever thank them for.

Without the support of my family, none of this could have been possible. I want to thank them for giving me the opportunity to go to Harvard. Thanks to everyone for making Harvard what it is.

WILLIAM GORDON STEPHENS

Entered 71,
Red
9th — Varsity Golf
10th — Varsity Golf
11th — Varsity Golf
12th — Varsity Golf

I, William Stephens, known as "Steve Stephens," shall grant the following articles to the following people: to Mitch, the perfected art of robbing the cradle, N.D., and many more Labor Day weekends; to Droops, a squeaky knee and one hell of a friendship; to Eric, a Pismo Beach buggy; to Tex, forgiving, forgetting, and no more injuries; To Master B., a woman and heavyweight abilities; to Perry, a head-on in the S. P. L. at 7:50 am; to the beach people, 365 sunny days a year, consistent 6 footers and V.B. forever; and most importantly, to my parents, grandparents, and the rest of my family, thanks for tolerating my bad times and sharing my good times.

BYE . . . Steve

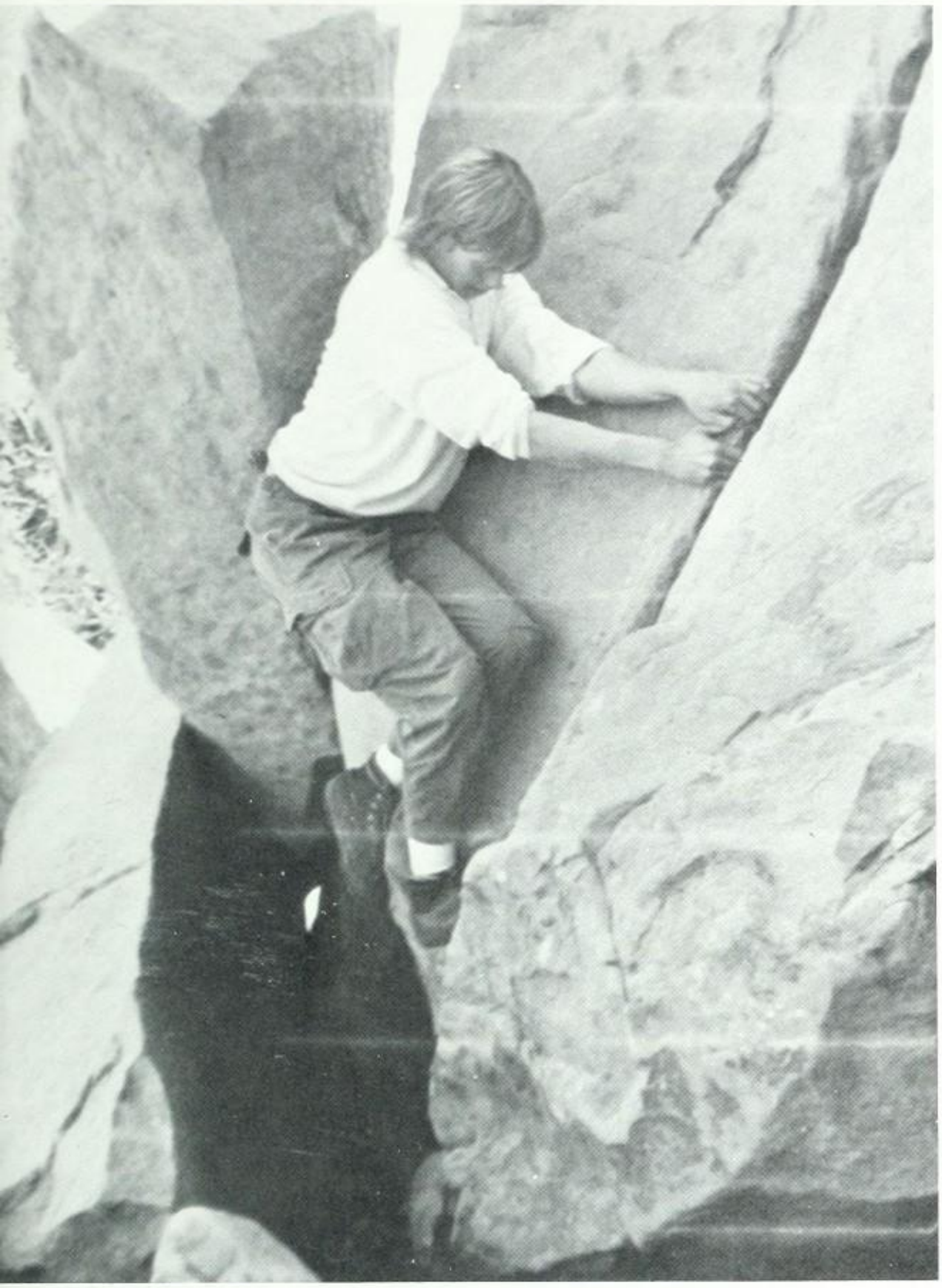
It is not how much we have, but
ow much we enjoy, that makes hap-
iness.

Anonymnous.

HUGH SUTHERLAND

There's an "Old Man" that I will always remember, and "Saturday Nights" with a good friend. The "Lucky Discount" that I shared with a few, and "Hugh 5," and Newport, Easter '76. I could go on forever.

Six years have passed with only memories to prove they existed. I have found friends, and rediscovered old ones. We'll share these memories again and again, because I'm not saying goodbye.



CHRIS SWANSON

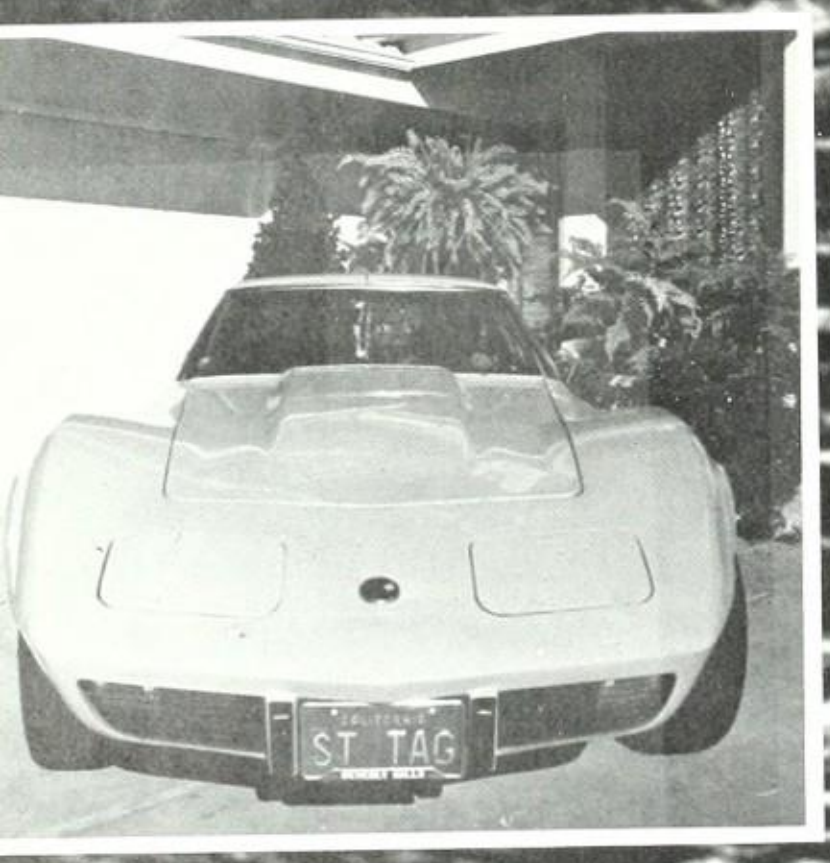
71' — entered a strong green
72' — a loving threesome (Jennifer C, Alison L. Steve P., Toni O., and Jon F.) Bagnard backyard motos.
73' — Wiped out in the first scrimmage, BABCrafting, S. Boarding club, (all honorary members), "Maro Cruisin."
74' — The Mammoth - Yosemite trip (Steve saves the day . . . 2nd stash,) the rocket, Sepi's, Stony Point, Cartag, the Vespa? "ARE YOU EXPERIENCED," various Westlake dances, it all came on so slowly, Horticulture fun, Rolling with Lew. What happened to Byk . . . then Farrer. A slow walk in a blizzard.
75' the beginning of 'Gartism,' 501 ways to treat manuevers. The Bonzar. The Heroine Hat. "The National Concert Goers Association," Ten Years After with Bam Bam, Full of the Christmas spirit with the Gartlands, icing , poker with Pappas and the gang, morning entertainment with GodZuma.
76' — Spending time at the Pomeroy table with T.H.P. Jim B. "We still have nine months to go!"
Torrey pines and blacks beach.
To my parents, brothers, friends, animals,
Thanks for helping me grow up!!!

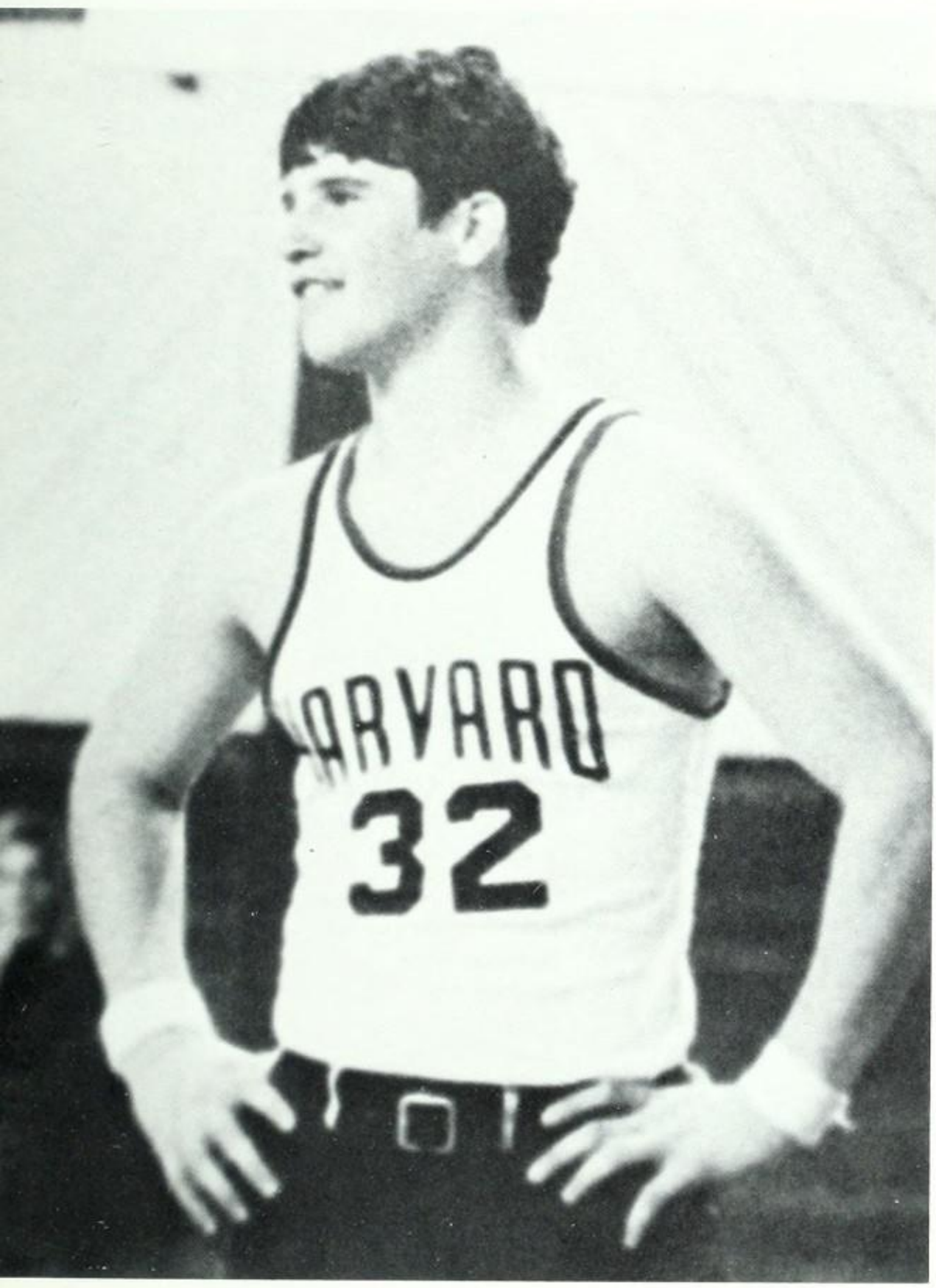
Special thanks to the Harvard faculty.
"I used to live in a room full of mirrors. All I could see was me. I took my spirit and thrashed the mirrors. Then the whole world was there for me to see."

— Jimmy Hendrix

I, Stephen Taglianetti, leave the following: To Carlsbad: Diving, surfing with the green Bennis, Pizza at 3 a.m. with Don. To Japan: lots of parties in Honda's room and Ray Sato and extra strong vendo sticks. To Hawaii: Diving with Reni, and veasusias shining his moon, To Canada: "iye, iya peuu e Canada" New York: Move riots and killings, "where's Aunt Connie?" To Yussel: vanishing with S-spave and move Beer. To Jeff: A continuous party on your boat. To Dave: " the farmer." A date with Carol B. and some skiing lessons. To Tom: The Big timer, and of your little Herium. To Meff: continuous parties for the rest of your life. To Savvy: I don't know what you've got with the "girls." And to my parents, lots of love and thanks for 6 great years at Harvard. And to the rest of my friends, I hope you live your lives with a lot of happiness, Joy, Love and Happinss.

STEPHEN THOMAS TAGLIANETTI





GEORGE THABIT III

I, George Thabit, the "All-American Kid," otherwise known as old man, coach, stud, ego, and more recently as bama, and doctor, do hereby leave the following priceless memories to the memorable people:

To Jaws: "SC" on a Friday night, the "AAA," the Lawndale tackle, and "I can do anything!"

To Waddles: The guy's hot, takin' care of business, and the art of smooth talking.

To Adam: long talks, a Philly Hoagie, Carol King, "All-League," the couch, and countless parties.

To Kenny: 7-11, Coach Mosch, Courtney, one lay-up, and one hell of a birthday party!

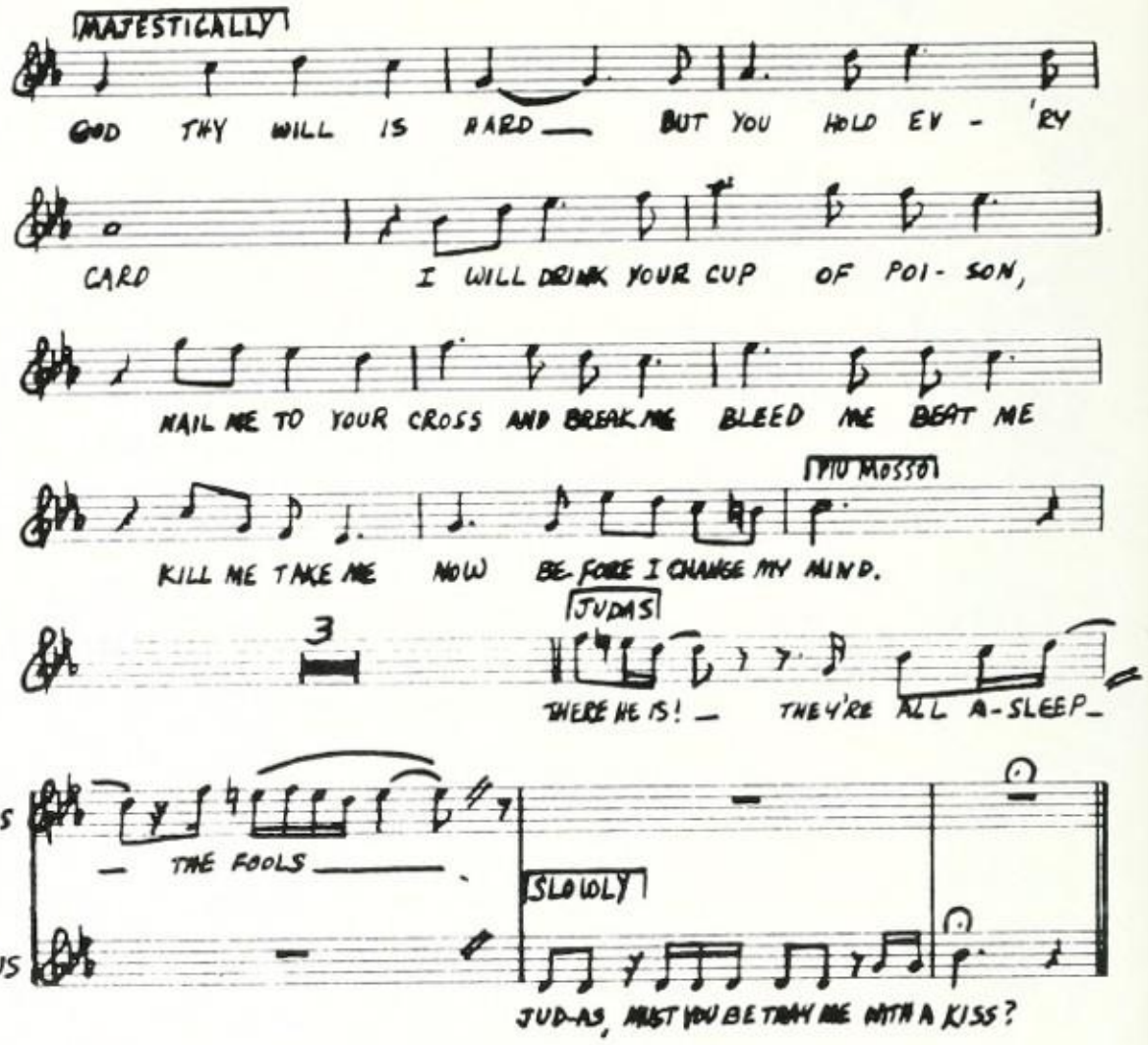
To Duke: Rahh!! "You're the one who'll . . . ,"the undefeated season and the one time in the Senior P. that never was, unwavering loyalty, and everything I could never be.

To Blue Ribbon: "OOhohoho, Doctor!!!" "THE HOSPITAL," "You're styling today!," away games and "Z" rides, and that special girl, "streetball always, and BBall '77."

To Bruce: Love and respect. A tradition and a name. Wear it well and with pride. I know it's been tough but I know you'll make it on your own. Just be yourself.

To Jim: What can I say? All the places, women, and times, especially TG, TT, PG, PL, JV, CC, CH, KD, LFI, LFII, AW, MF, LW, CT? AND SD, CR, PB, the "Q", lifetime friendship, your humor, mom really loves you, and unparalleled modesty . . . well almost.

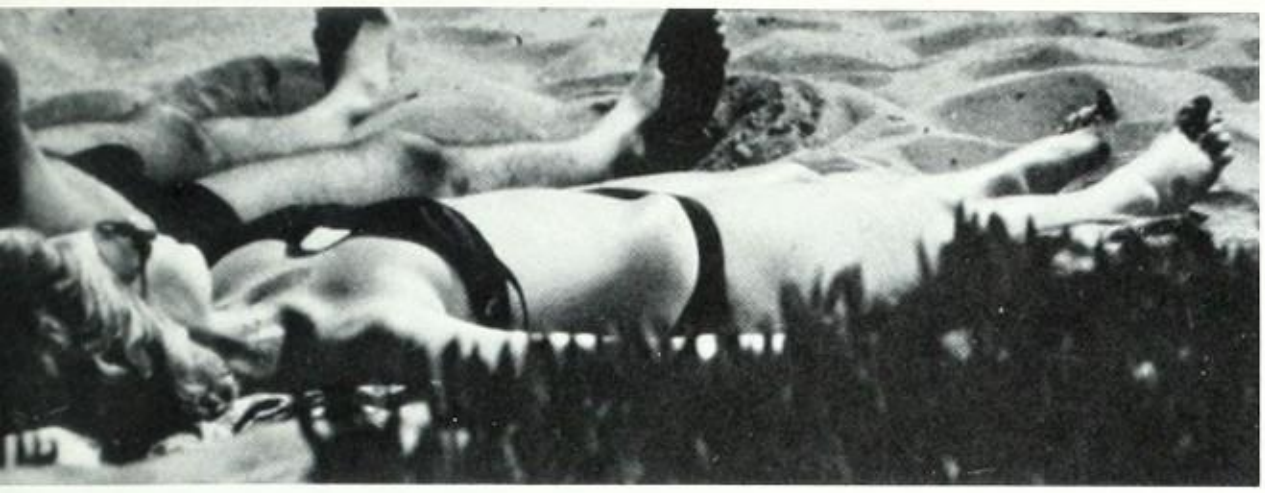
Thank you Mom and Dad for making everything possible; for staying by me in times of trouble, and for supporting me. You have always given me more than I asked for or deserved. I'll always love you both. Thank you.

JERREL WRIGHT TOGNAZZINI

MAJESTICALLY
GOD THY WILL IS HARD — BUT YOU HOLD EV - 'RY
CARD I WILL DRINK YOUR CUP OF POI - SON,
NAIL ME TO YOUR CROSS AND BREAK ME BLEED ME BEAT ME
PIU MOSSO
KILL ME TAKE ME NOW BE-FORE I CHANGE MY MIND.
JUDAS
3
THERE HE IS! — THEY'RE ALL A-SLEEP —
JUDAS
— THE FOOLS —
SLOWLY
JESUS
JUD-AS, MUST YOU BE-TRAY ME WITH A KISS?

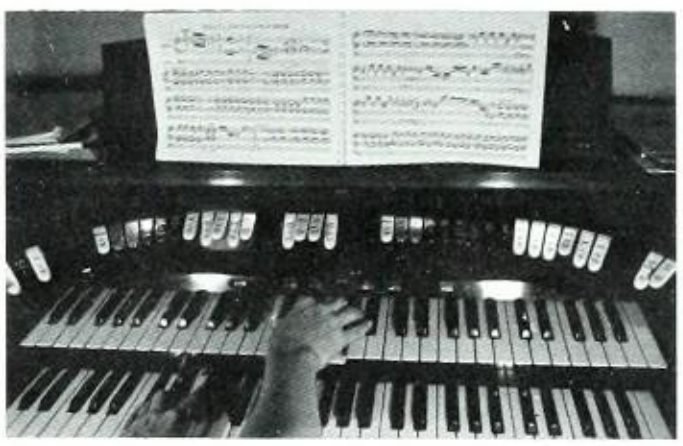
A Start ..... I Hope

I do my thing
and you do yours
I am not in this
World to live up to
your expectations,
And you are not
in this world to
live up to mine.
You are you and
I am I and if
By chance we find
each other, it's
Beautiful

– Fritz Perls



Jon Toor

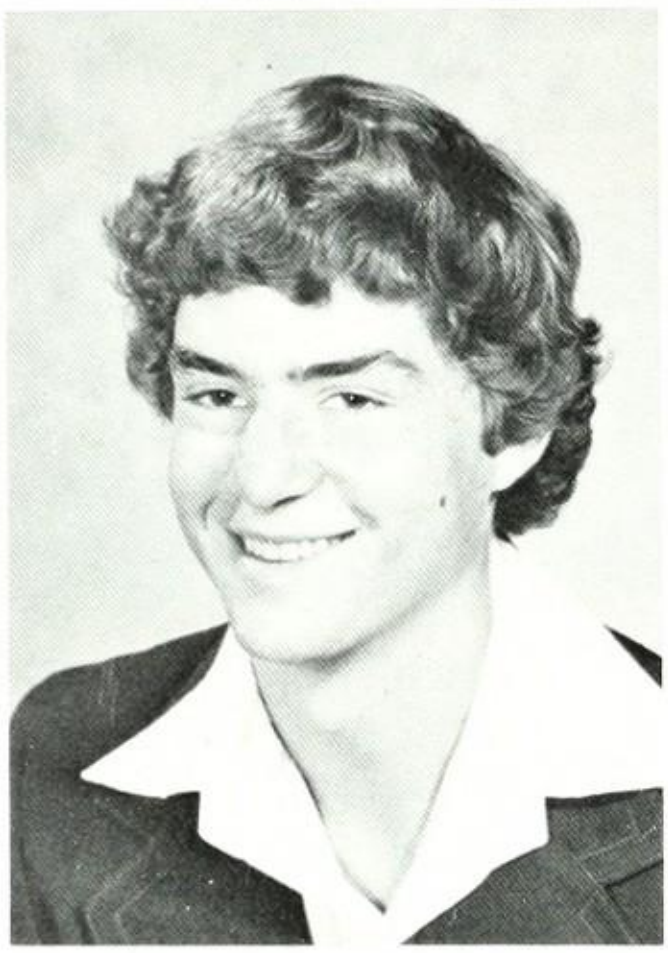
Pictured here is the other side of the world, as seen through my eyes. The side not filled with text books that are less than spellbinding, or courses that are "required," or late night cram sessions before that test that you've "gotta get an 'A' on." The world pictured here is the world that I would love to spend more time in. The Harvard world, I'm afraid, is closer to the real world.

I would like to thank all my teachers and faculty friends that made life much more bearable. Special thanks to John Clark and Gene Murrow for "service above and beyond the call of duty," to use a well worn cliche. Thank you and best wishes.

DAVID CHARLES ULICH

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis

Sports: Varsity Tennis — Grades 9, 10, 11, 12

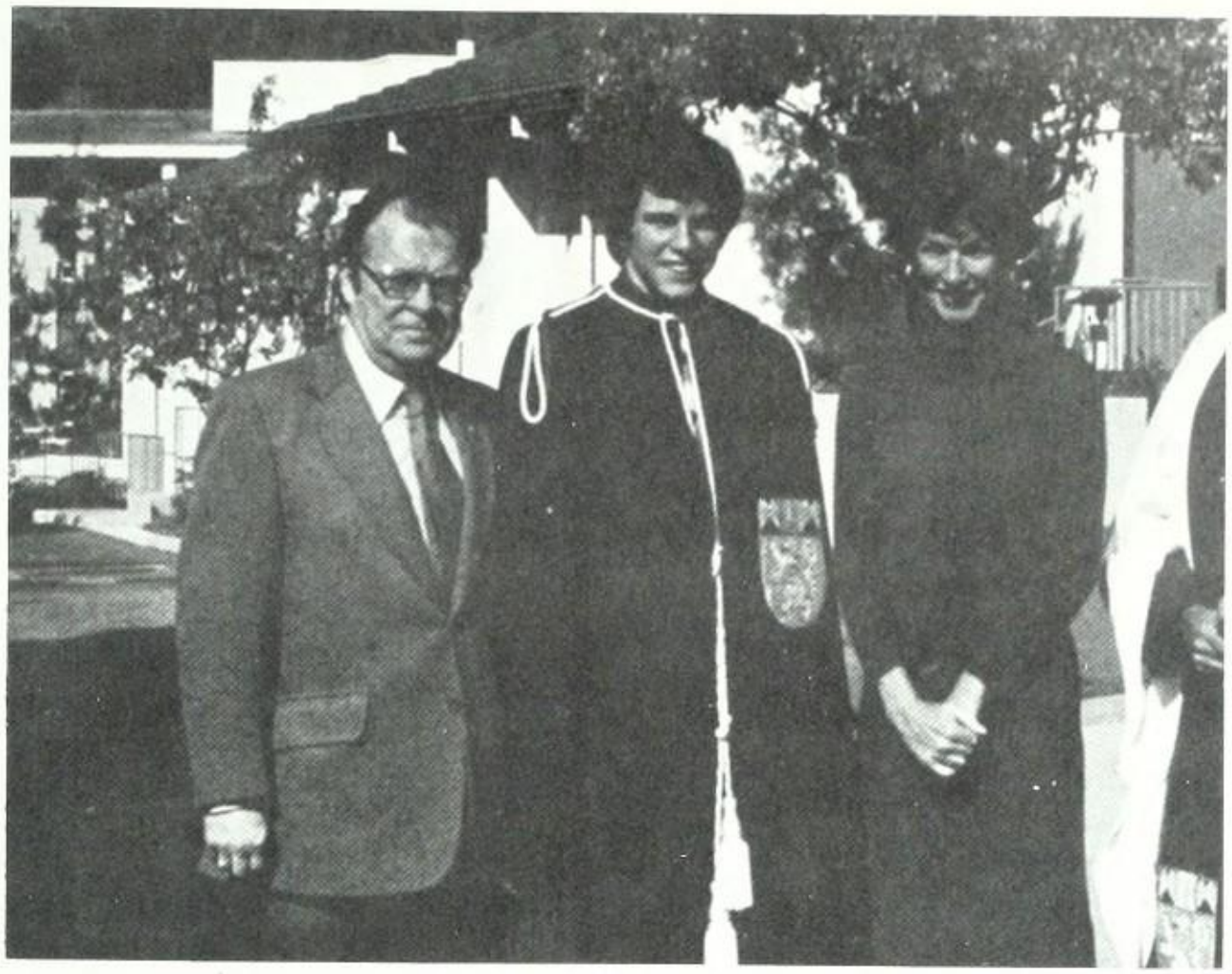
Water polo — Freshman Grade 9
J.V. Grade 10
Varsity Grade 12



Will

Mr. Hoeper: A life long supply of chocolate cakes
Mr. Humphrey: All the "Blinkenden Lights" and "Lookenspeepers" in chemistry.
Mrs. Rebek: Another year of extra-credit assignments.
Mr. Stewart: A successful Water Polo season and my throwing arm.
Mr. Radstrom: My serve.
Buusch: My guitar.
Ready Freddy: A new pair of jets.
Steve: A bigger car.

I would like to thank all my teachers for their help over the years, and my parents, who helped me even more. From the third, and last, Ulich to graduate from Harvard, Goodbye.



Don't take life too seriously; you will never get out of it alive . . .

Shauna and Keri — Thanks, both of you, for the kind of love few brothers know about.

Mom and Dad — You went above and beyond the call of duty and deserve a lot of credit.

Ms. Dietz and Mr. Ozawa — Words won't do justice for the help you each have given me; so I'll simply say thank you.

Everybody else; I'll never forget the great times. So long . . .

TEGAN N. WEST

HERBERT NATHANIEL WIGGINS

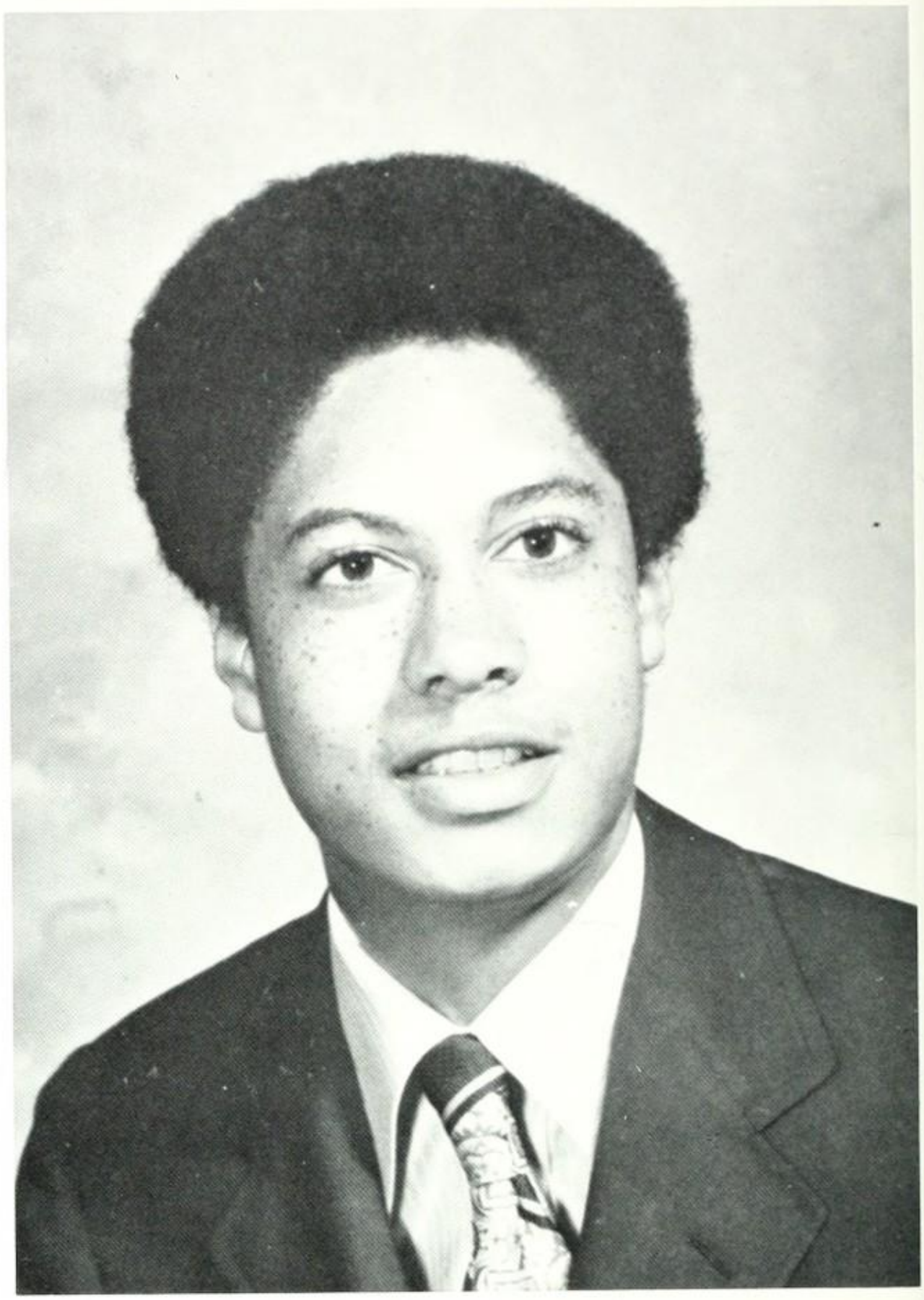
September 1973 — Entered
Instrumental Ensemble
Speech
Lunchtime Matter and Energy Society
Track?

September 1974 — Soph Basketball
Speech and Debate
"Cosmic Landscape"

September 1975 — Instrumental Ensemble
Speech and Debate
Cum Laude

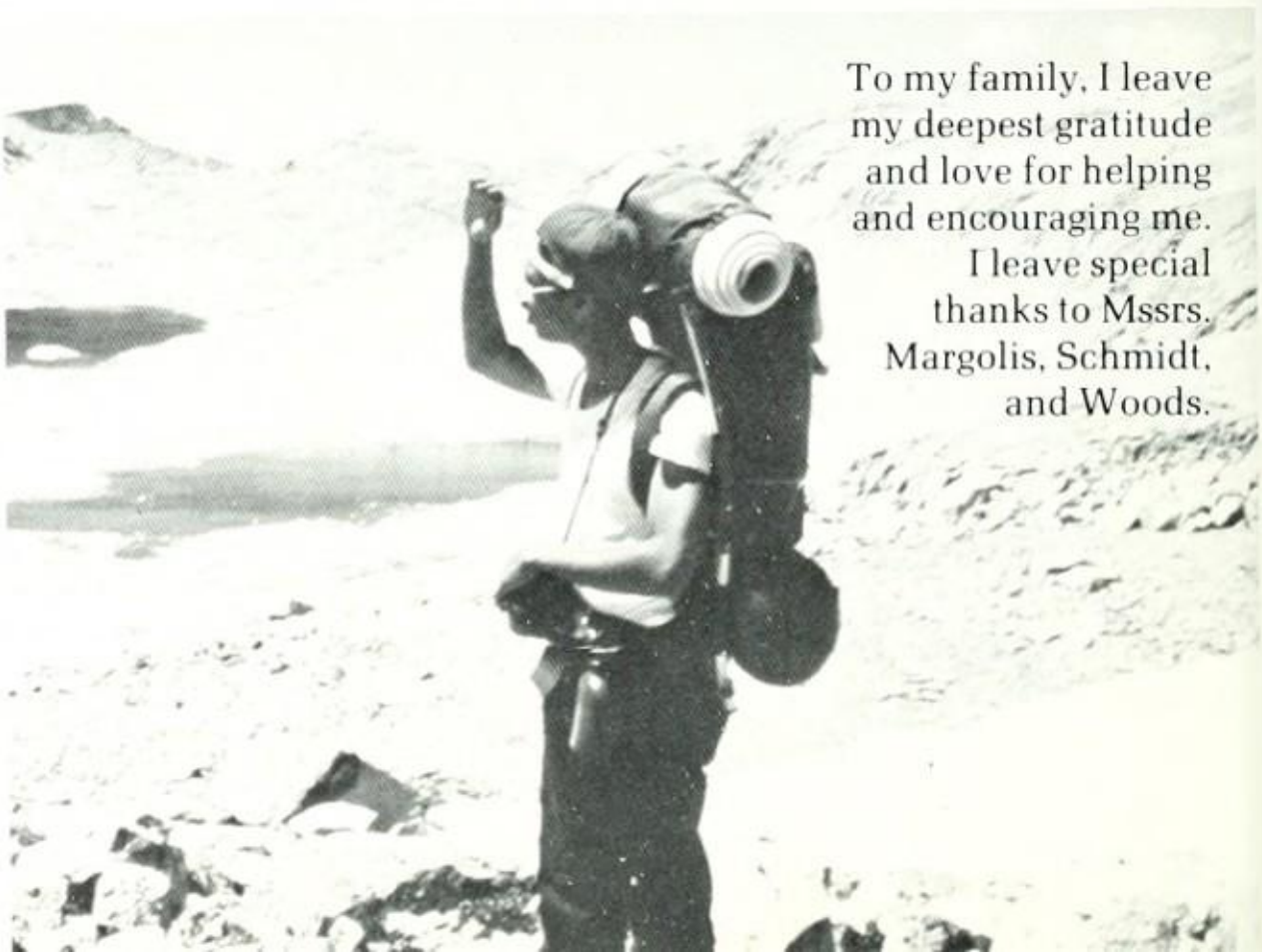
September 1976 — Speech and Debate
Achievement Scholarship Semi-Finalist
COMMITTED

June 1977- Exited

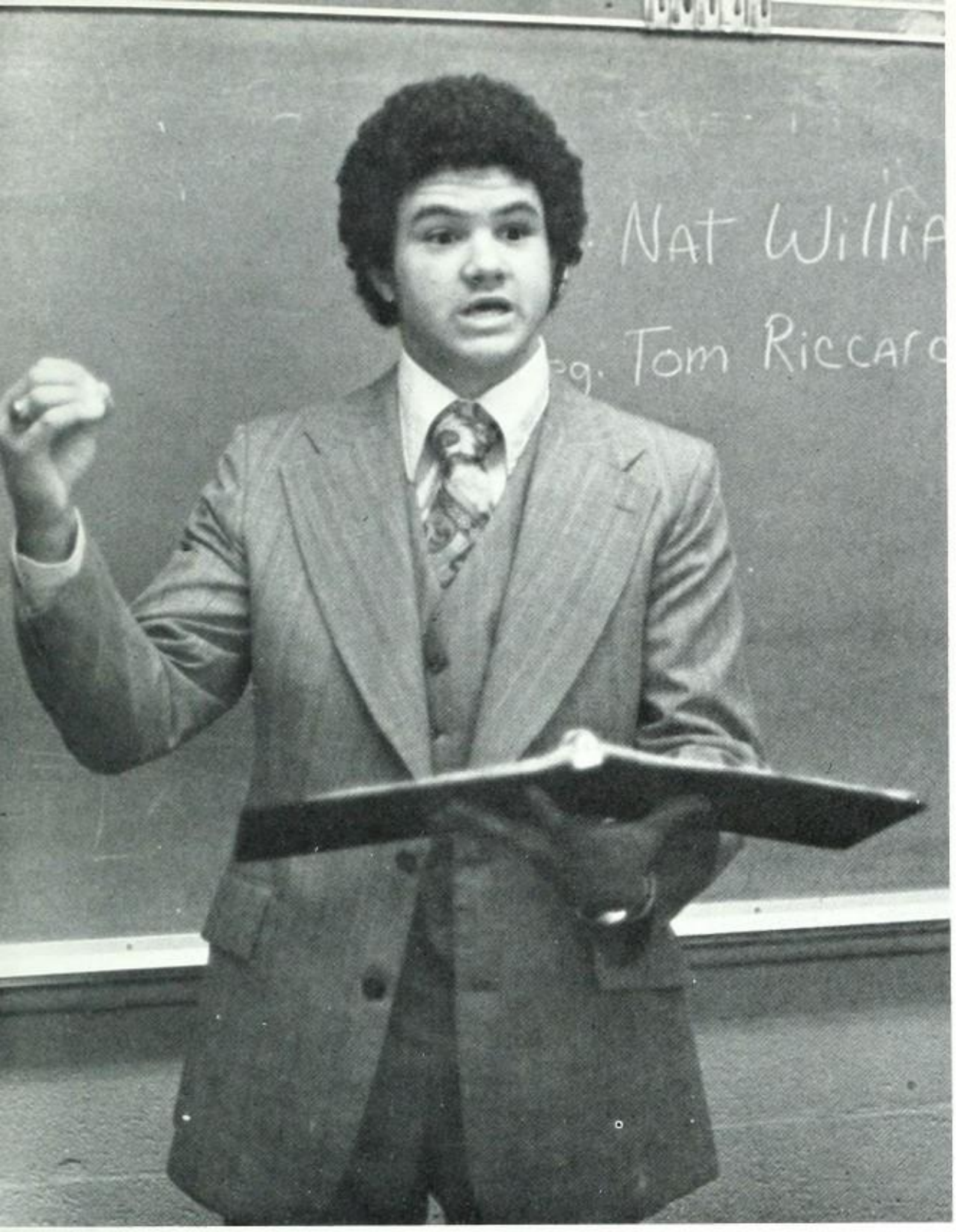


I do beseech you, that are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly and hinder them from what this ecstasy may now provoke them to.

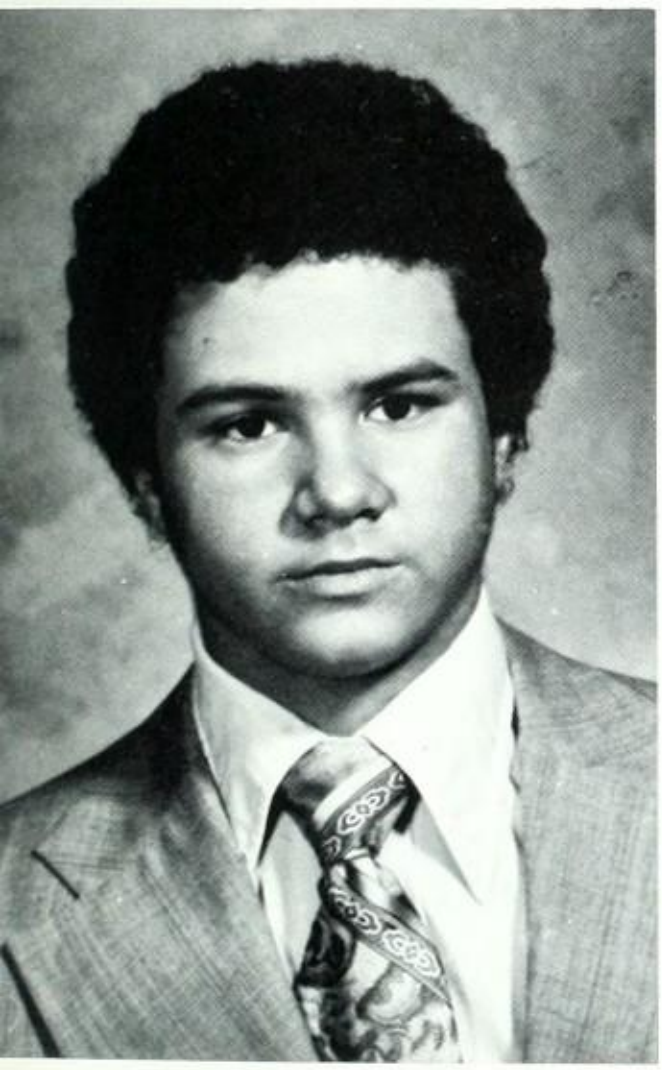
Shakespeare, The Tempest



To my family, I leave my deepest gratitude and love for helping and encouraging me. I leave special thanks to Mssrs. Margolis, Schmidt, and Woods.



NATHANIEL EARL WILLIAMS

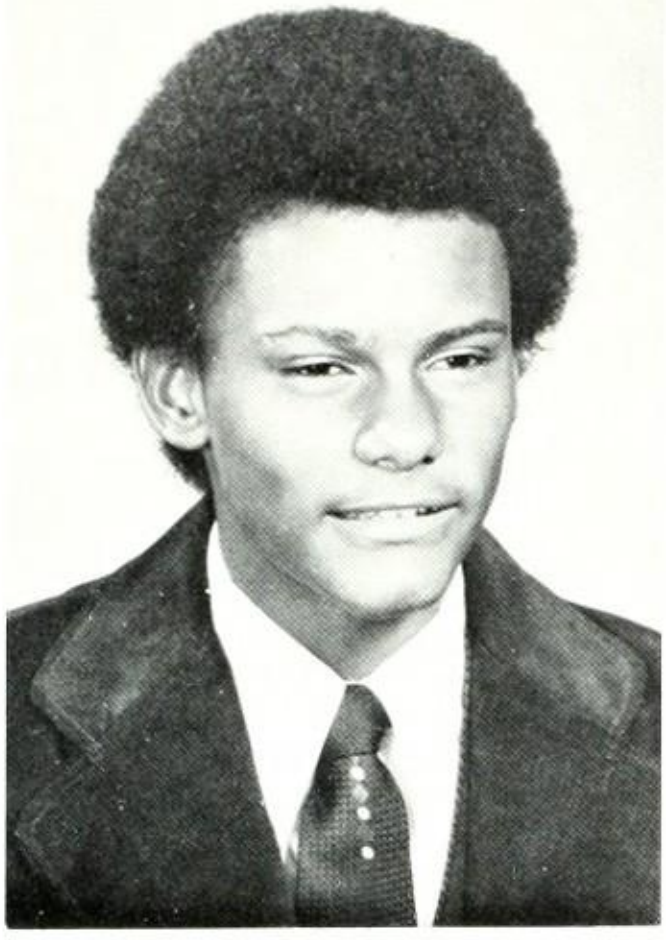


The time I have spent at Harvard has been most enlightening and enjoyable. For the past five years, I have been afforded the opportunity to learn in a uniquely creative and conducive atmosphere. I would like to give special thanks to Mr. Archer, Dr. Schmidt, and Mr. Woods for sharing with me their boundless knowledge and interesting experiences. Finally, I would like to thank my parents who made my Harvard career possible.

Herein lies the tragedy of the age: not that men are poor — all men know something of poverty; not that men are wicked — who is good? Not that men are ignorant — what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of men.

W.E.B. Du Bois

PAUL S. WILLIAMS



If it's magic . . .
Then why can't it be everlasting
Like the sun that always shines
Like the poets in this rhyme
Like the galaxies in time

If it's pleasing . . .
Then why can't it be never leaving
like the day that never fails
Like on seashores there are shells
Like the time that always tells

If it's magic . . .
Why can't we make it everlasting
Like the lifetime of the sun
It will leave no heart undone
For there's enough for everyone
— Stevie Wonder

It would be impossible for me to give my thanks to all the individuals whether they be friends, teachers, or relatives, who have contributed in some way to the personal fulfillment that I have experienced during my many years at Harvard. I am especially grateful to Bill, Chris, Mark, Todd, Dennis, and Herb, for their continuous friendship. I would also like to thank Mr. Woods, Mr. Hill, Mr. Berk, Father Gill and Mr. Archer. Lastly to my parents I leave my deepest gratitude and love.

MARC ORANTES WINTERS

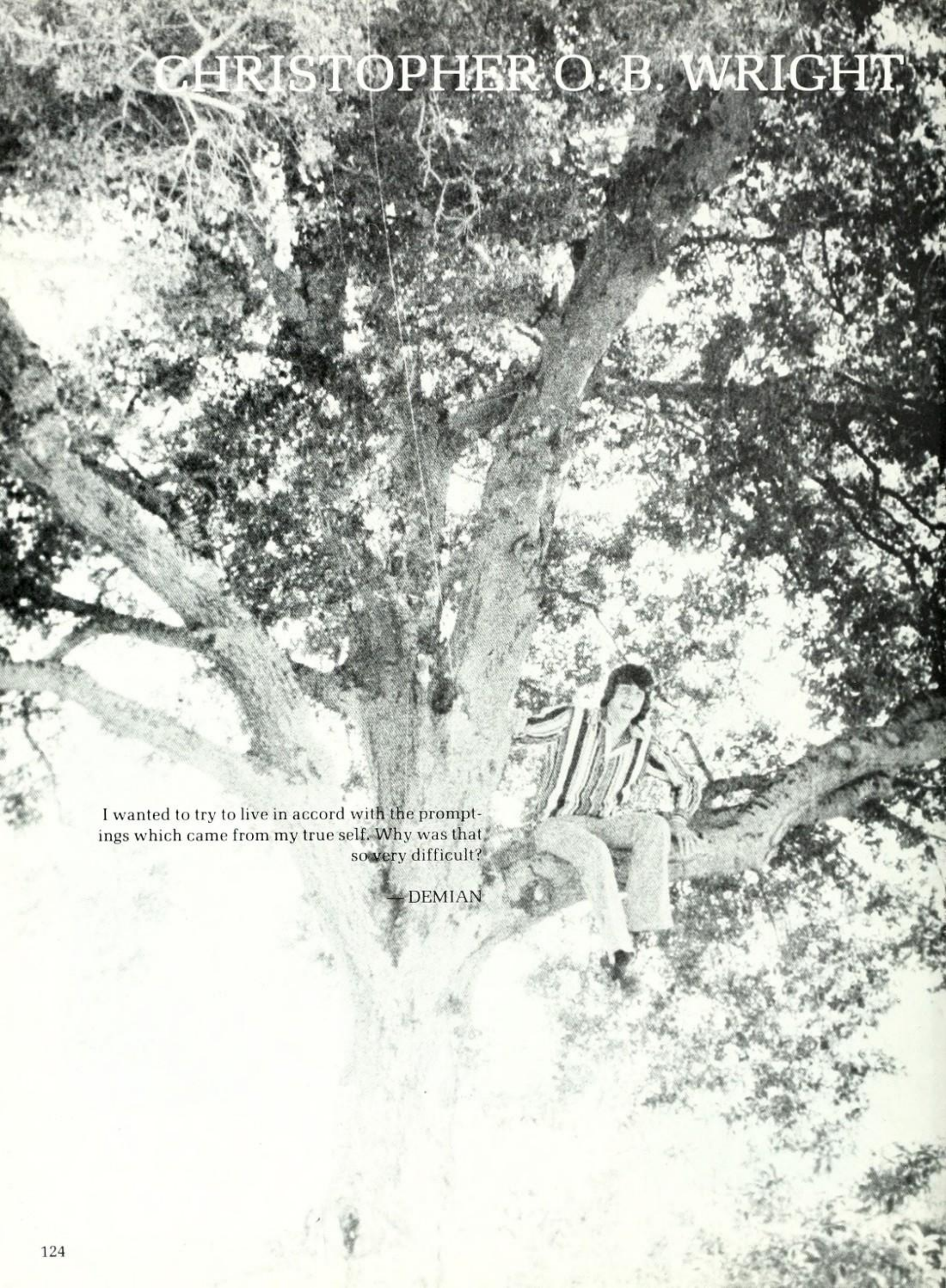
As I leave Harvard, I would like to thank the following people:

— Mom, Dad, Sister, and brother for your support, inspiration, and love during my past years at Harvard.

All my teachers for eagerly sharing your knowledge with me.

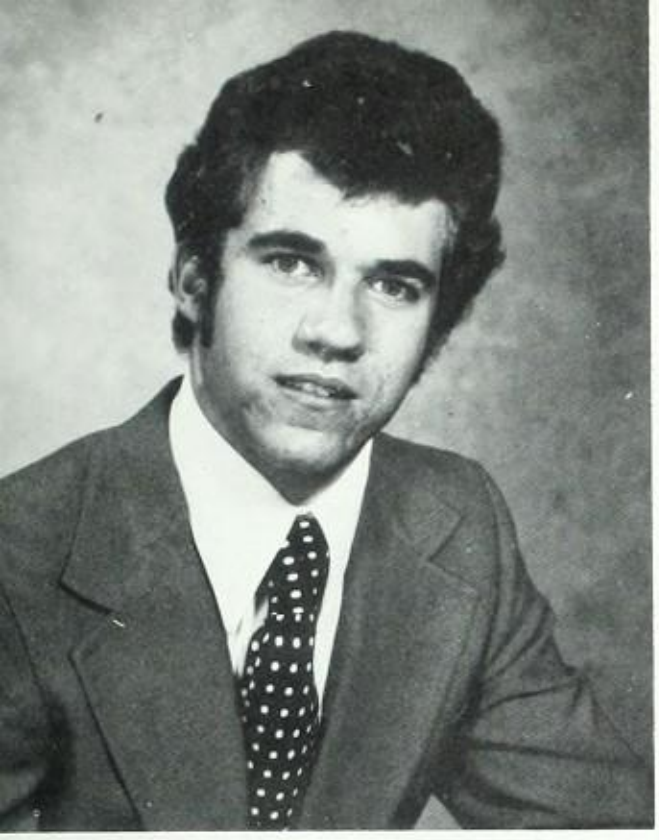
"People running everywhere, not one place to go,
Got no time to look around, to find out where they are;
People having such a race, don't know where it ends,
Got to beat the other man, not getting anywhere."

Robert Lamm



I wanted to try to live in accord with the promptings which came from my true self. Why was that so very difficult?

—DEMIAN



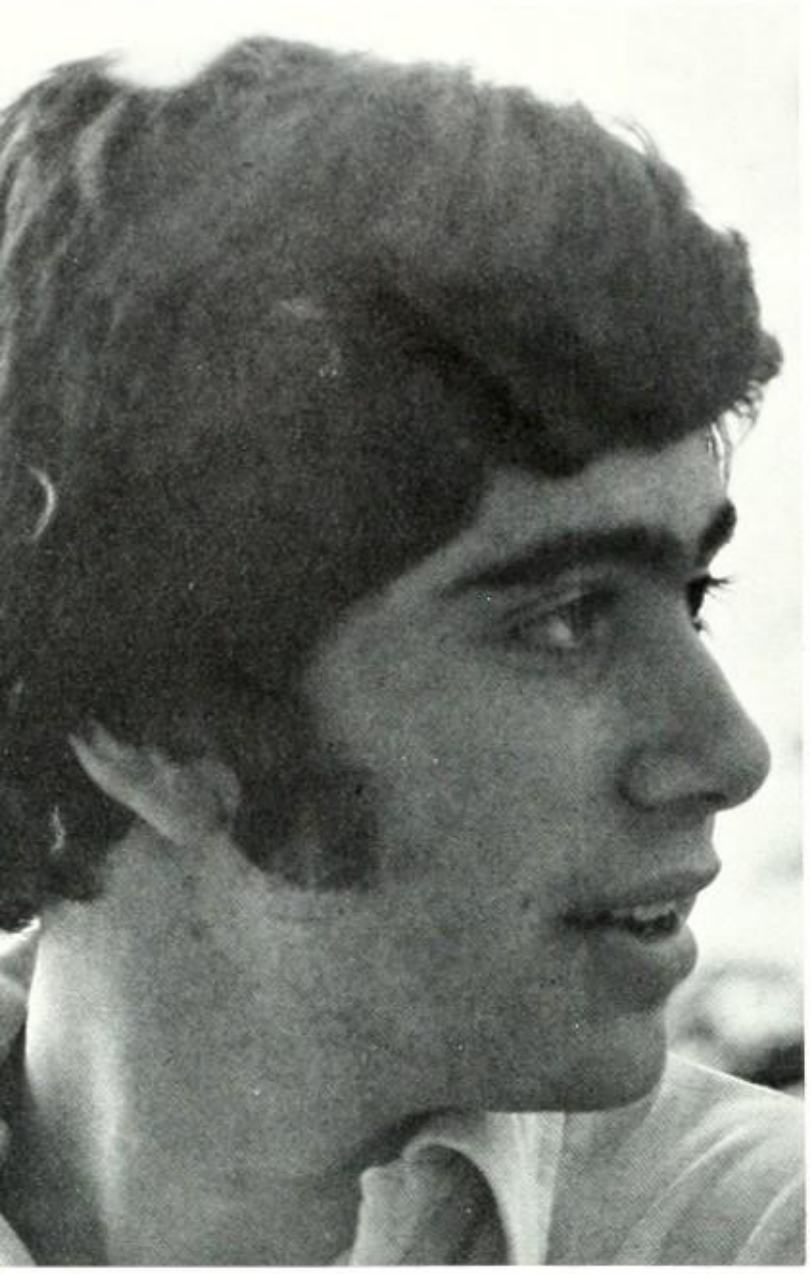
1971-1977
Res Gestae
Forensics
Ping Pong
News Editor
Grad Night Committee
Big Brothers

PETER CHRISTIAN WRIGHT

Who so would be a man would be a nonconformist.

Emerson

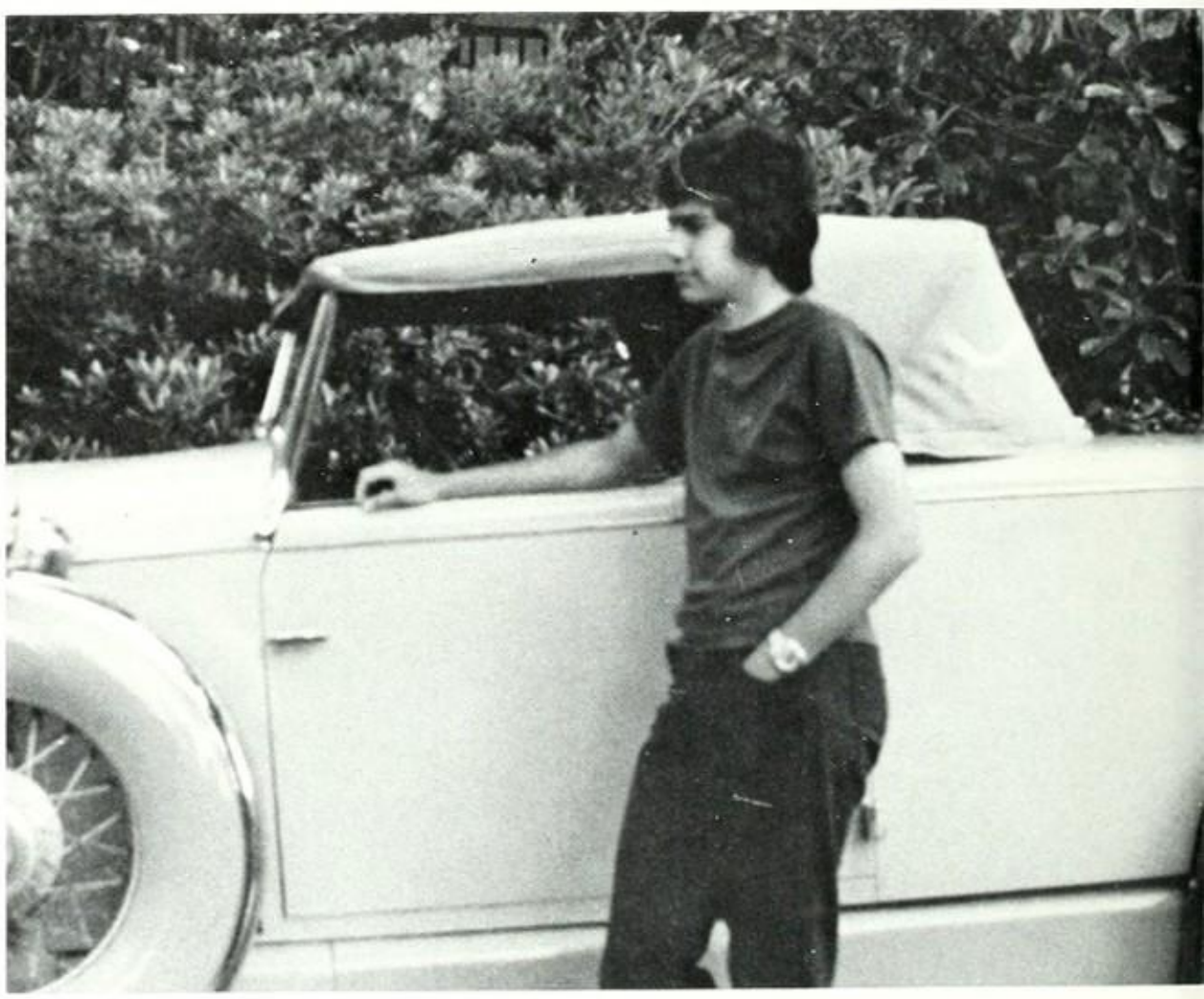
I wish to thank FR. Gill, Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Hill, Mr. Berk, and Mr. Bingham for making my years at Harvard both enriching and enjoyable. Thanks to my friends for making my stay more than worthwhile and to my family who made it possible.



My sincere thanks to . . .

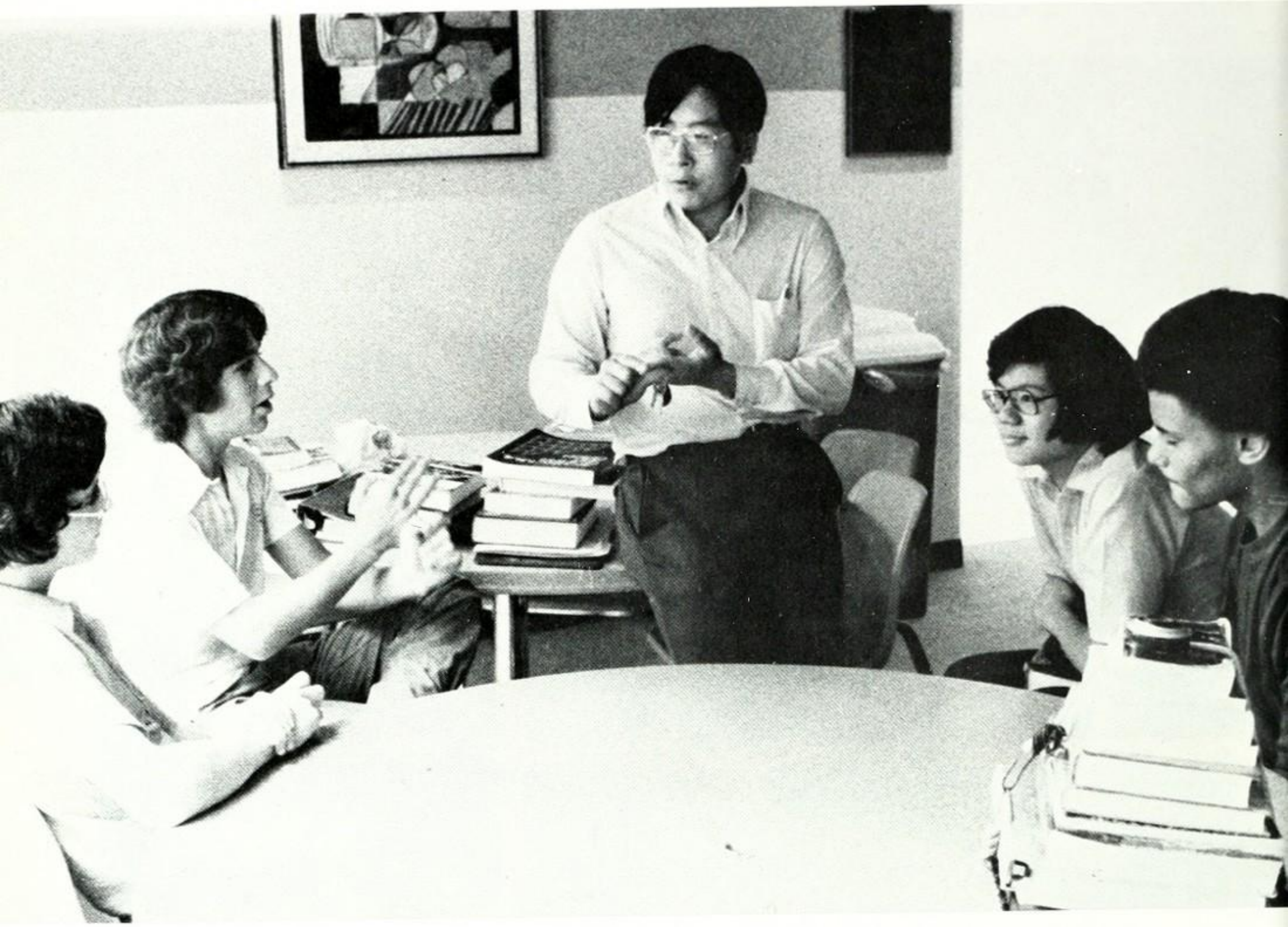
Mr. Berrisford
Mr. Ameer
Mr. Schmidt
Mrs. Rebek
Mr. Murrow
Mr. Berk
Mr. Gibson
Mr. Woods
Mr. Bingham
Father Gill
Mr. Archer
Dr. Ozawa

ROBERT ALAN WYMAN



KEITH MITCHELL YAM

DENNIS TAIJI YOKOYAMA



Looking back at the six years that I have spent at Harvard, I can only feel a sense of pleasure. Sure, there ha been promises and expectations unfulfilled and some efforts only half-sustained, but through all the adve tur (or mishaps: whatever your perspective is), I think I have matured into a heretofore unknown person. Whe this new identity takes me, I haven't the faintest idea, but it'll be fun to find out. A special thank you to Mr. Hi Mr. Berk, and Mr. Woods for unfolding to me a whole new experience. Thank you to my friends who helpe maintain my (in)sanity. Gratitude to my parents who cheered my victories and consoled my defeats. To all els so long and good-luck and may all your successes not necessarily be monetary.

DAVID ROBERT ZARO

he line it is drawn
he curse it is cast
he slow one now
Vill later be last
s the present now
Vill later be past
he order is rapidly fading.

Bob Dylan
The Times They Are A-Changin.

THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE FIVESOME THAT WAS NEVER TAKEN!

They attempted to stop us, but they couldn't, so here it is: MY WILL:

First, to the fearsome fivesome I leave a lasting friendship (in no particular order) Note: it is impossible to name all we have done so I have left out much, but I tried.

To the Hoffer: I leave you a constant state of delirium, YES!! Toni, your incredible summer job, and "I think its about time to call it a day and so many other things."

To Jones: BABES, Zepplin noise, The Dead concert, partying at your house, and some great times surfing and obviously more.

To Christopher (alias Stoner): I leave Bogart and Breakfast, and our book on the world's greatest coffee shops, Sambos and incredible waves and snow and kicking back with whatever.

To Jeff; your membership into the Fivesome, your incredible surfing ability, and teaching me how to surf, my car, and a lot of insight into the way things are and so many good times.

Secondly, to Linda: my friendship and love for life, Greece, your car, the BC days, Mammoth, your letters and cards, and all of the unforgettable times we had together.

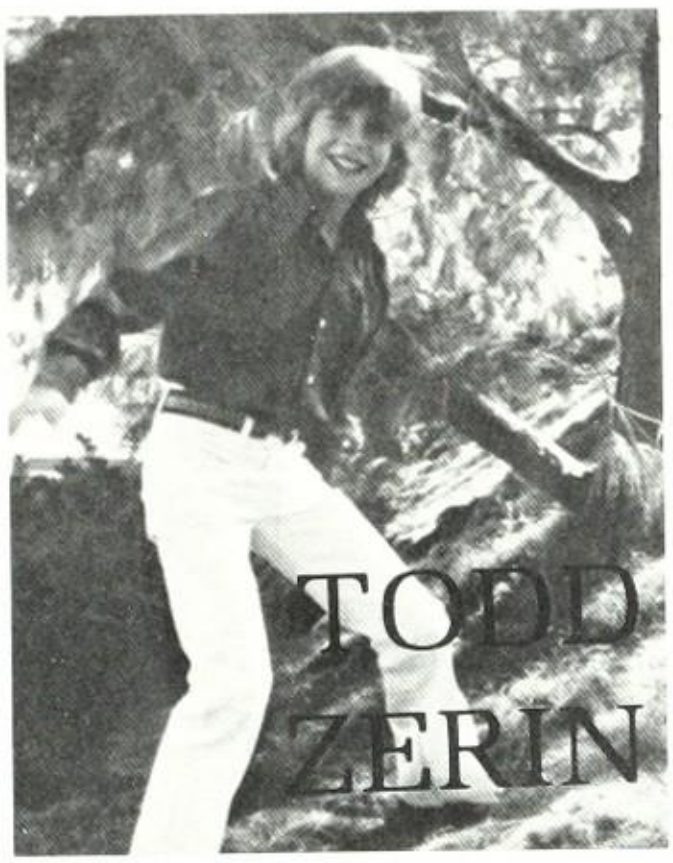
Thirdly, To Ed: a new bike and good luck.

To John: A good car!

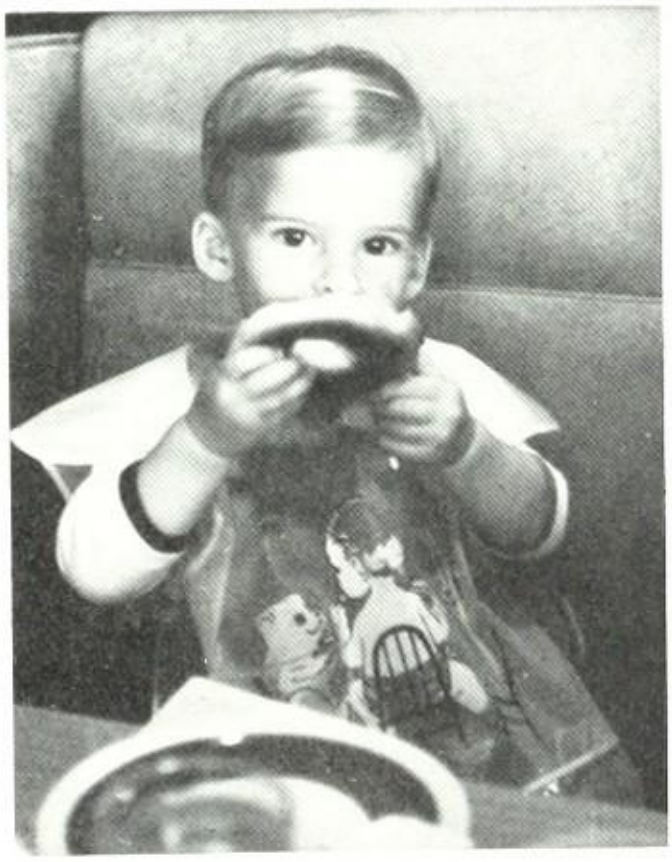
And thanks to all my teachers for all your help. To all my friends who weren't mentioned. It's not that I don't care or remember; its just that I don't have the space! Good By!!! Those not mentioned so far refer to will in Newspaper.

To my parents I leave more thanks than it is possible to give and even more love. Thanks for making me produce!

I'll be around in the dark.
I'll be everywhere — wherever you look.
Wherever there's a flight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there.
Wherever there's a cop beating a guy, I'll be there.
I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry and they know supper's ready.
And when our folks eat the stuff they raise and live in the houses they build — why, I'll be there.
— John Steinbeck



TODD ZERIN



You've got to get up every morning with a smile on your face
And show the world all the love in your heart
Then people gonna treat you better
You're gonna find, yes you will
That you're beautiful as you feel
— Carole King

"There are two types of exchange students — those are here for an education and those that are here for a long vacation." PHIL BERK 1/27/77 "Are you a student at Harvard?!" UNKNOWN HARVARD STUDENT 3/1/77

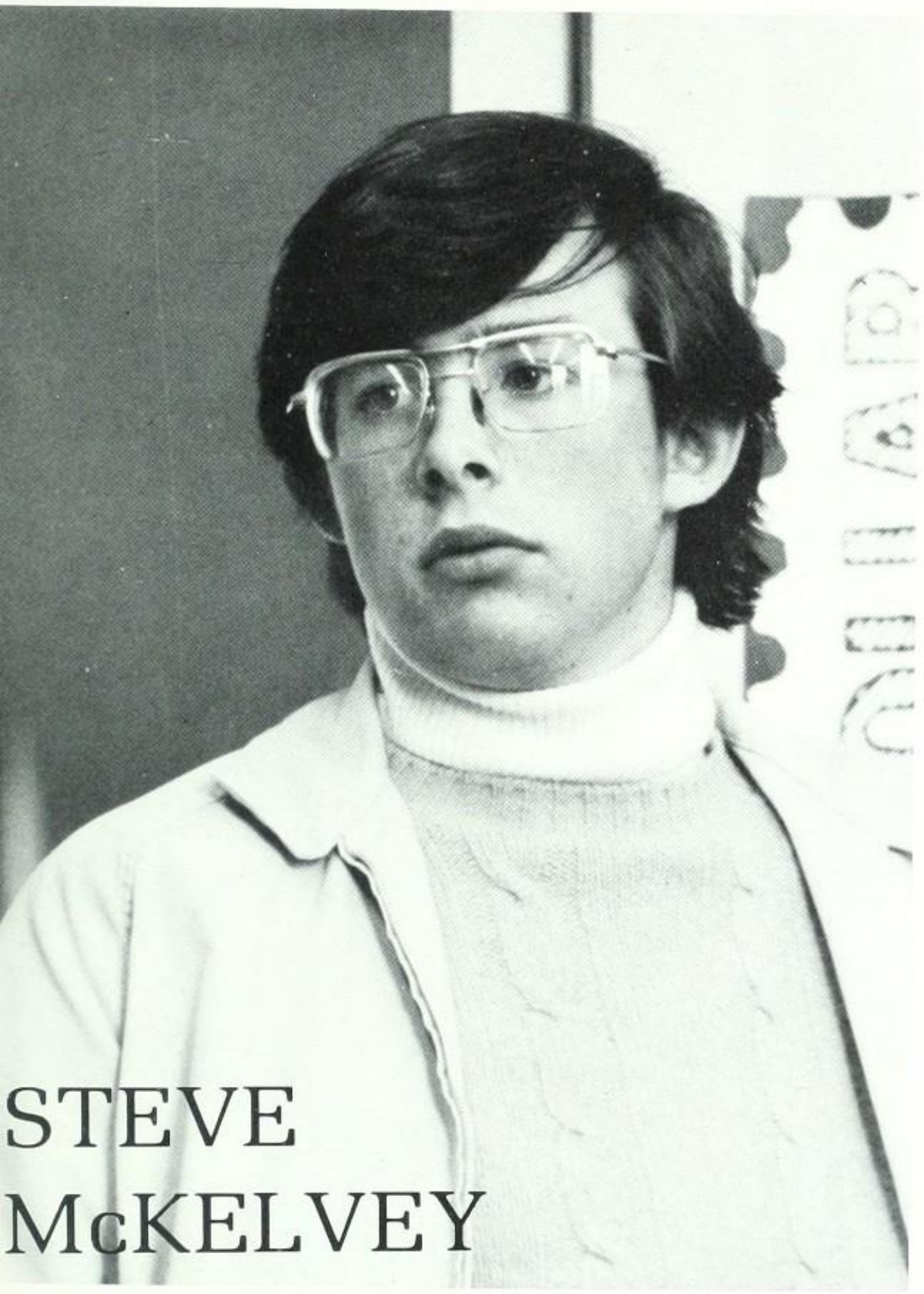
"Although the time for reviewing 1977 is still a long way off, I'm already assured of remembering a dream like wealth of unusual, exciting, and often unique experiences. All this I owe to the faculty, parents and the students of Harvard and, above all others, the Bell family — thank you all for your kindness, generosity and tolerance.

To a people who have everything I leave my accent and an ever open door in Bristol.

B. M. Kay

Where are all the bloody gears on this convertible?

Thanks George!
Thanks E.S.U.!



STEVE McKELVEY

BRIAN KAY

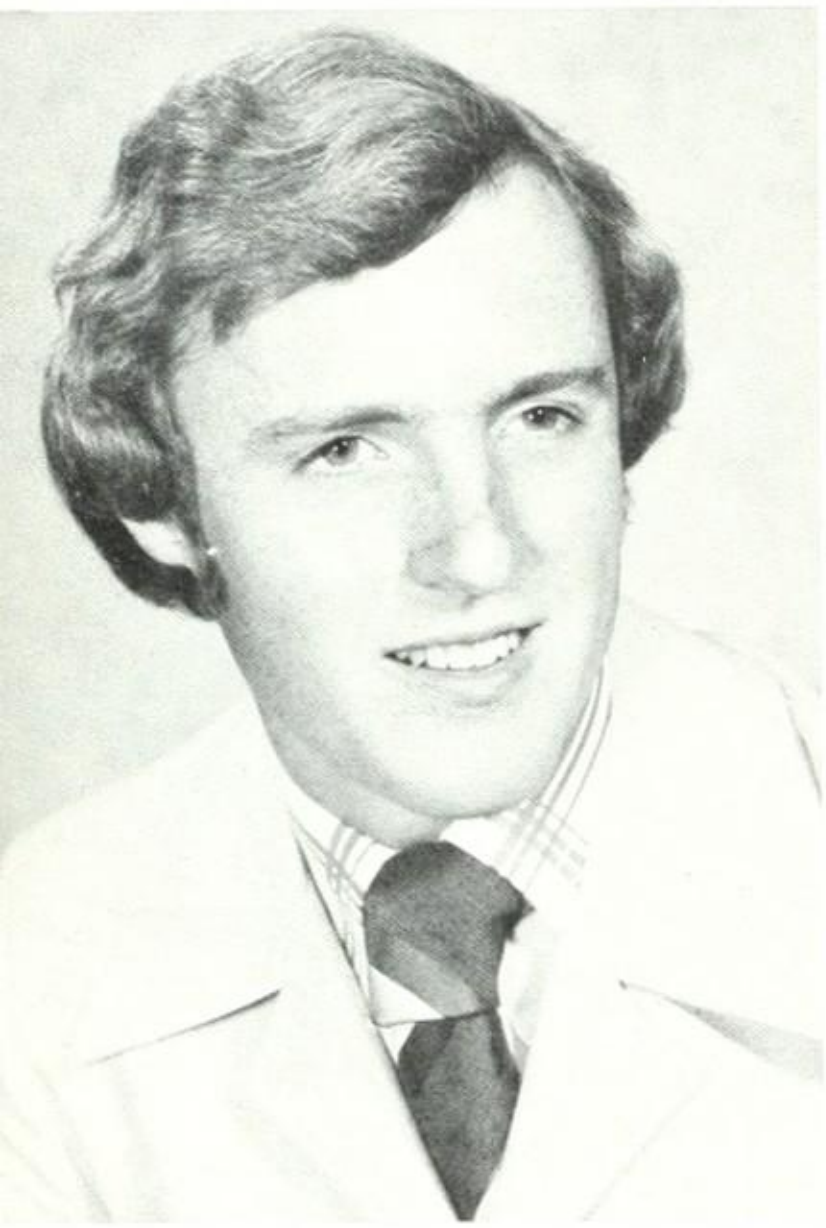
Steve McKelvey and Jeff Bell participated in the first exchange between Harvard and Deerfield. Their experiences were exciting and stimulating, and the program should prove successful and be expanded in the years ahead. Steve expresses his thanks to Harvard and his hostess, the Sutherland family.

TIMOTHY JOHM DAVISON

HARVARD SCHOOL MUSIC DEPT.
Presents

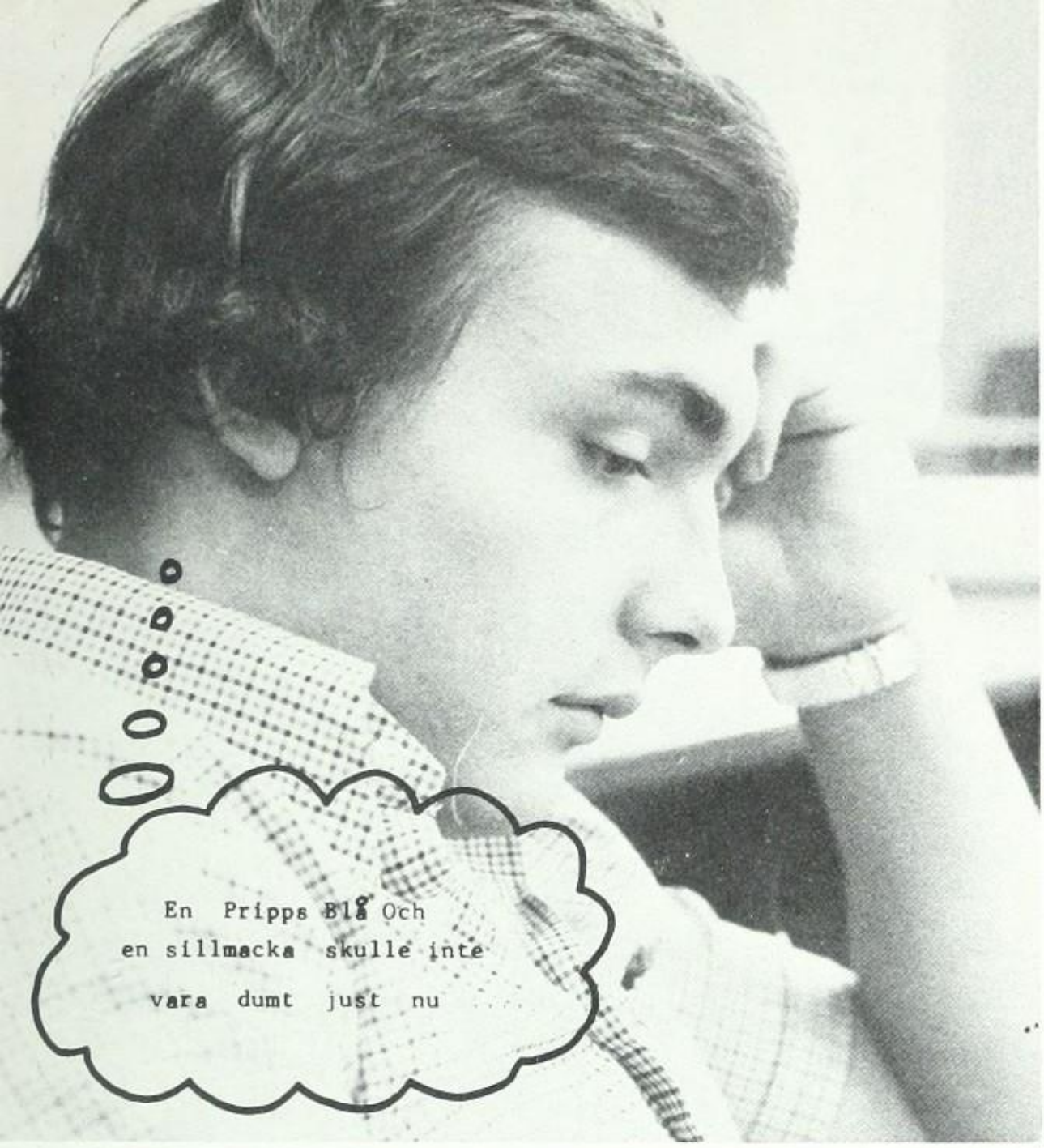
"JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR"

December 2, 3, 4, 5
Rugby Auditorium 8 P.M.
All Seats $2.00



THANKS ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION.
THANKS HARVARD.

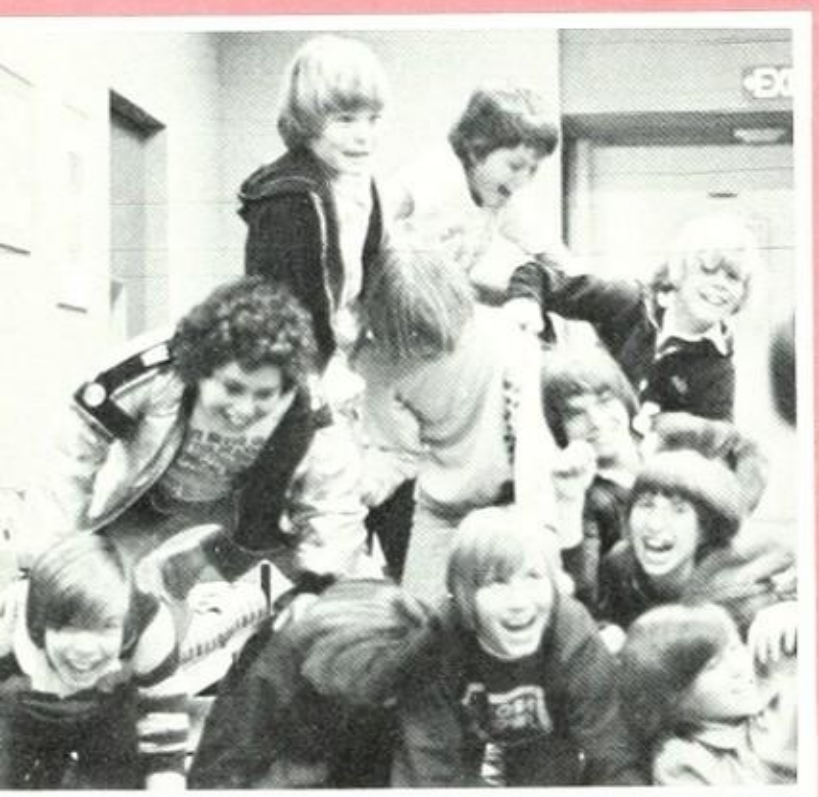
"Frightfully sorry, old chap, but you see all my money is tied up in pounds."

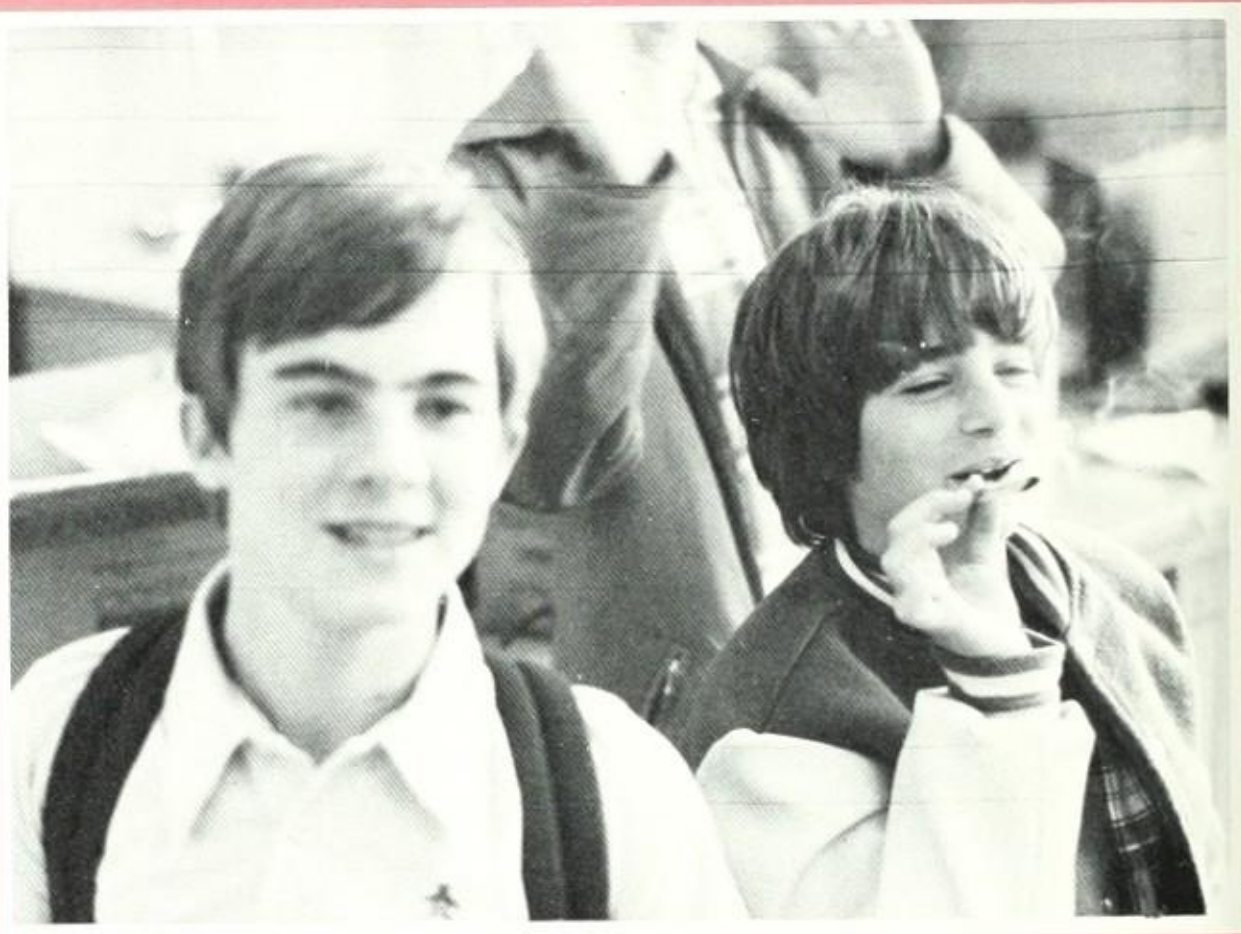


MAX MAUPOIX

Thank you Harvard. Thank you A.FS. Thank you everyone who has made this year one of the best in my life.

EIGHTH GRADE





DOING IT ALL: Eating — Questioning — Stabbing — Dueting — Grinning — Smoking — SMOKING?! — Crashing.

"Good Lord," says Charles as he looks at a few clippings, "were we like this?"

"Probably worse. At least these guys can smile about eighth grade."

"That reminds me Mr. Science, what can we say about this half moon?"

"Well that's easy enough," says Thaddeus proudly, laying the seventh grade clips alongside the others, "Notice anything different?"

"It looks like they all ate their Wonder Bread over the summer."

"Precisely. They've grown 50% in one year. They're the rulers of the Lower School. The Mafia of Rugby. The Terrors of Tiny Town!"

"What else?"

"They're bright, enthusiastic, eager to learn, and happy to be at school."

"And they still become Seniors?"

"Amazing, isn't it? But you're jumping ahead."

"Well what does it all add up to Thaddeus?"

"Once a sliver, now a half,
The student goes from — nuts!
What rhymes with half?"

"Riff to raff?"

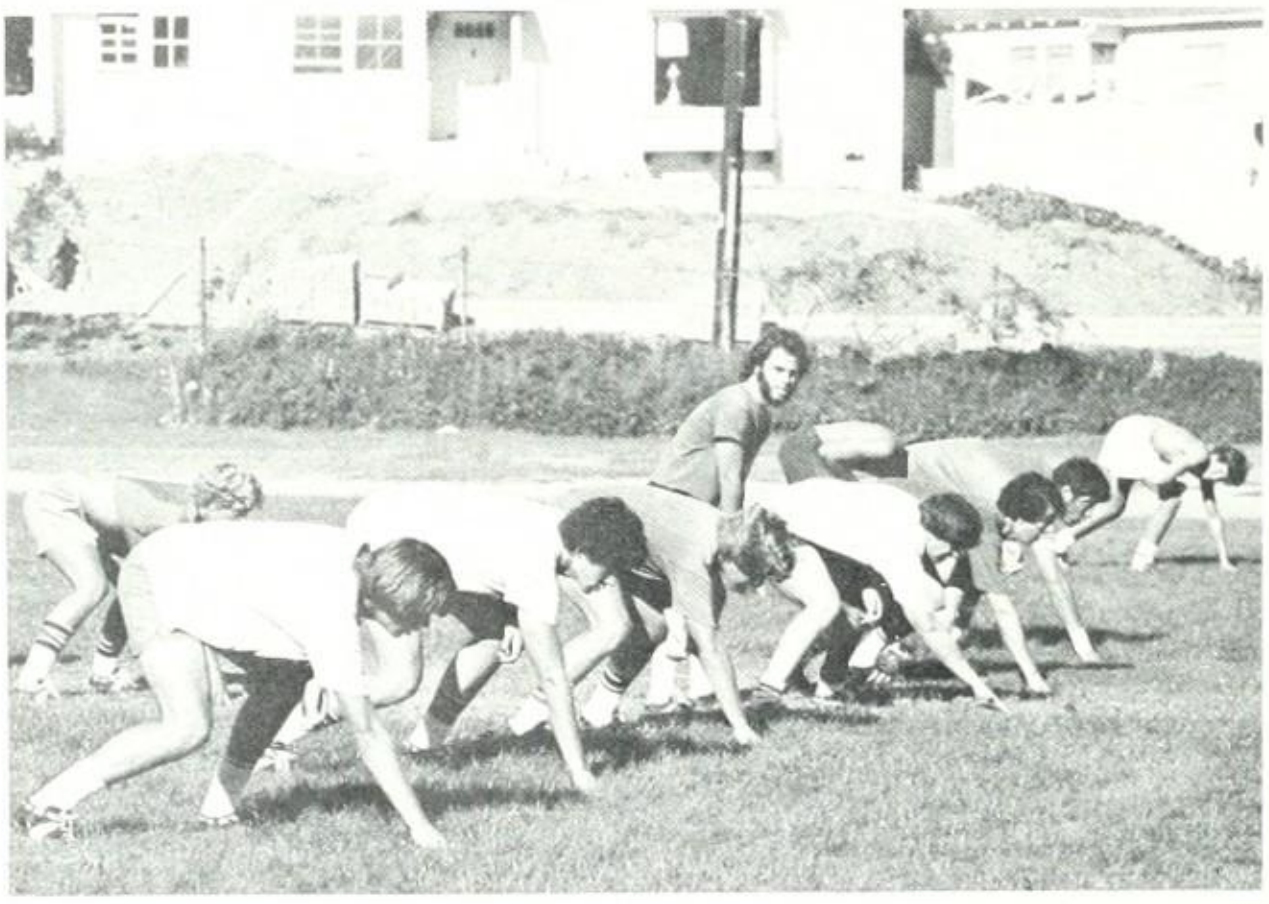
"Well anyway, it's pretty obvious that they're growing Charles. They're brighter, bolder, and stronger."

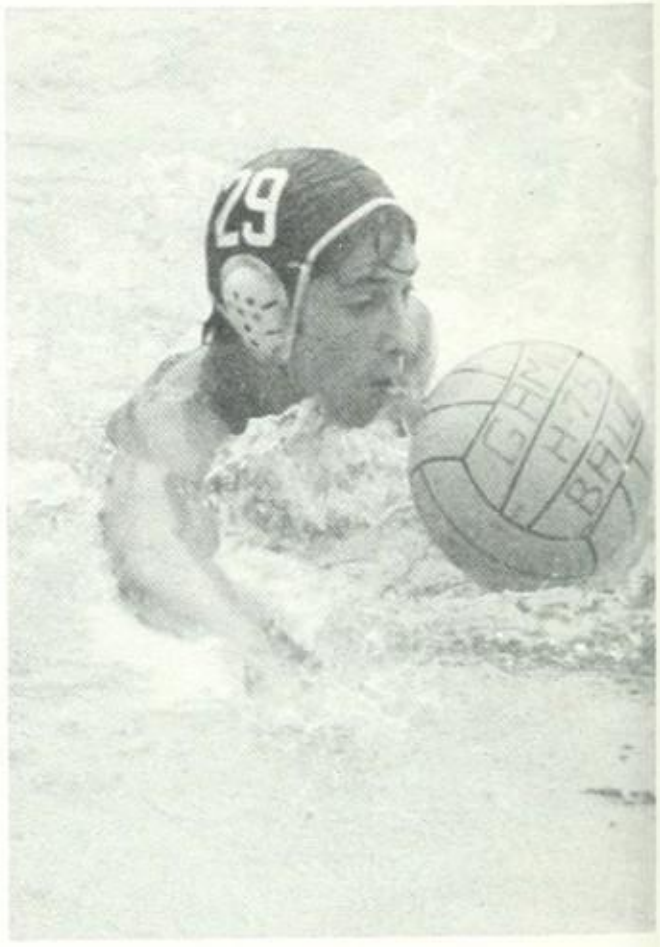
"Sounds like a detergent."

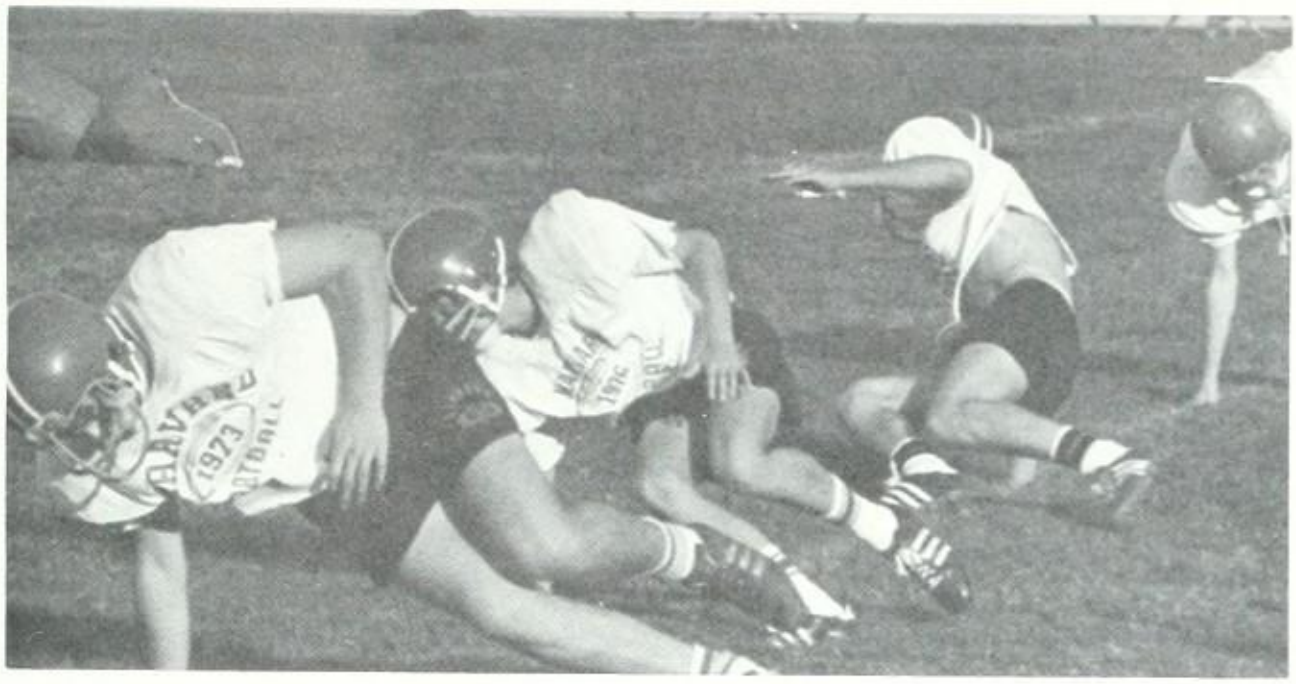
"In that case, I wash my hands of the whole thing."

"Quit with the puns, and keep cutting pal!"

FALL SPORTS

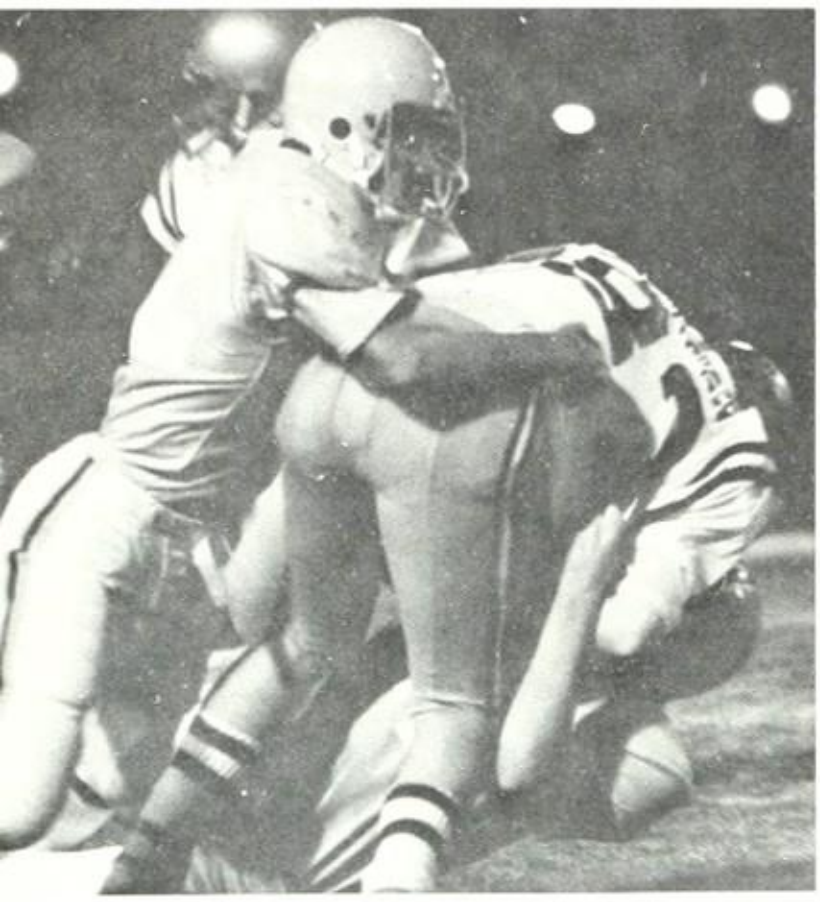






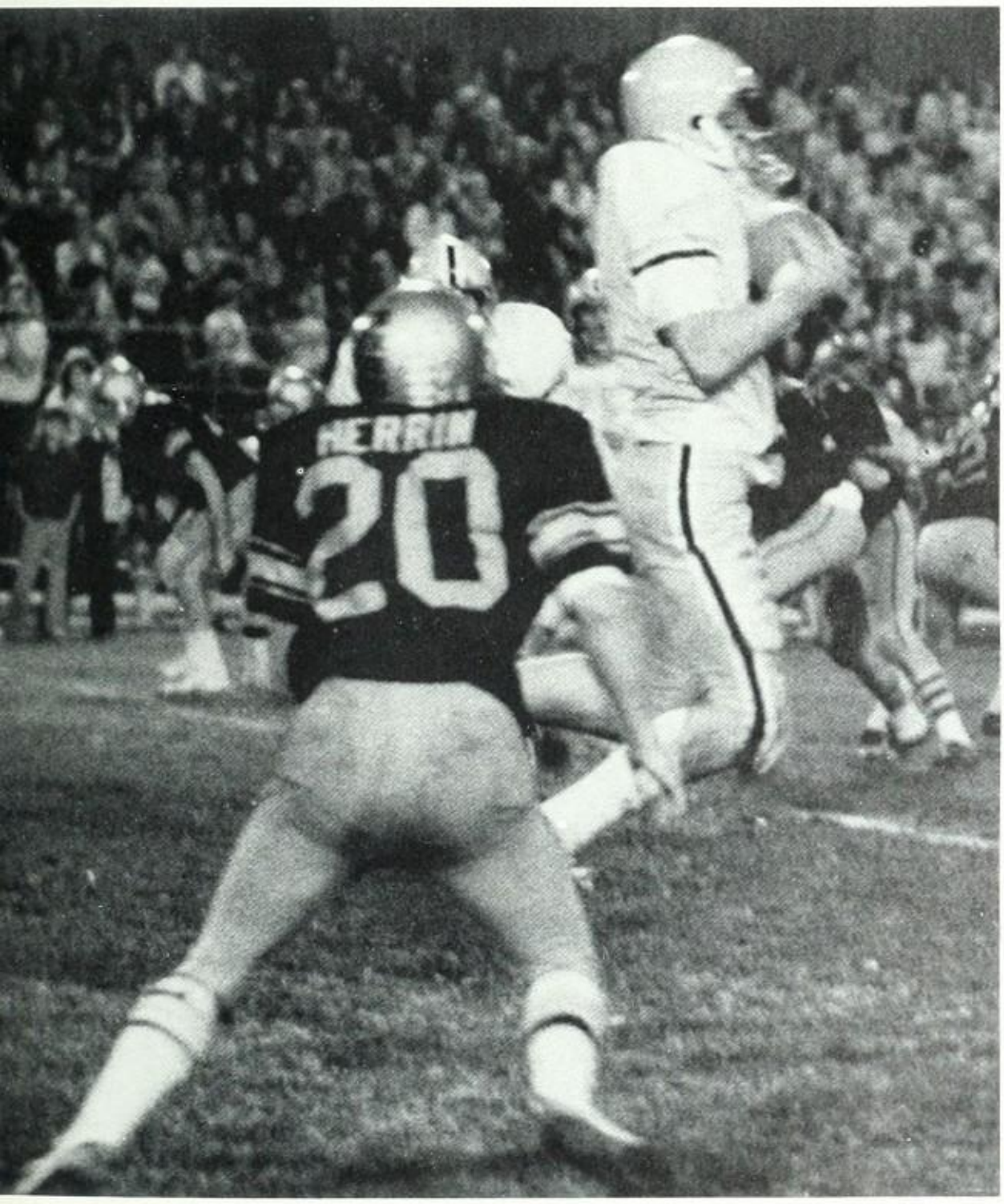
Clockwise from far left: Plato Skouras running in meet against Centennial; Holland breaking a tackle of a Pater Noster player; Mike Mellenthin lofting a shot; Varsity drilling during preseason practice; David Neidorf running at a brisk pace in league meet; Harvard and Pater Noster congratulate each other after game; Brian Wright cocks his arm for a strong shot. David Ellis dribbling the ball down the pool; The offense practicing plays during the summer.

Clockwise from below: Stu Davis and hidden Bill Bagnard combine to stop a Lennox player; Kevin Fisher fakes a hand-off to George Thabit on a "Boot Left" play versus Miraleste; The 1976 Harvard Varsity Football Team.

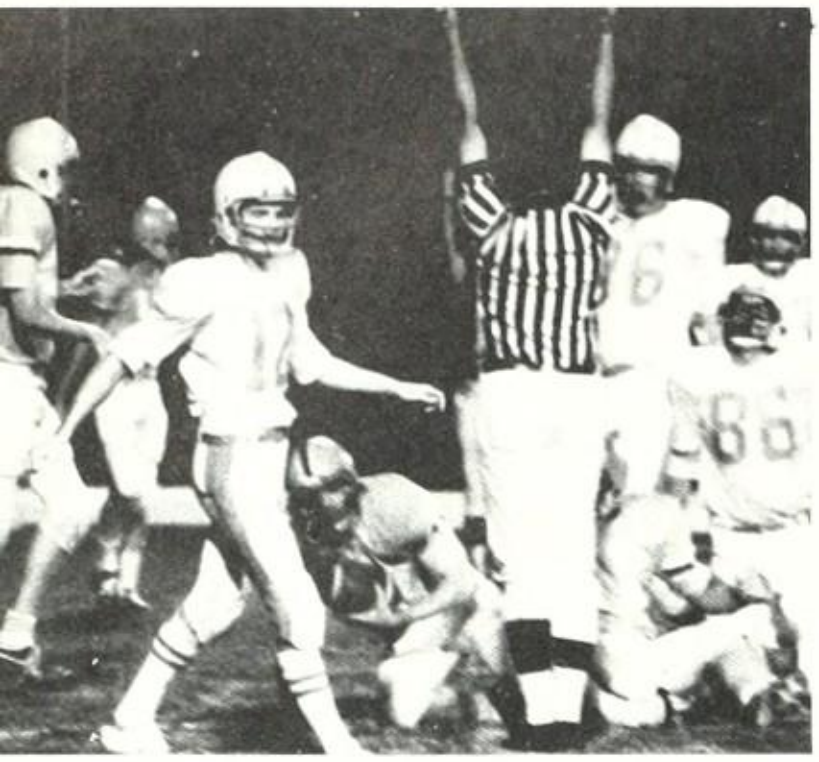


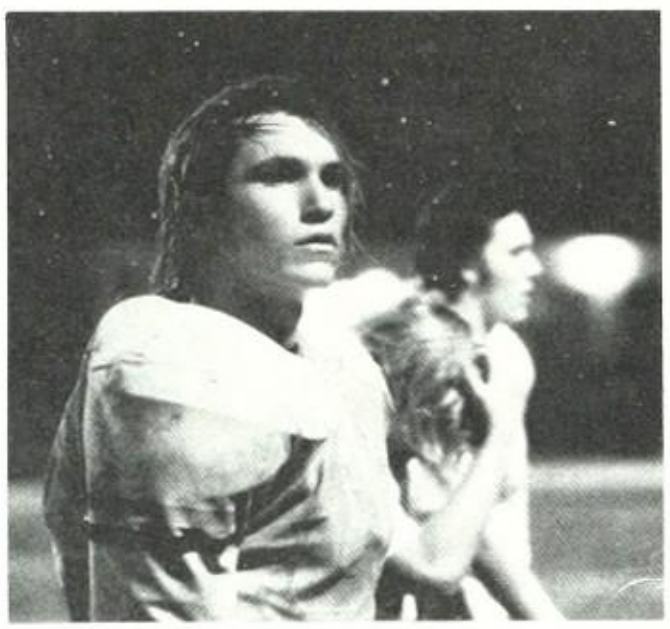
Top row: Bercovici, A.; Saldivar; Westhem; Kim, C.; Morgan; Braun; Chumbook; Flintoft, T.; Barret; Coach Proett. Second row: Coach Thran; Coach Moshasuki; Wax; Bercovici, D.; Flintoft, G.; Singleton; Crouch; Sones; Sullivan; Burnap; Bagnard; Ford; Coach Pacheco. Kneeling: Kelly; Davis; Scott; Swick; Maloney; Kim, B.; Thabit; MacArthur ; Corbett; Coach Farr;. Sitting: Cloobeck; Holland, M.; Fisher; Spivac; Ditman; Bergen; Cantwell; Read; Castellano; Holland, B.

VARSITY FOOTBALL

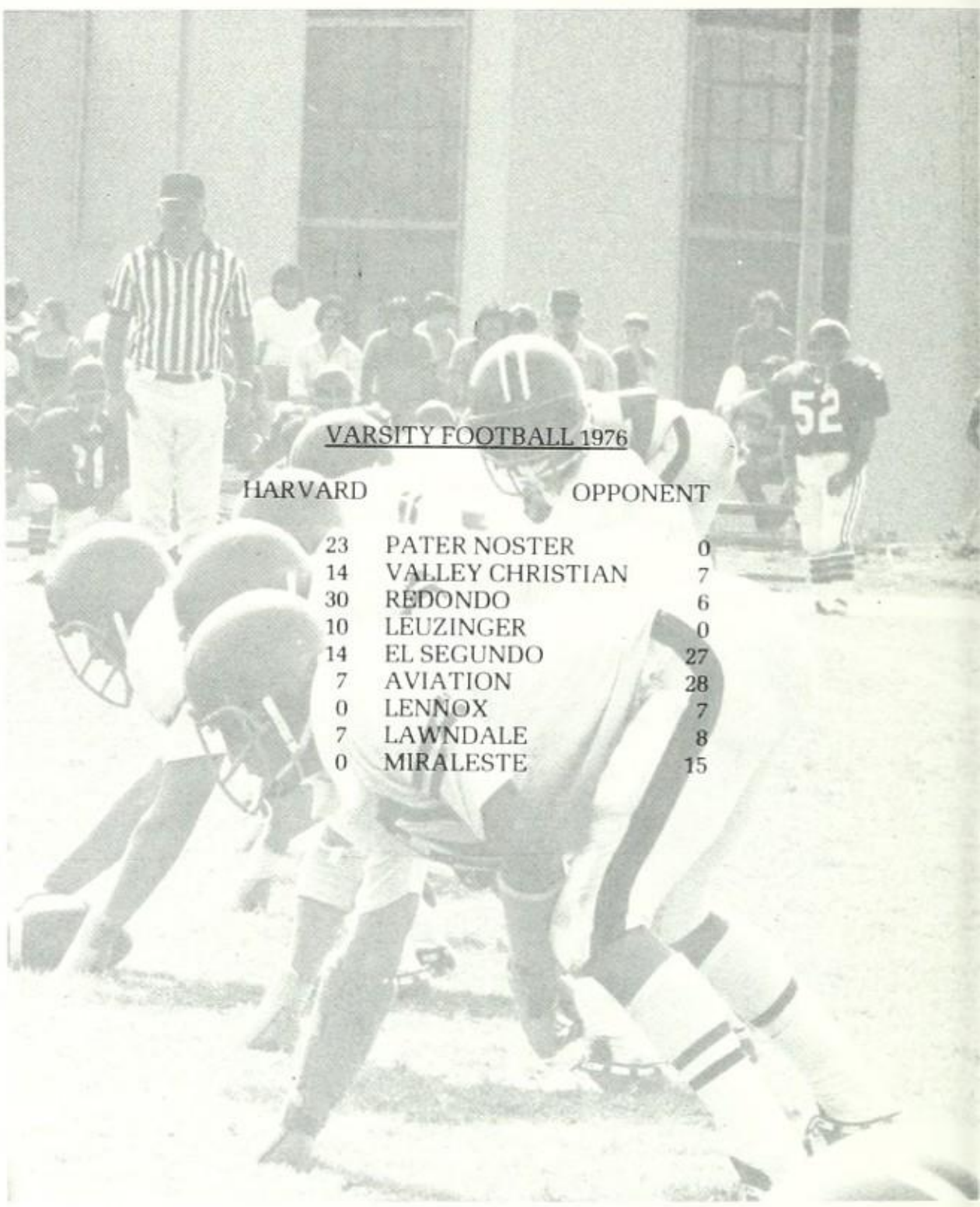


Clockwise from top left: Bill Bagnard snatches a Kevin Fisher pass before scoring in the season opener at Pater Noster; Matt Holland, Kevin Fisher, and Adam Bercovici reflect on the season after the final loss at Miraleste; Coach Gary Thran listens to defensive instructions and George Thabit waits to pass them on; Matt Holland leaps to intercept a pass, going on to score the only Harvard touchdown against Aviation.





Clockwise from top to left: Matt Holland climbs to his feet after scoring against Lawndale; The players and coaches on the sidelines show their elation after the first thouchdown in their best game of the season versus Redondo; Jim Burnap leads Matt Holland through a gap in the Redondo defensive line; Coach Gary Thran stares downfield as his team is held deep in its own zone by Aviation; Rob Chumbook displays his form as a punter; "Hawaiian Punch," Bong Kim, flies past two Pater Noster Eagles for a long gain; Kevin Fisher calling signals above the 1976 season record; Ken Morgan illustrates the team's feeling after the first loss to El Segundo.



VARSITY FOOTBALL 1976

HARVARD		OPPONENT
23	PATER NOSTER	0
14	VALLEY CHRISTIAN	7
30	REDONDO	6
10	LEUZINGER	0
14	EL SEGUNDO	27
7	AVIATION	28
0	LENNOX	7
7	LAWNDALE	8
0	MIRALESTE	15

Unique is the best word to describe this year's Varsity Football season. Never before has a team experienced ch a wide gap between victory and defeat. Like a raging ball of fire the Saracens burst into their season, unde- ated for their first four games. Their opponents were overwhelmed by their powerful running and passing me, and the defense was amazing. In fact, at one point in the year both the offense and defense were number ne in the Valley.

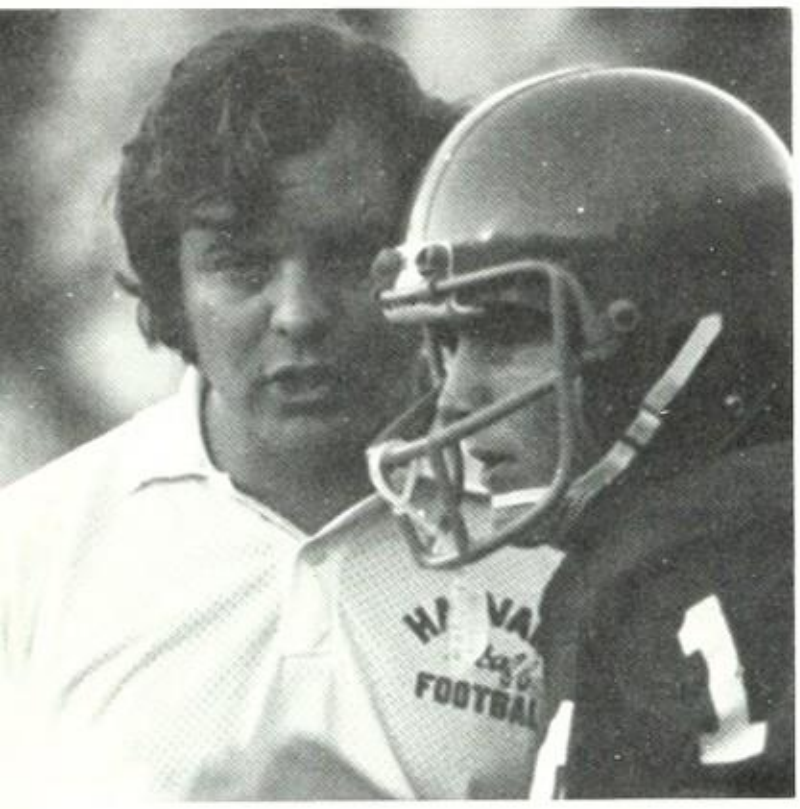
Their best effort came against Redondo, the first league game. The energy in that game was so high that they uld not lose. Harvard played with tremendous unity and spirit, unsurpassed by its football teams of recent st. If they had maintained that level of intensity throughout the whole season, they would have been in play- f contention.

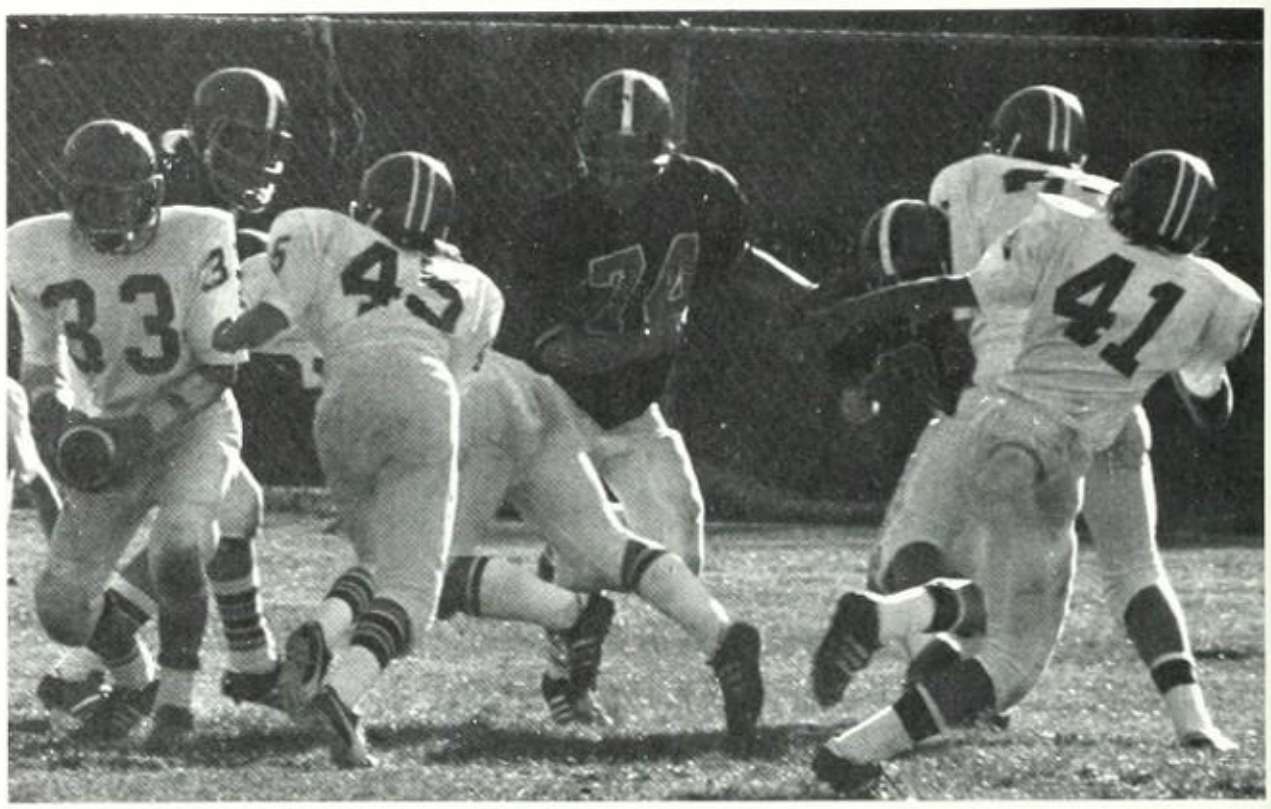
Then something happened. The next five games were tragic. No effort, no energy, no points, and no victories. seemed as though they reached a plateau after playing Redondo and became satisfied, something you can't do football., The team morale tumbled after their loss to El Segundo.

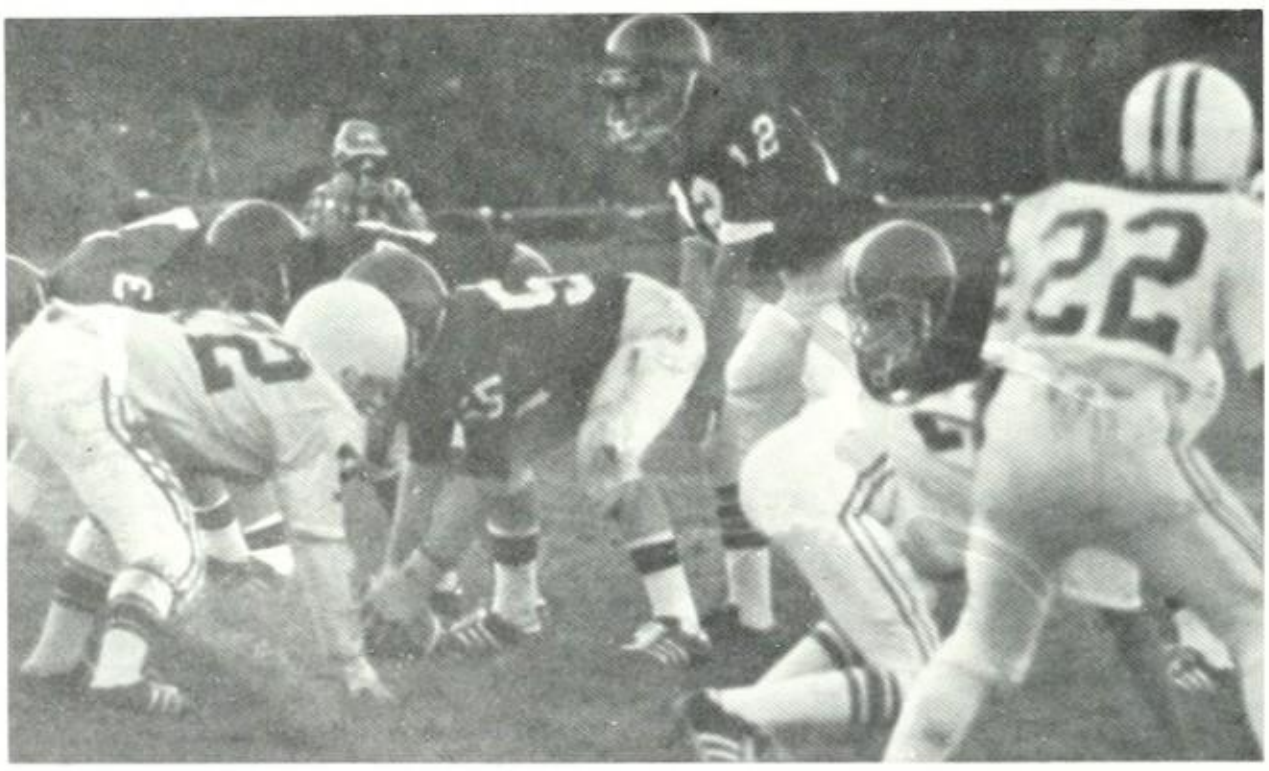
The team learned what must be done to be play-off contenders. They proved to the fans, the coaches, and emselves that Harvard can be competitive in a league that most thought was too strong. As a result of much ork and great coaching, the defense was "tops" in the Valley, and five players were named to all-league teams.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

This year's freshman football season was a disappointment but nevertheless, a learning experience for the players. Although it had a losing record of 1-6-2, the team still was successful in other areas. The players worked hard during "hell week" and after-school practices, and they persevered after each disheartening defeat. The team made marked improvements and the players became better athletes. In particular, many exceptional athletes matured over the course of the season, like Co-Captain, Terry Goldman, all time leading freshman rusher in Harvard's history; Co-Captain, Steve Blum, the strong rusher; Bruce Thabit the leading tackler; and Garrett Kenyon, the leader of the offense.

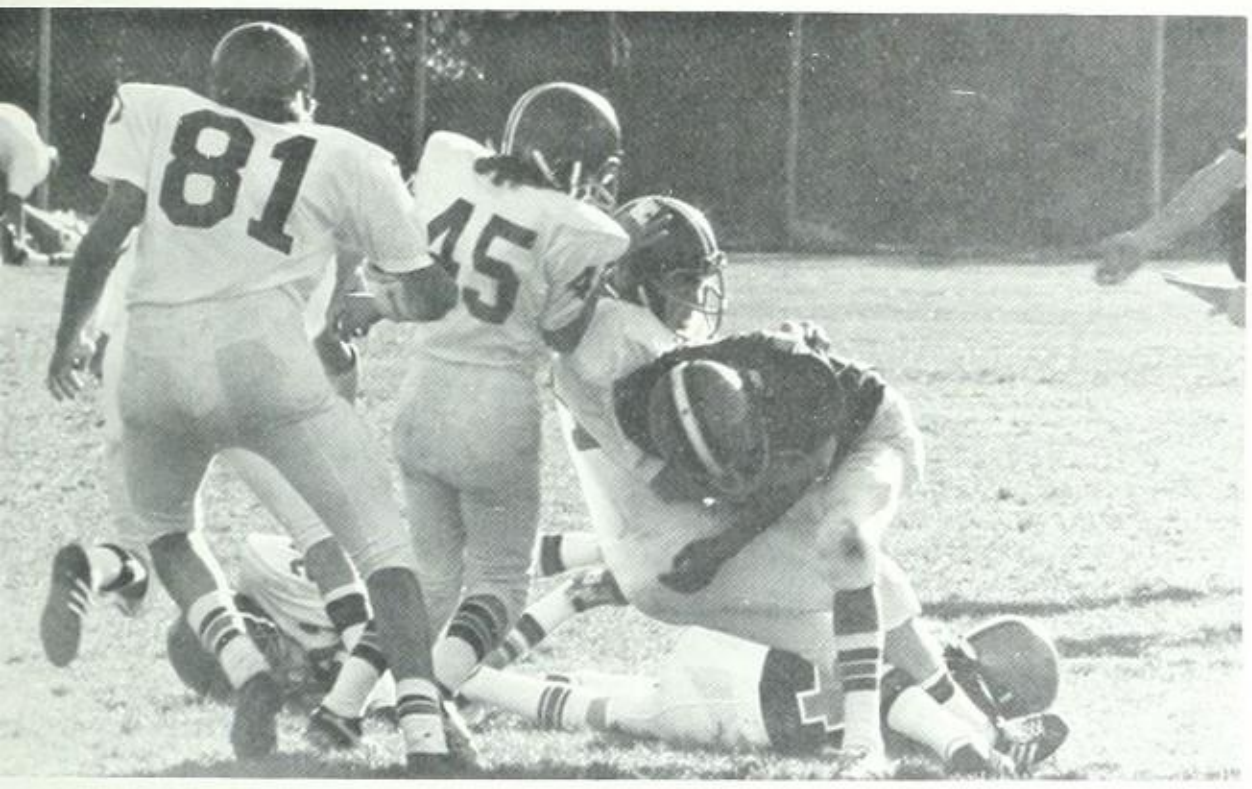






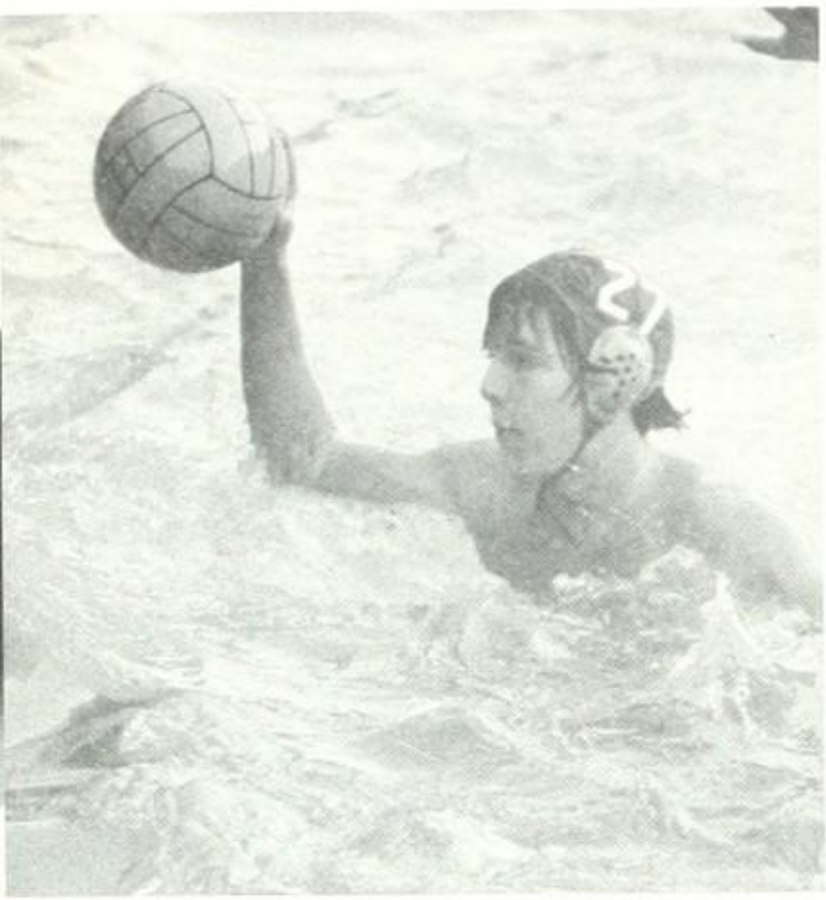
Clockwise from top right: Siporin leaps to snatch a pass; Morgan handing off to Grossman as the hole opens; Stern walks away depressed as the season comes to a close: The linemen wait as Kenyon calls the signals; Gingell giving the orders.

op row standing: Coach Duva, Ruiz, Symonds, Reeks, Thabit, Dewell, Siporin, Stern, Coach Gingell. Middle row: Shay, Krieger, Horowitz, oldman, Kenyon, Blum, Taylor, Parker. Bottom row: Galef, Morgan, Chitiea, Chasalow, Collins, Flanagan, Ward. Not shown: Grossman, iller.



Clockwise from top: The Harvard Freshman Football Team; Thabit and Horowitz combine to tackle a Lawndale running-back; Kenyon supervising the huddle; With Ruiz and Grossman watching, Dewell forces a fumble that Galef recovers (in back-ground) against Beverly Hills on a kick-off.

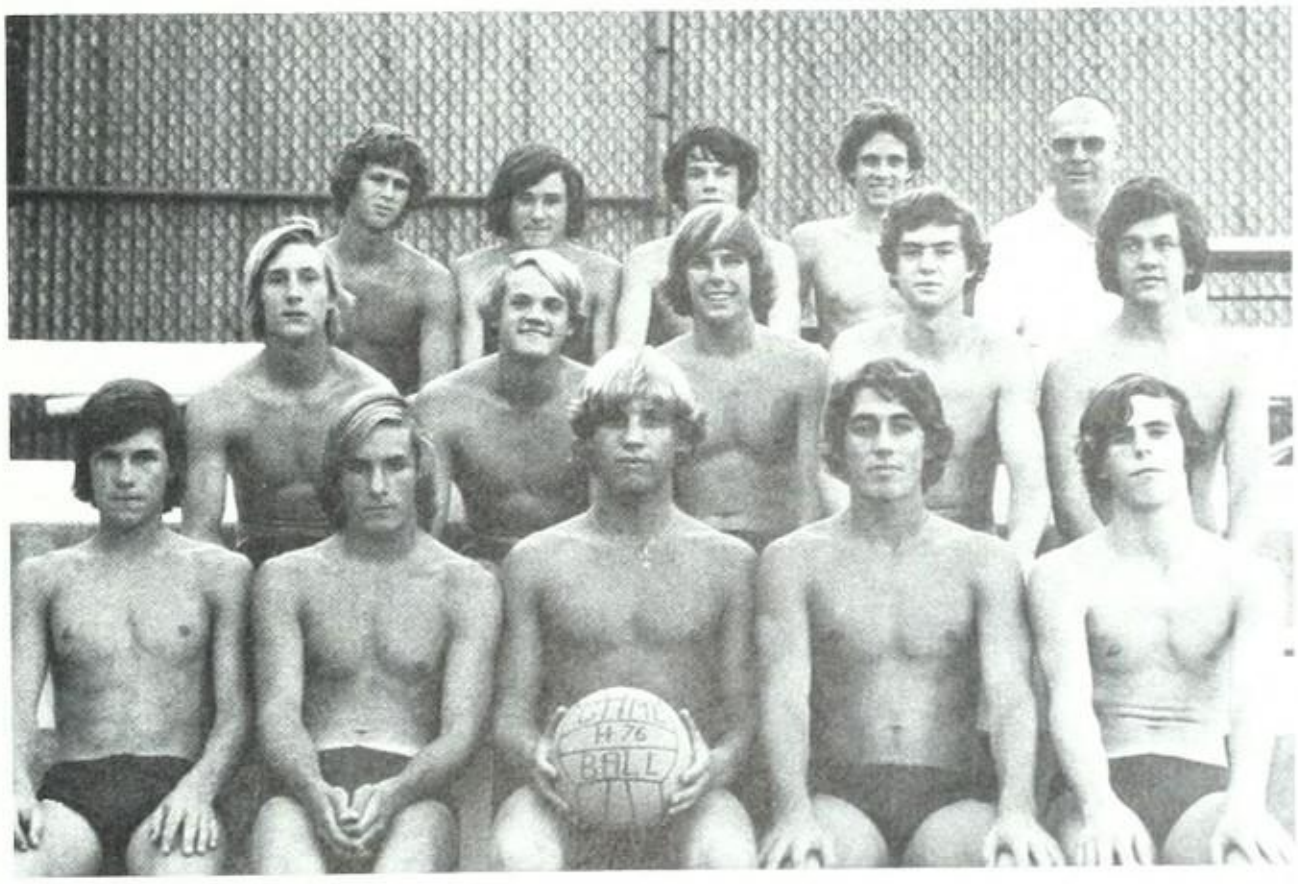
VARSITY WATER POLO



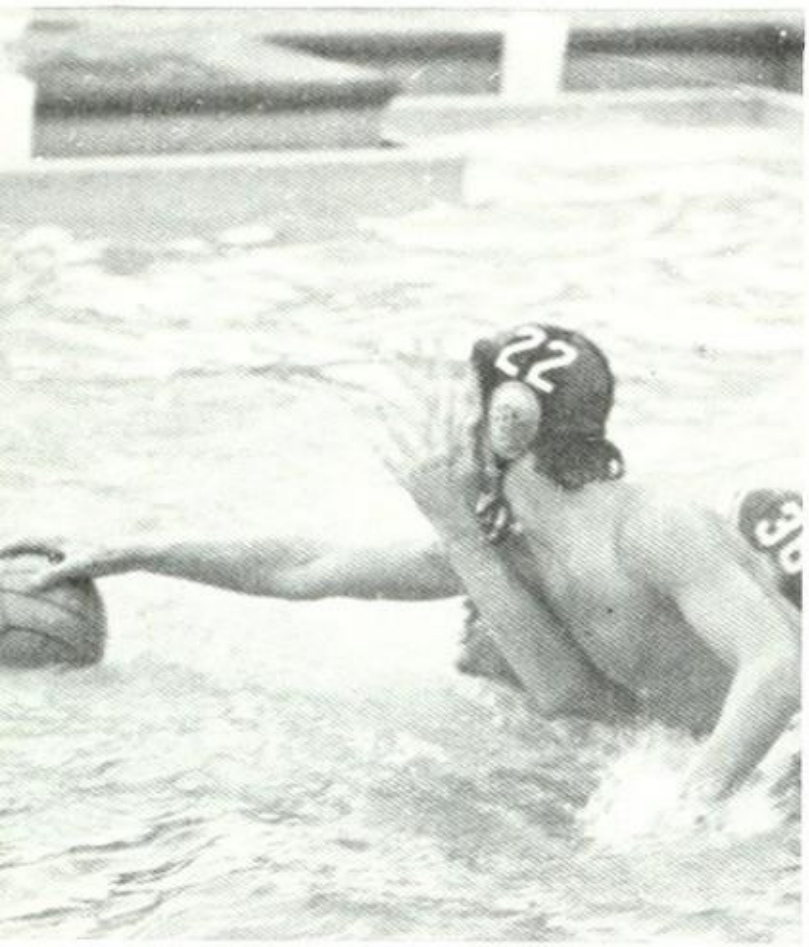
With only two returning varsity lettermen, this young inexperienced team struggled through the season without a win. But still, the seniors, juniors and sophomores gave top-rate teams like Rolling Hills and Miraleste very tough matches. Leading the Harvard defense were Billy Pasnau, Mike Mellenthin and Mike Margot with Blair Leach and Steve Shafran tending the goals. Offensively Captain Chip Palmer, Bruce Landon, and Shaun Samuels led the scoring drives. Chris Jones, Huck Sutherland and Kevin Corley were quite capable anywhere Coach Stewart put them.

What the members of this years team must be proud of is their courage and desire to go on playing even in the face of defeat.

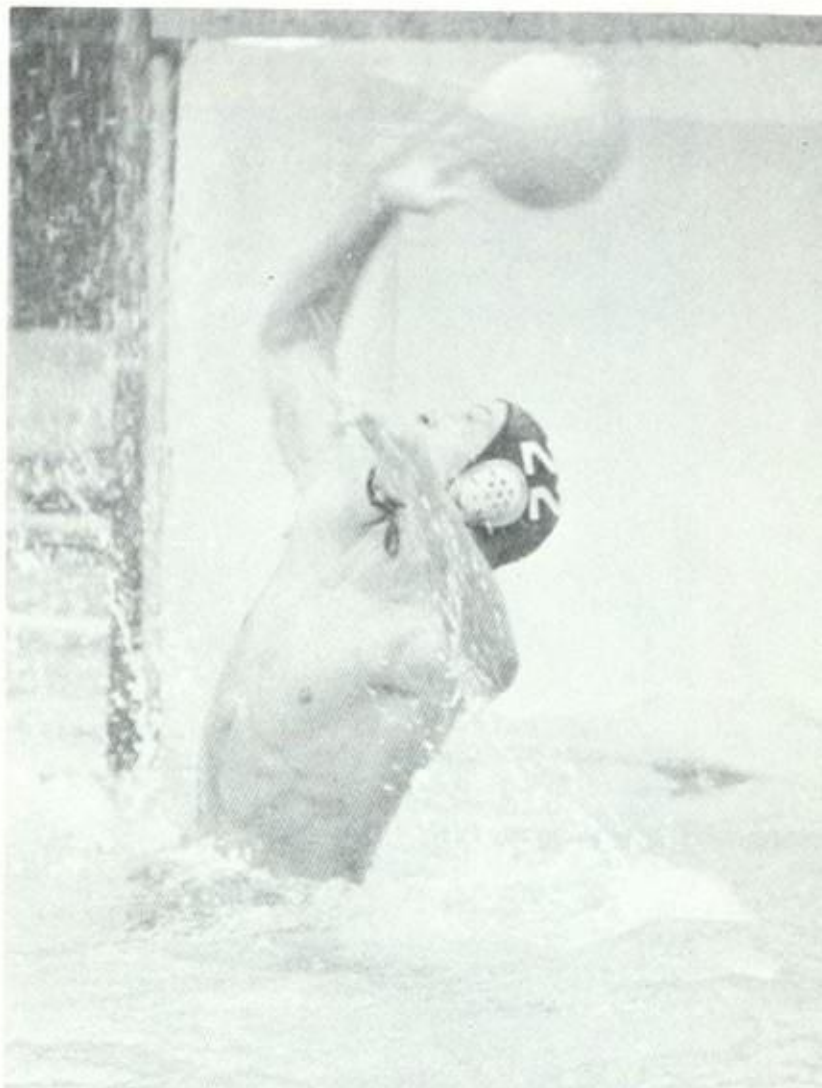
Counter clockwise from below: Landon looks for the outlet; The sprint; Shot on goal rejected by Shafran; Mellenthin looks for pass; Pasnau tangled up on defense; Margot rears back.

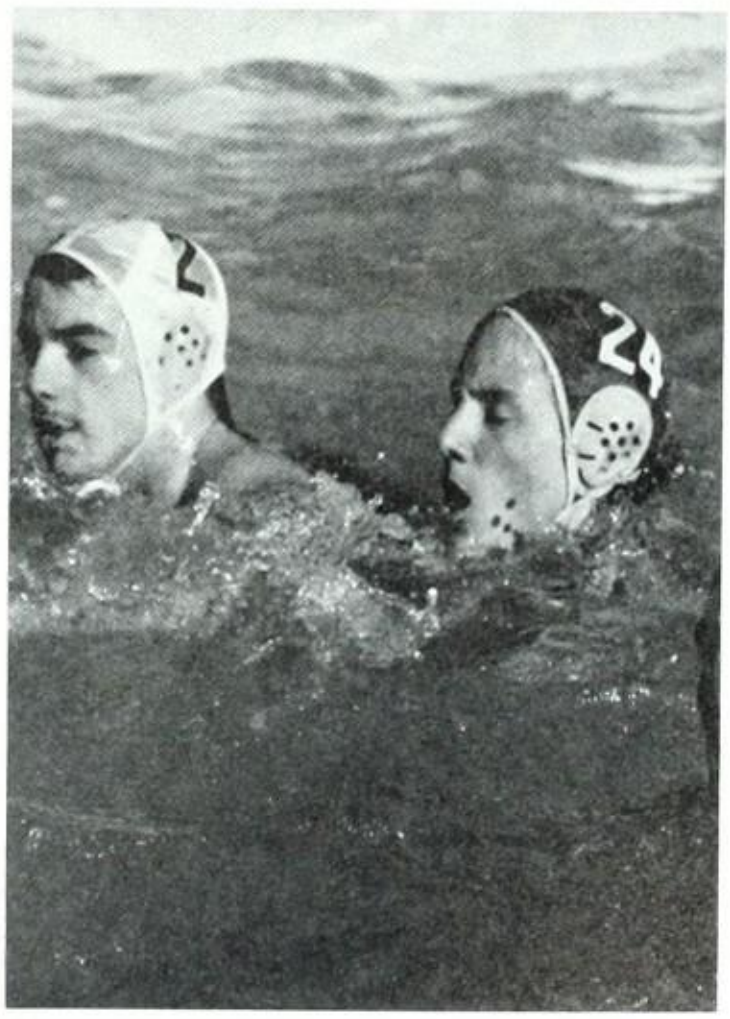


Left ro right: Top row — Shafran; Phelps; Samuels; Corley; Coach Stewart. Middle row — Leach; Landon; Mellenthin; Ulich; Sarnoff. Bottom row - Pasnau; Jones; Capt. Palmer; Sutherland; Griffiths.

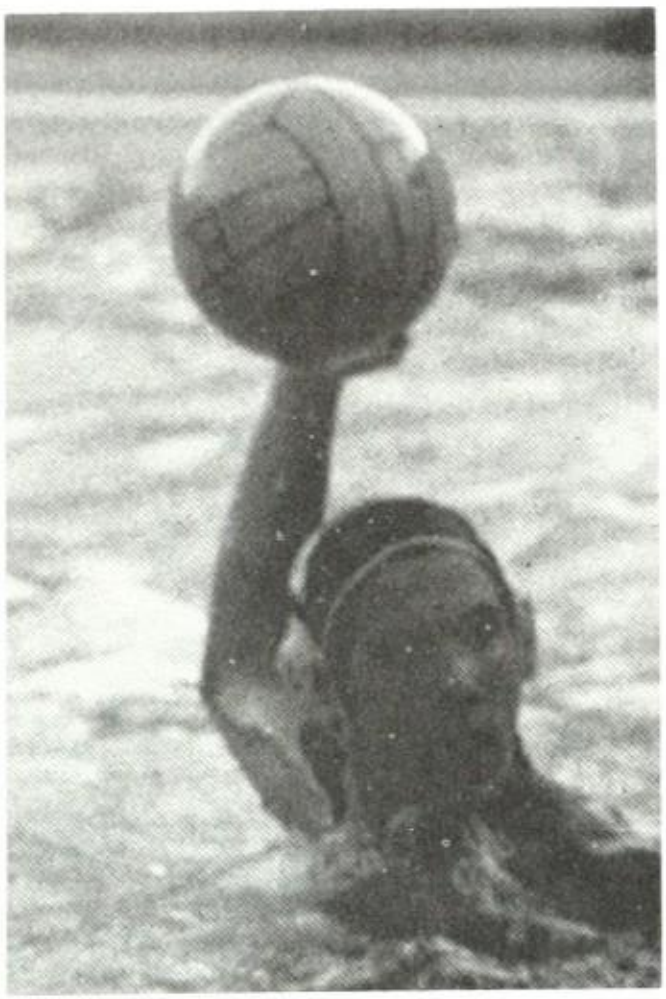


Clockwise from above: Sarnoff climbs over the top; Palmer rifles the ball; Pasnau and Shafran protect the goal; The one that got away! Phelps "asleep" on defense; The offense sets up; "Go Big Red!"





JUNIOR VARSITY WATER POLO



Left to right: Top row - Coach Rappaport; Wright; Salmore; Meyers; Adams. Middle row — Kanarek; Stuart; Neeley; Werner; Grasska. Bottom row — Pops; Capt. Czuker; Capt. Cutler; Josephson; Frojen.

Clockwise from top left: Czuker prepares for penalty shot; Grasska pressed by defender; Kanarek awaits the sprint.

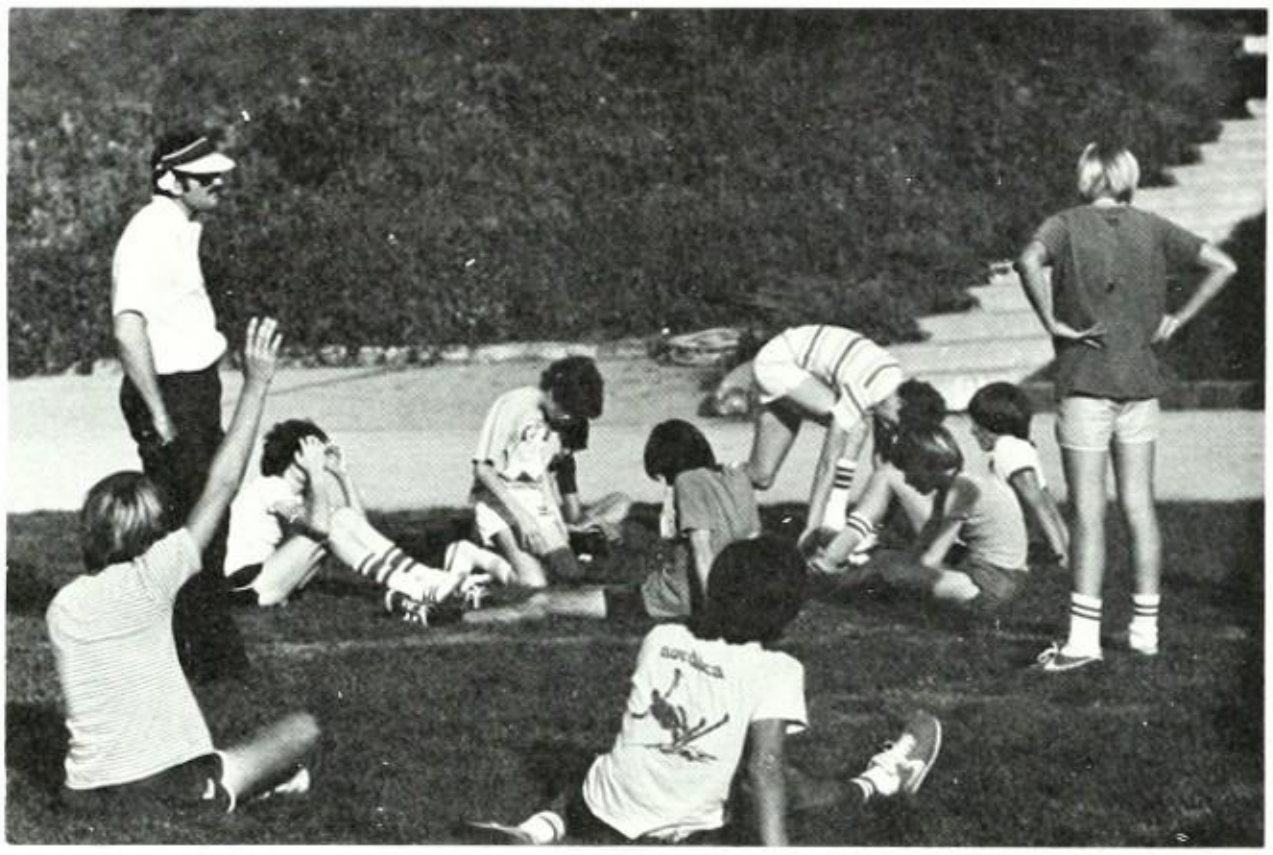
FROSH-SOPH WATER POLO

Right: Ellis questions the ref's call. Left: Defenders close in on Brittingham.

Left to right: Top row: Coach Rappaport; Penzell; Stockel; Purcell; Brittingham; Carpenter; Park; Coach Stewart. Middle row: Fredricks; Sandborg; Bridgeman; Capt. Greenberg; Capt. Ellis; Corley; Enns; Seidner. Bottom row: McKinney; Lorber; Scharff; Reagan; Kroger; Doskow; Morton.

CROSS COUNTRY

Clockwise from right: Chris Combs and Eric Walter up front; Joji Dreyfus sprinting the last hundred yards; Tom Hoffman and Steve Sanders early in meet against Centennial and Lennox; A fatigued Plato Skouras; 1976 Cross Country Team; Dave Lippman trotting in practice; Steve Sanders running the last leg of the race; Coach Berk lectures the team as they stretch out.

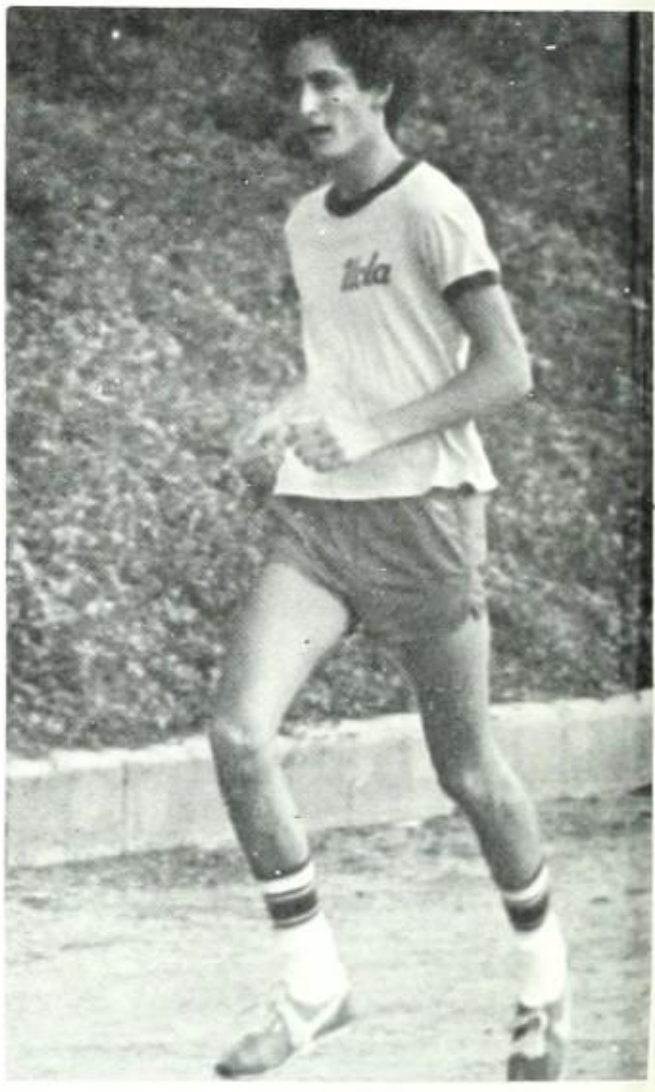


VARSITY RECORD

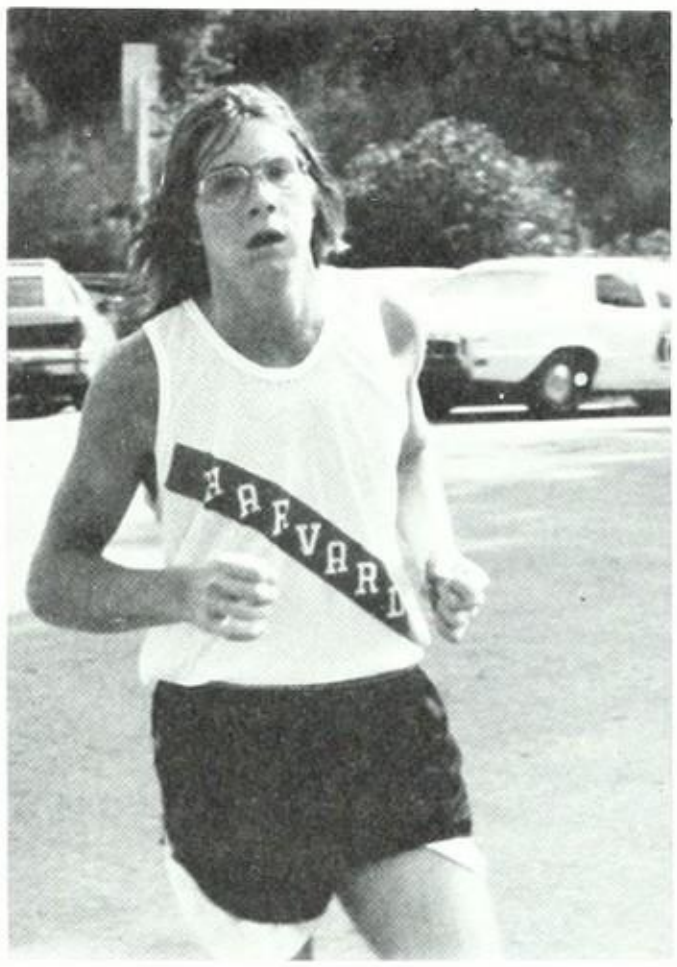
Harvard		Opponent	
L	37	Alemany	22
V	27	Webb	28
L	50	Lawndale	15
L	38	Lennox	26
L	38	Morningside	17
L	49	Lawndale	15
L	31	Lennox	26
V	19	Centennial	40

J.V. RECORD

V	17	Alemany	44
V	22	Webb	34
V	28	Lawndale	29
V	28	Lennox	29
L	31	Morningside	24
L	33	Lawndale	27
V	18	Lennox	44
V	19	Centennial	45

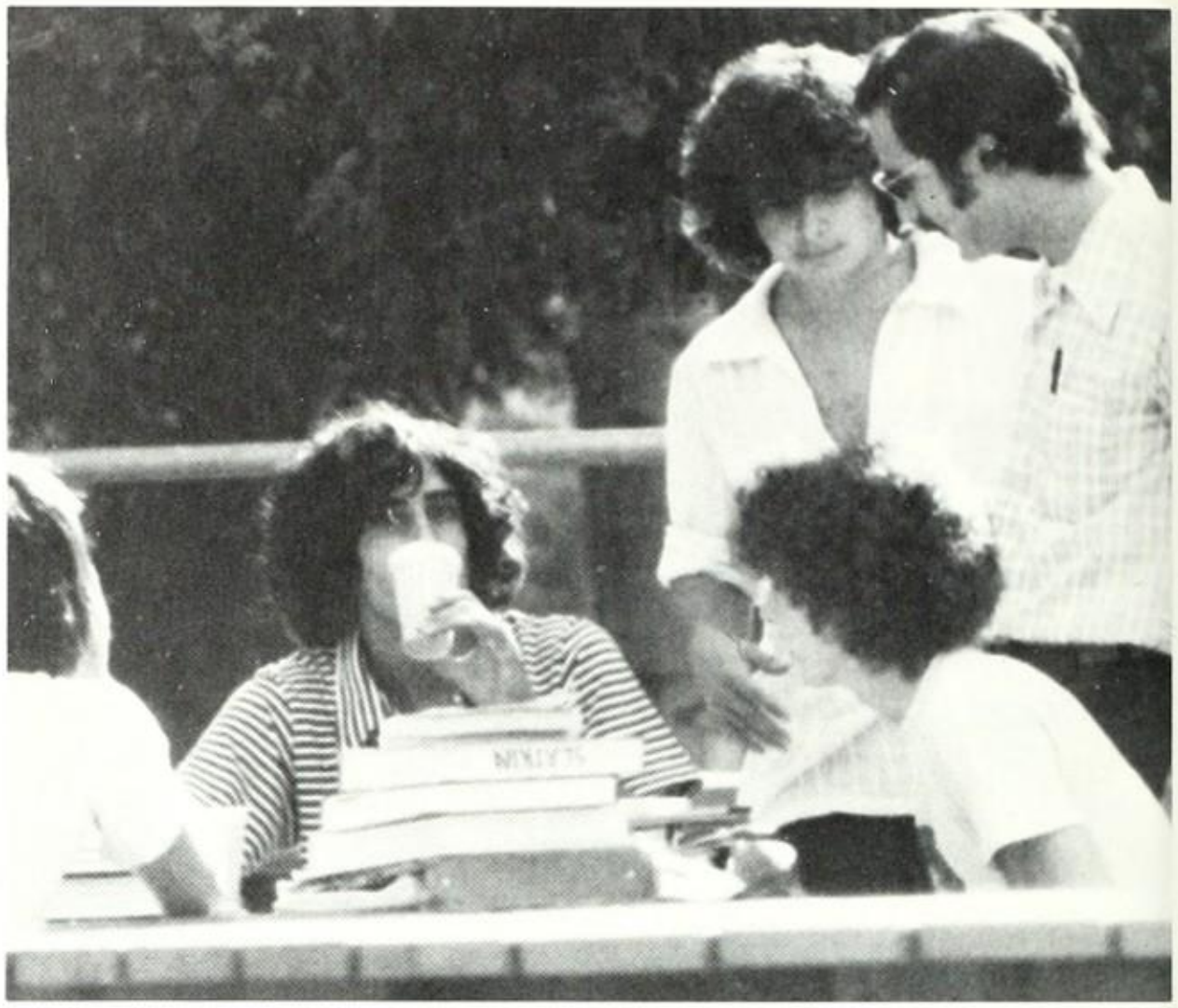


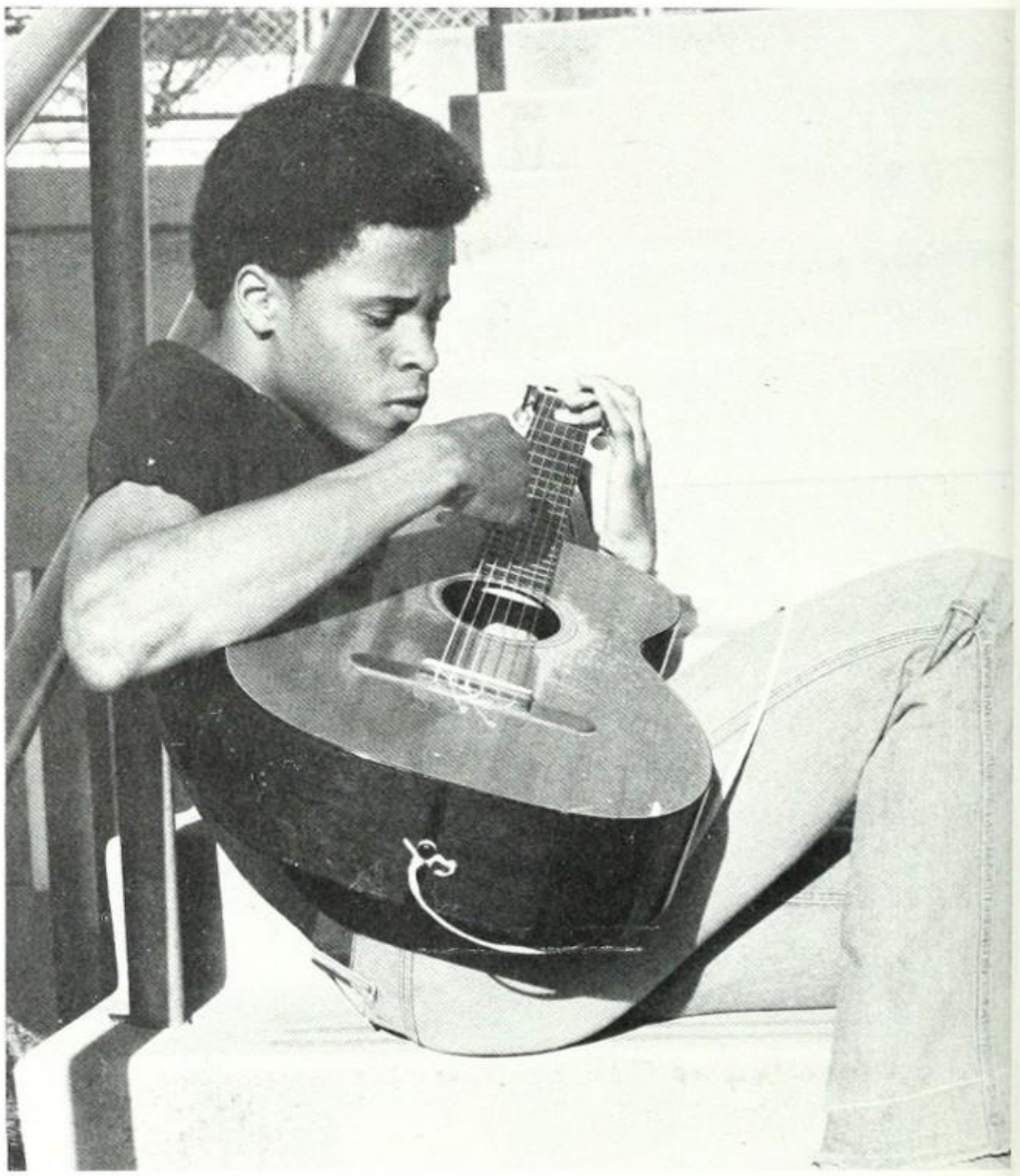
The 1976 Cross Country season was one of the most successful ever as a record number of runners turned out for the team. It was a year marked by many personal as well as team triumphs. The varsity had a respectable year, despite a losing record of 4-6. Led by Burt Jorgensen and Plato Skouras, all of the runners beat the magic twelve minute mark, an unprecedented achievement for Harvard. For the J.V. team it was a tremendous year as they ran to a 8-2 season record. David Neidorf sparked the Frosh-Soph during invitational meets; the team placed second, tied for second, and placed third in three major tournaments. If this season is an indication of things to come, Harvard Cross Country will attain far greater heights in the near future.



Standing: Coach Berk, Palarz, Harker, Sirianni, Sanders, Weterrings, Hoffman, Lippman, Jorgensen, P. Skouras, Coach Hulbert, Jerrems. Kneeling: Hairy Lifson, Witts, S. Skouras, Brittain, Shih. Sitting: Herman, Neidorf, Walter, Maddog Drefus, Birthistle, Effertz, Combs.

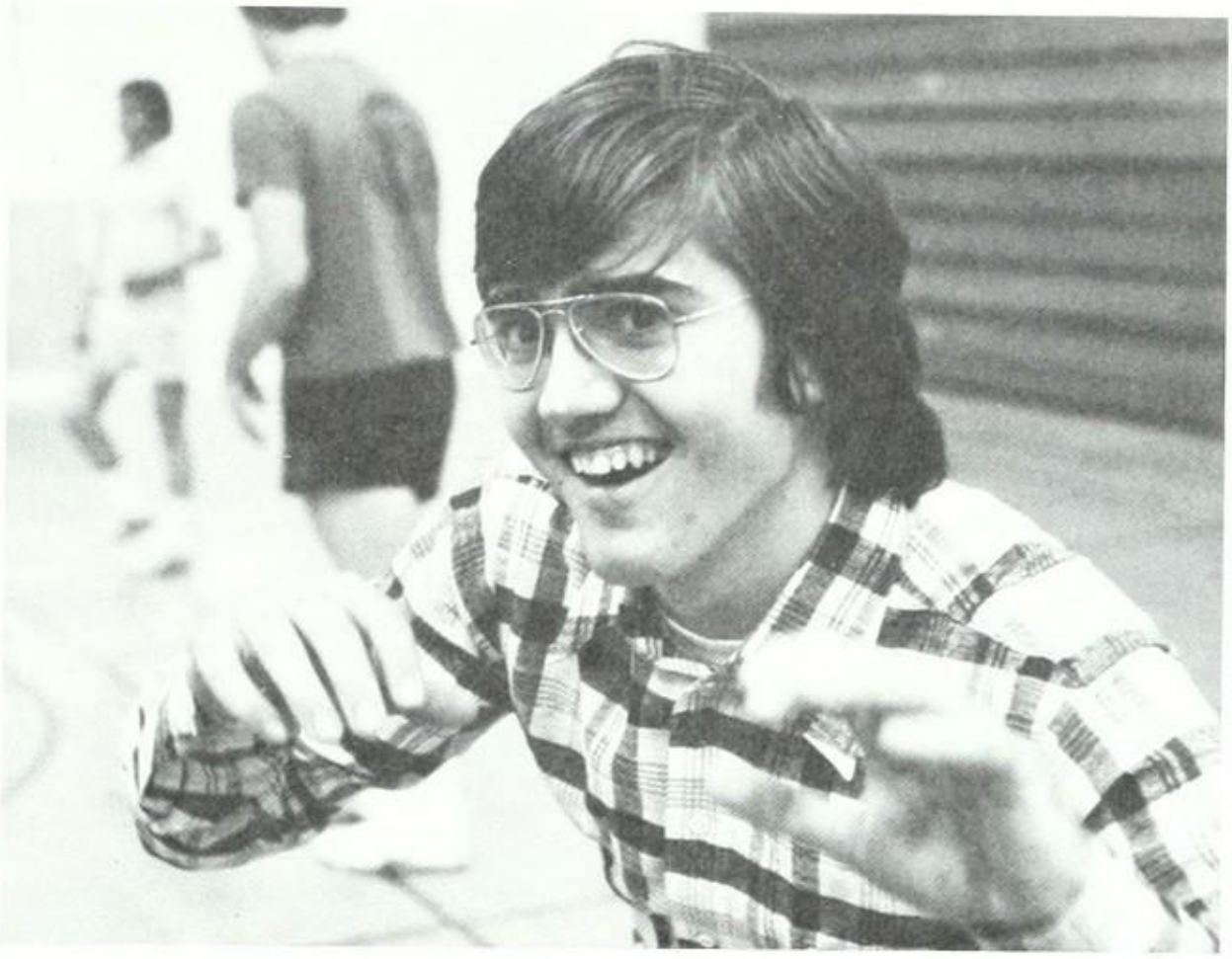
JUNIORS

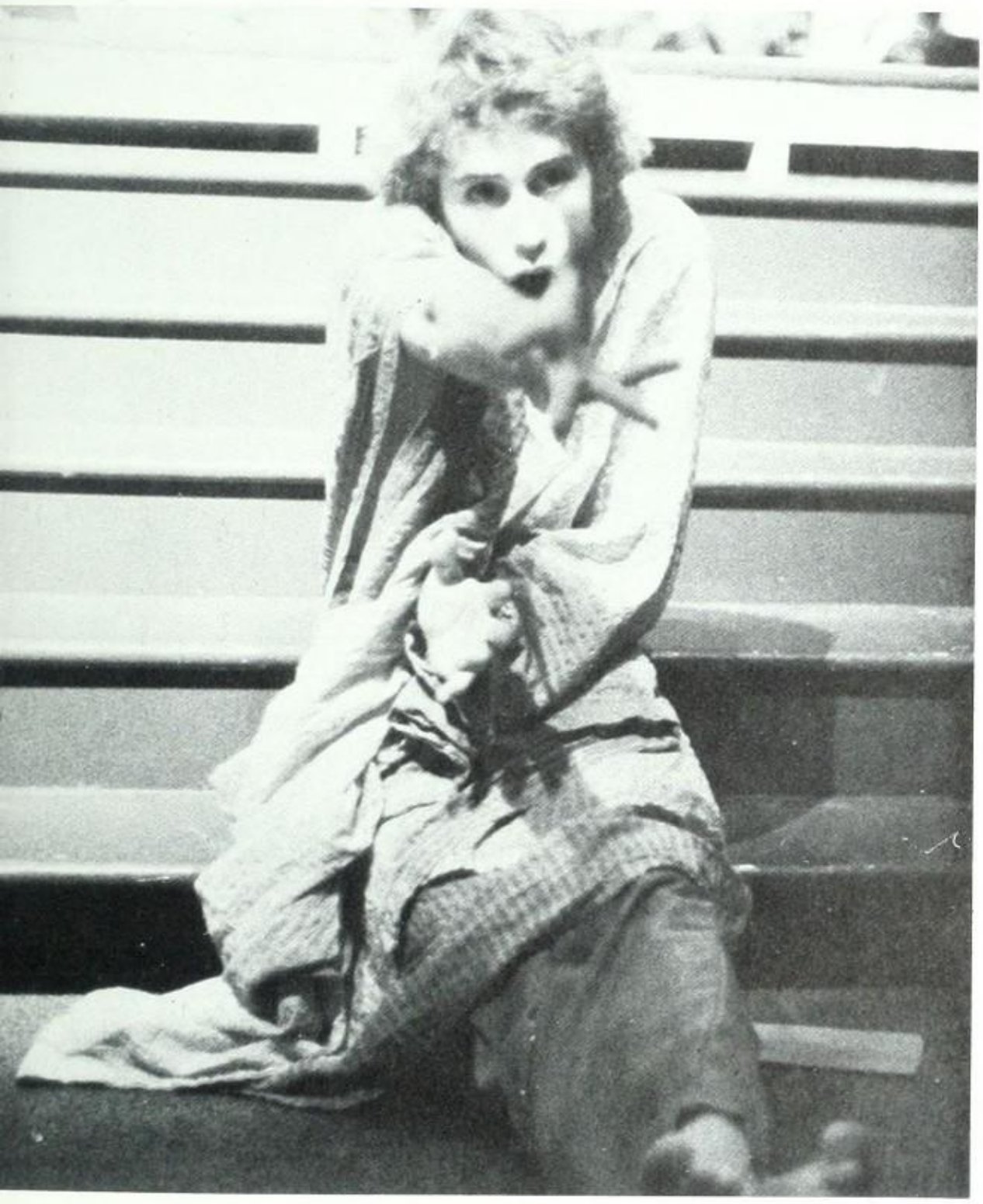




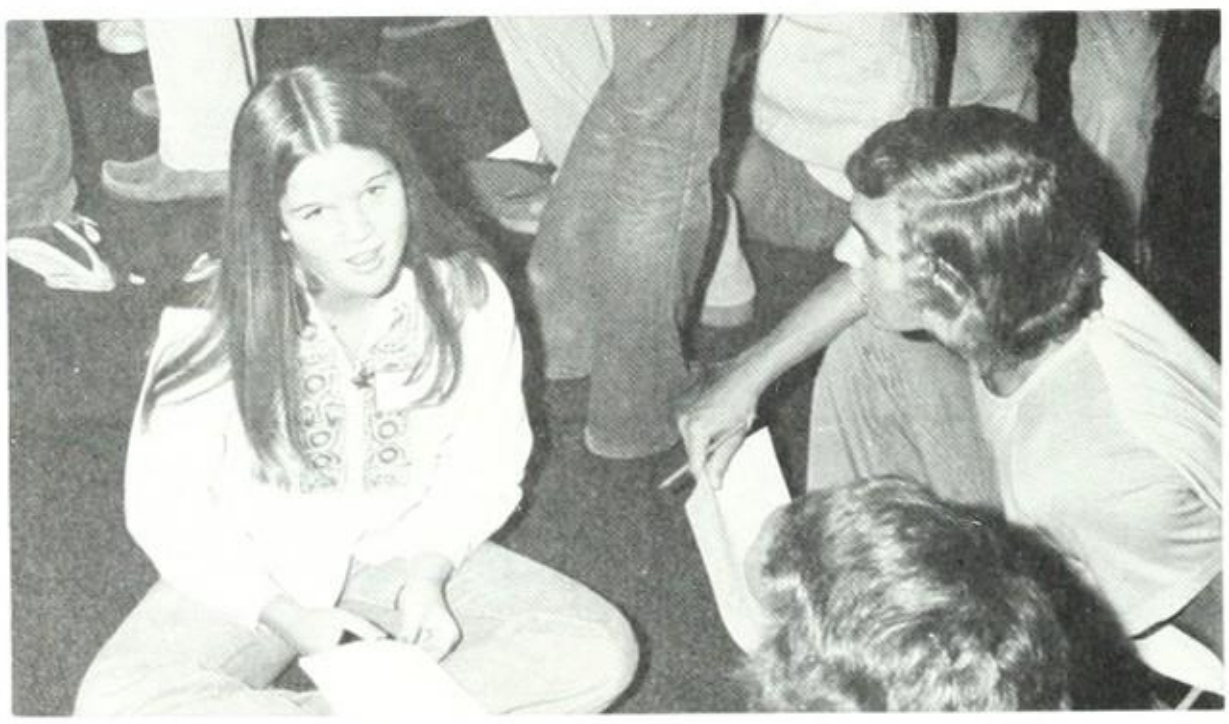
Clockwise from above: Steve Ctuler and Wilbert Chew read intently in the library. Albert Eyrand, David Sones, Jerrel Tognazzini, and Mark Lindon discus their climbing techniques with Mr. Cohen. Peter Hoffenberg enjoys the "Moveable Feast." Fred Kaufman finds something to smile about after a soccer loss. Jim Morland. Bill Moses. Bill Maloney shows intensity in an expressive dance. Elliott Barnes plays gently on the guitar.

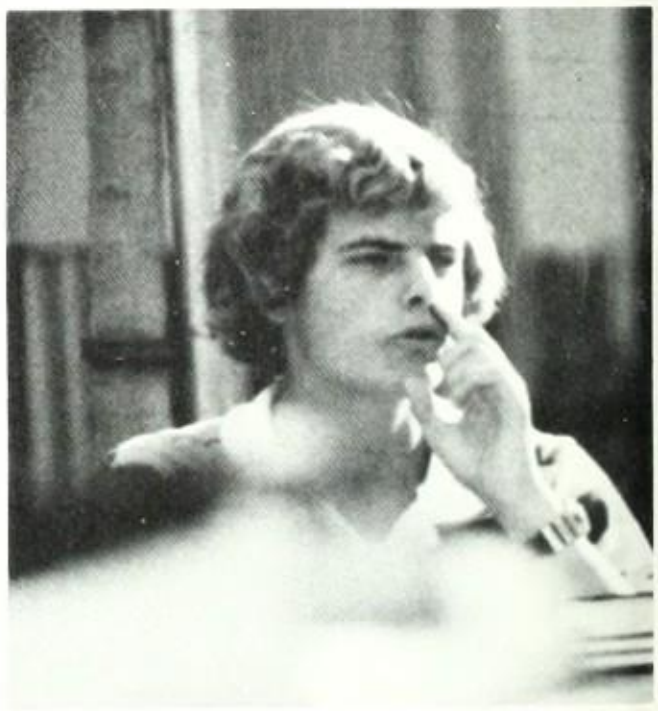
HARVARD





Clockwise: Bart Miles is stumped; Varsity Soccer champs Lau, Sullivan and Cazier after another victory; Al Eyraud gives the signal (like in The Sting); Cathy Hayes and Richard Wander at Awareness Day; Brian Linde considers doing some work.





Bejamin Adams
Robert Ahmanson
Michael Andrews
Steven Aronson

Elliott Barnes
Mark Bautzer
Derek Bell
Matthew Bell

David Bercovici
Joey Bergin
David Bernat
Phillip Blackman
York Bradshaw

Douglas Brady
Richard Braun
John Brunson
Phillip Bryan
John Bunzel

Craig Cantwell
Kevin Corley

Matthew Cazier
Eric Cotsen

Wilbert Chew
Brabston Crouch

Eduardo Chung
Stephen Cutler

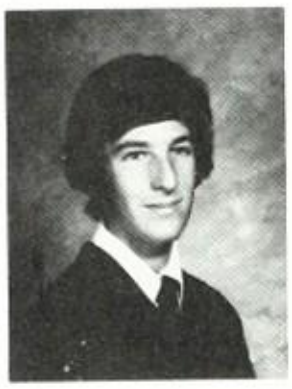
Eric Cohen
Stuart Davis

Sidney Corbett
Jeffrey Dawson

John Eichler
Albert Eyraud
Andrew Freshbach
Michael Fraschilla

Jon Frojen
Seth Front
Jeffrey Fruin
Mark Gerard

Mark Getty
Tripp Goedike
Perry Goldman
Jonathan Goldson
Andrew Goodman
Robert Gordon

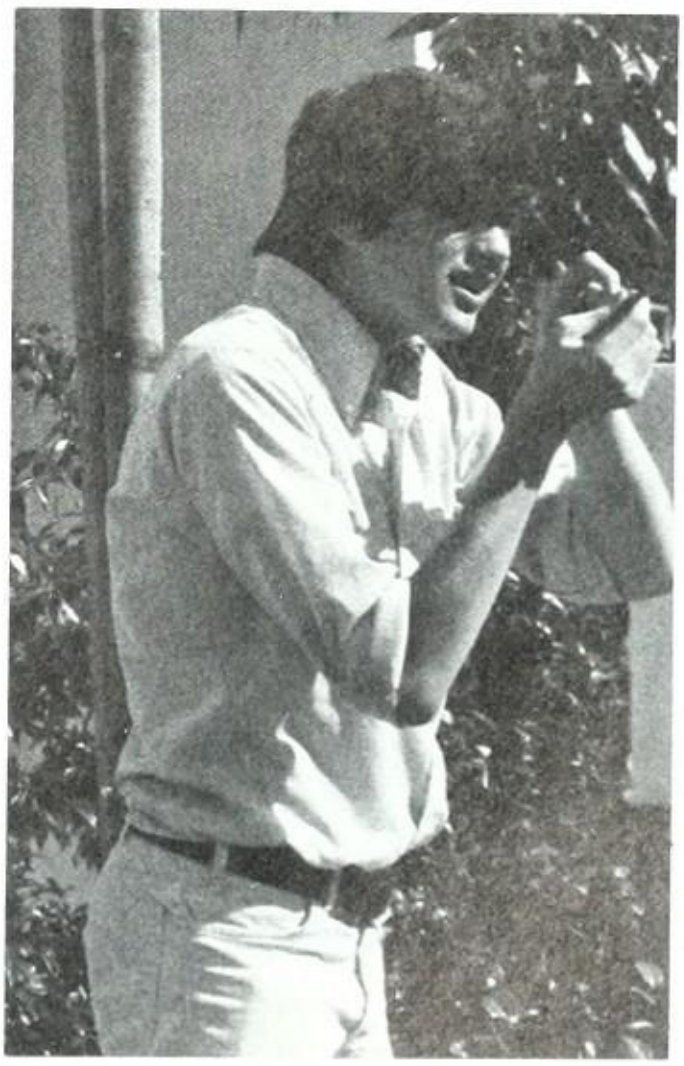


William Grasska
Eric Greenfeld
Robert Griffith
Joshua Grotstein
Donald Hill
Eric Hittelman

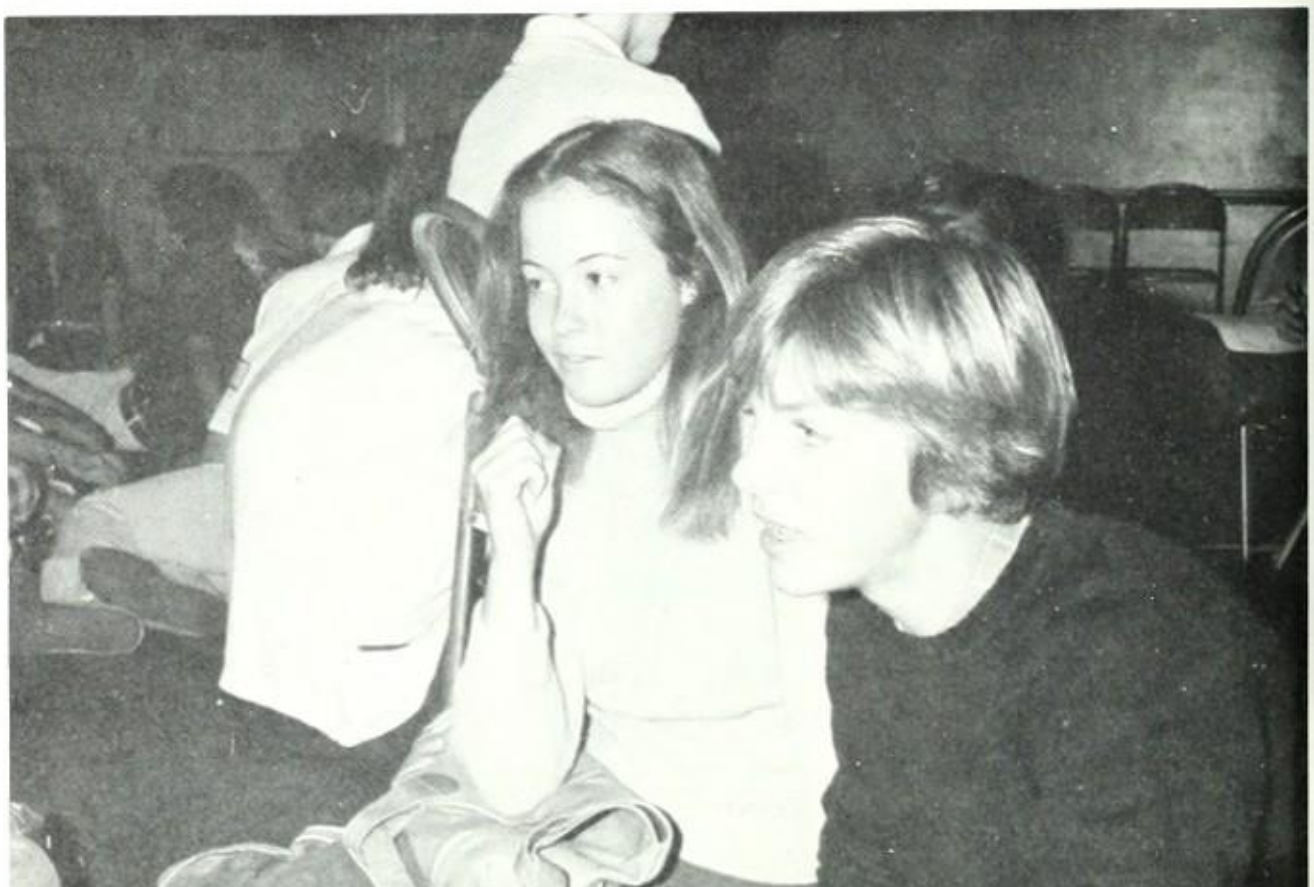
Peter Hoffenberg
Thomas Howard
Thomas Huggins
Brian Jerrems

John Jordan
Peter Jungschaffer
Roger Kanaar
Paul Kanarek

Clockwise from bottom left: Harvard goes to work; Dr. Feshback experiments; Danny Wientraub enjoys Awareness Day with Cindy Hayes; Finals over at last; Levine caught in the act.



Clockwise: McCarther flys like an eagle; Harvard's swim team works out; Awareness Day discussion between Leslie Burton and Peter Neville; Doc Sones,plays his sax; Mark Bautzer relaxes on way home from soccer match.



ederick Kaufman
air Leach

Sean Kelly
Lawrence Levine

Mikael Kjellin
Harold Lifson

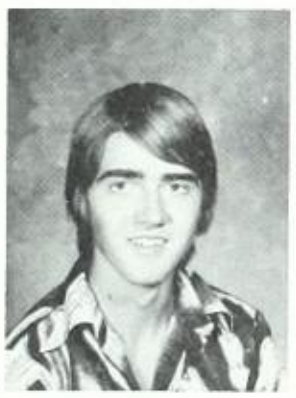
Matthew Kuhns
Tom Lin

Bruce Landon
Brian Linde

Clinton Lau
Charles Lindley

Mark Lindon
David Lippman
Walter Lusk
Charles MacArthur
Robert Mackey

William Maloney
Michael Margot
Grant Marylander
Joel Masket
William McGovern



Carl McKenna
Bart Miles
James Morland
Mark Mosch

William Moses
Peter Neville
David Peterzell
Paul Peterzell

Mark Reinhardt

Jeffrey Salmore

Mark Schine

Bart Scott

Robert Shank

Ross Shelden

Timothy Shepodd
Philip Sirianni
Matthew Solo

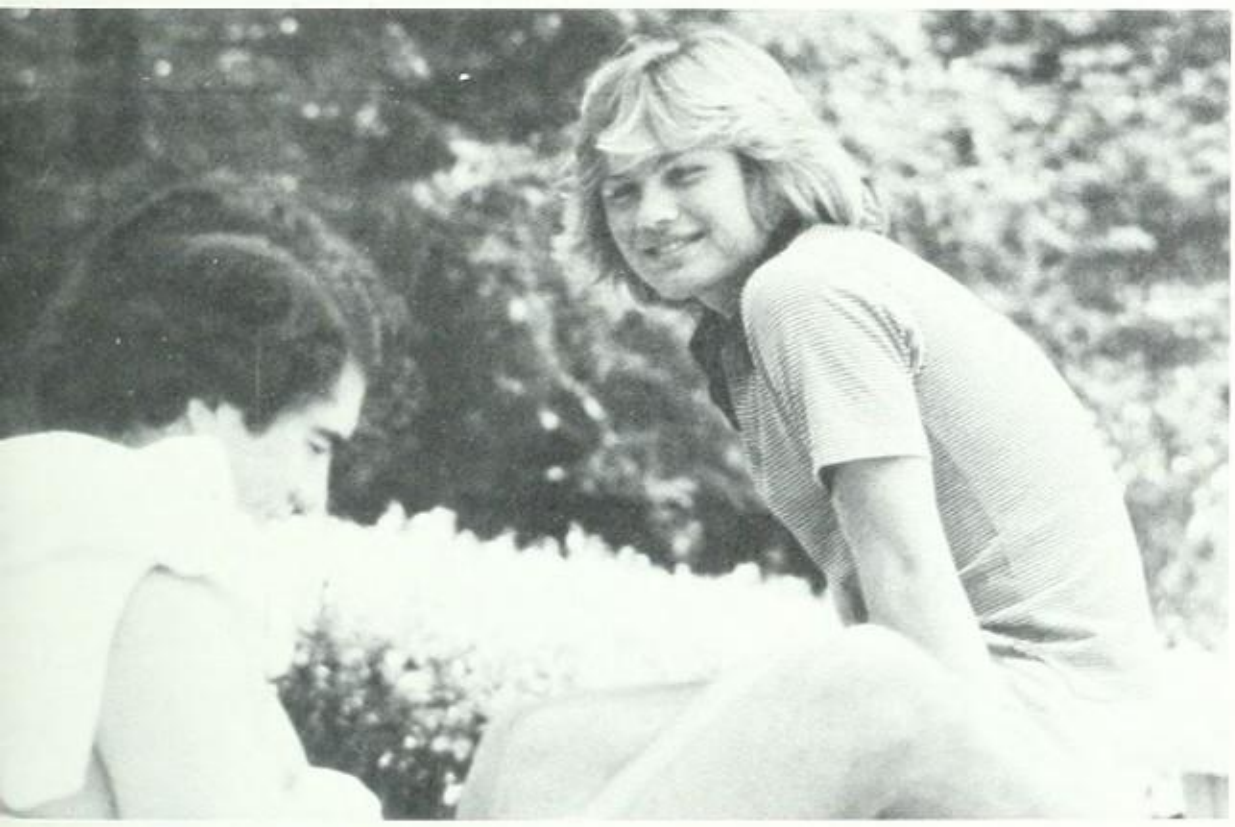
James Singleton
Lawrence Slatkin
David Sones

Barron Steffen
William Steinberg
Wesley Sterman
Gregory Stern
Jonathan Strauss

James Stuart
Matthew Sullivan
Andrew Swick
Andrew Taper
Randall Taylor

Joseph Utasy
Dean Walker
Richard Wander
Daniel Weintraub
Ian Weiss

Lance Weissmann
Richard Wentz
Michael Werner
Andrew Westhem
Jorgen Weterrings



John Young

Michael Youngdahl

"Thaddeus, did I ever tell you about the time I kicked the field goal, and it hit the referee in the face?"

"No, but right now you can help me with this layout, instead of reliving your past."

Racing over, Charles trips on the row of ninth grade film clips.

"That's poetic justice my friend, usually Freshmen are the ones who stumble in the upper school."

"Why is that?"

"Well, symbolically, they've been removed from the womb — like halls of Rugby. Their umbilical cords, connected to Mr. Magusin and Mr. Michaud have been cut, and with a hard slap from Mr. Ledyard, they enter a new life, and try to take their first, shaky steps."

"Run that past again."

"They're with the big guys Charles!"

"Gotcha. What's your schtick on the three-quarters moon?"

"What does it look like? They keep getting brighter, but at a slower pace. Some of them may still look like eighth graders, but they have a new sliver of brightness: Ninth grade life."

"Which is what?"

"Freshman sports, remember Charles?"

"Oh sure! Remember the time I tackled the goal post, because my helmet slipped over my—"

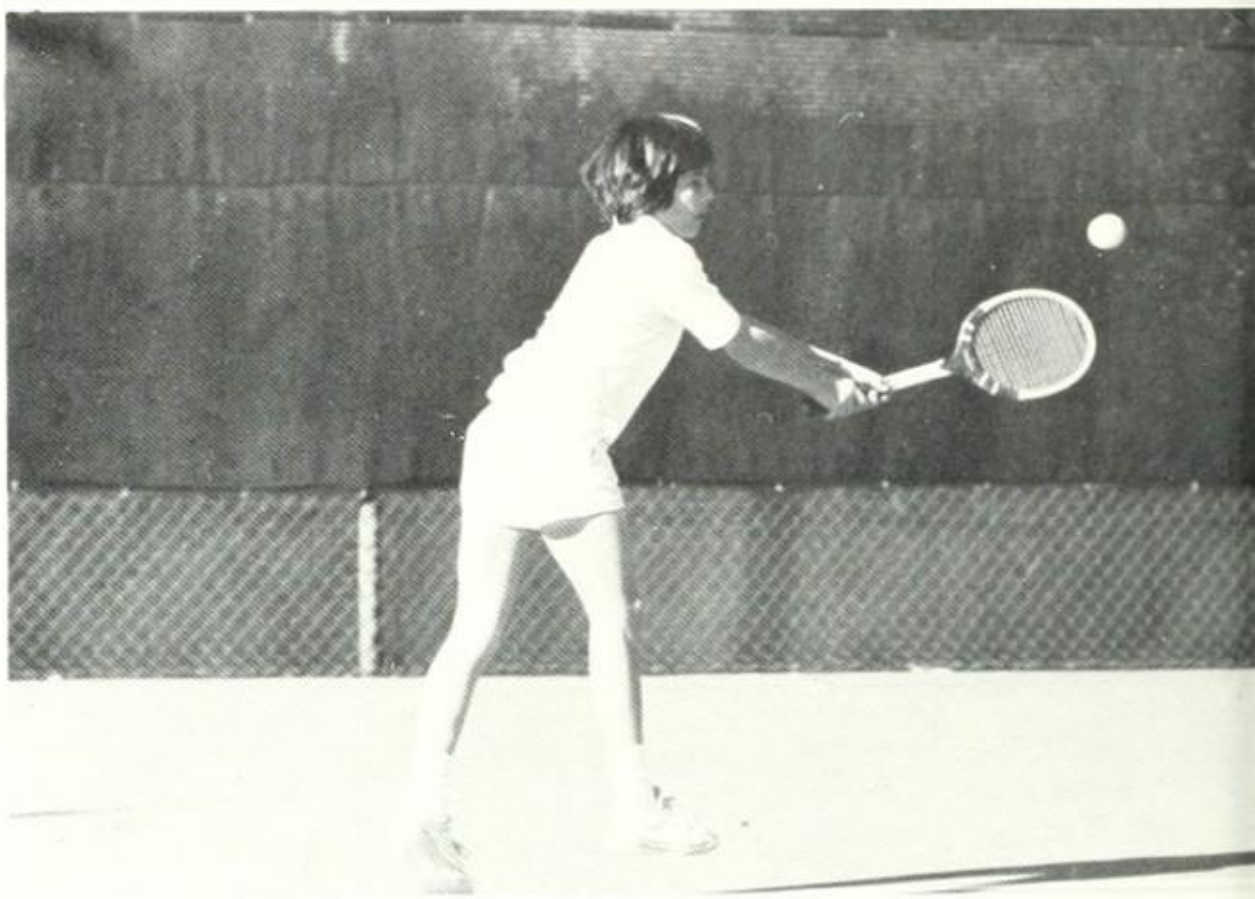
"On the other hand, there's speech and debate."

"Oh brother."

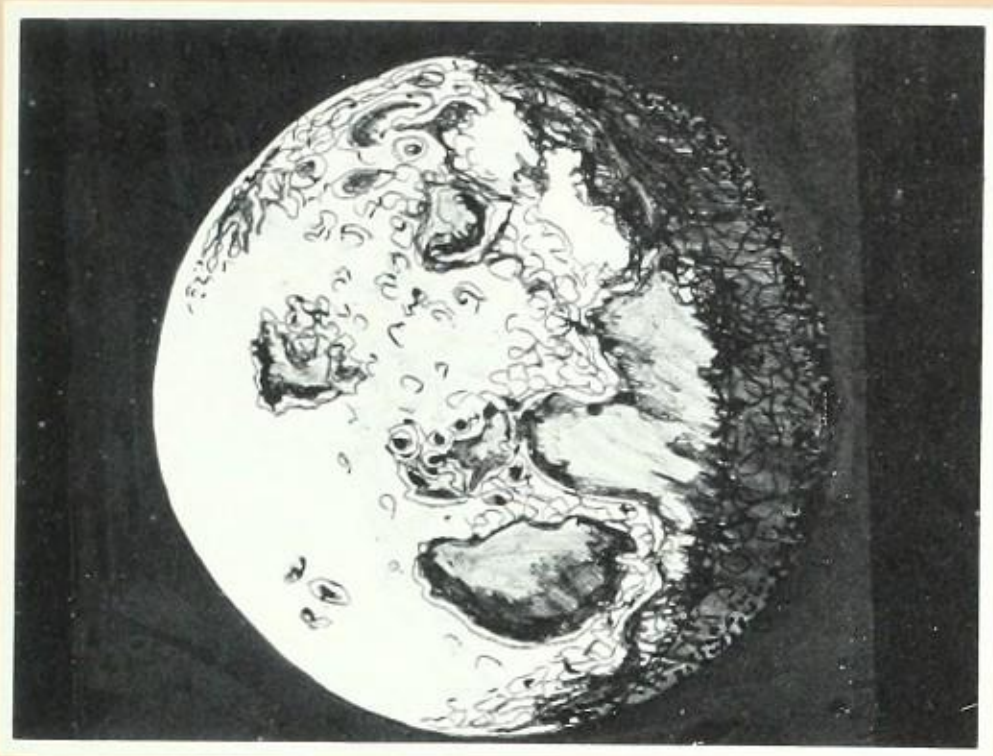
"A time of pauses, smiles, and speeches on butterflies, acupuncture, and mayonnaise."

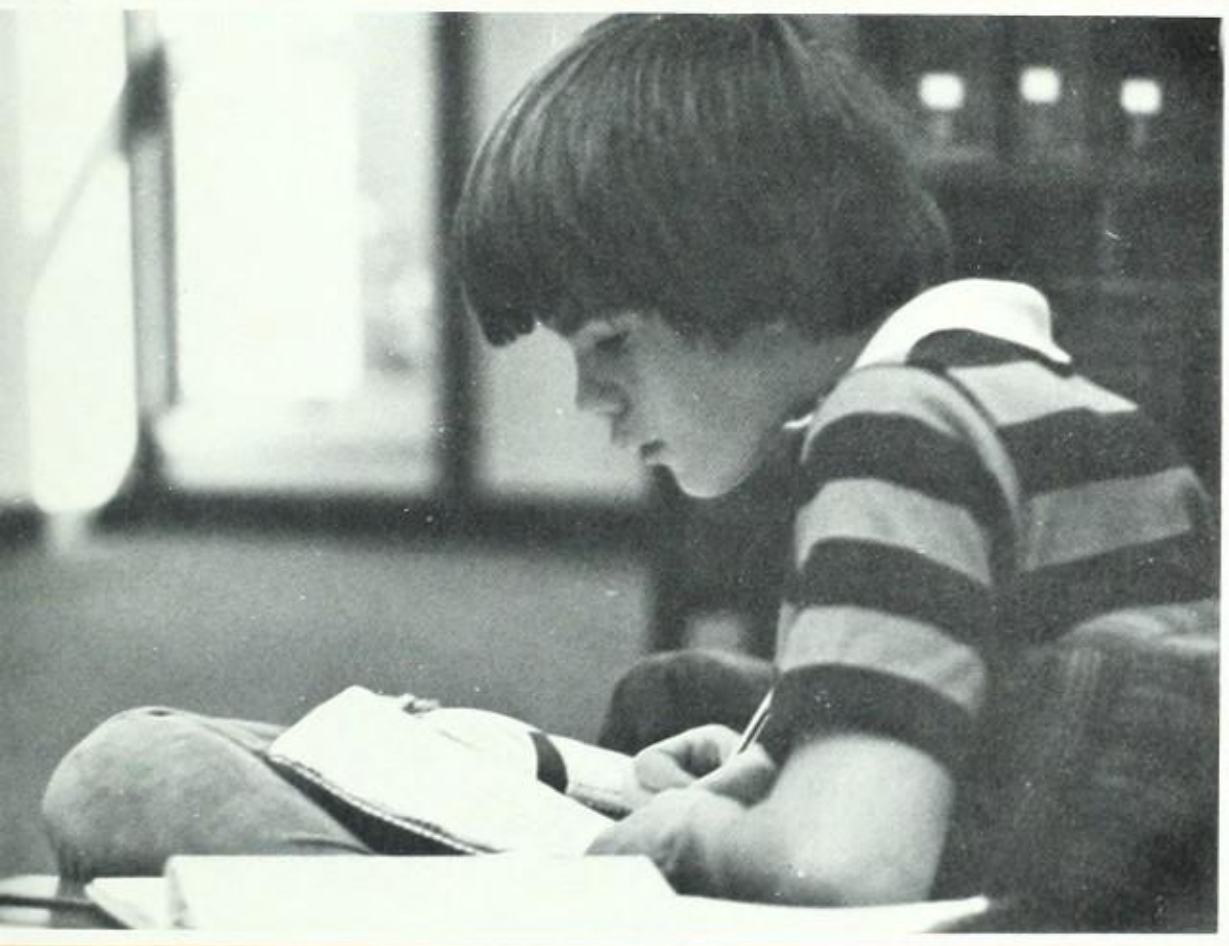
"Well, at least athletics teaches them to fight back."

"That's nothing! Speech teaches them to talk back. After all, muscleman, the pen is mightier than the sword!"



NINTH GRADE

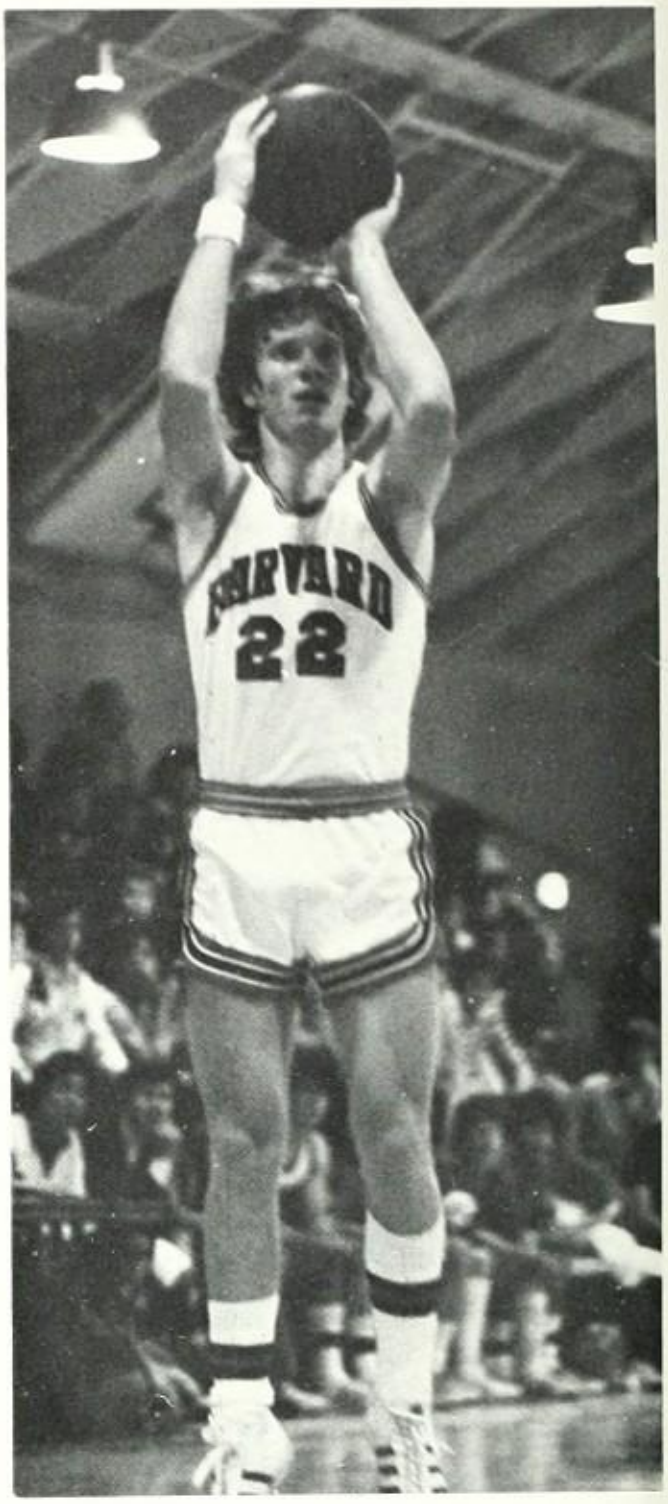


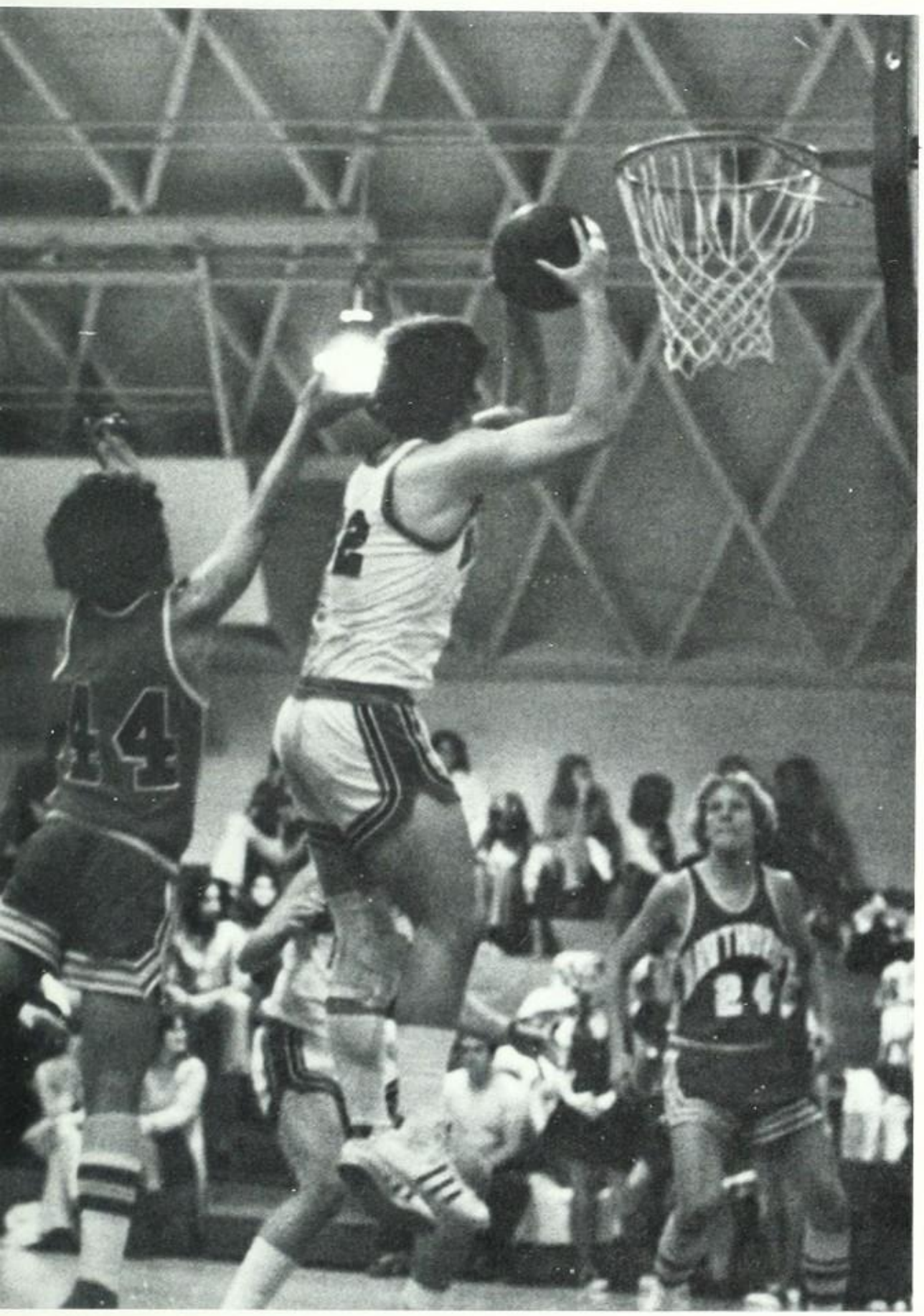


Clockwise from left: Morgan Morgan gets some Matter and Energy done. Alex Werner and Barry Klein prepare for class. Jon Fredricks performs a solo with the Jazz Band. Greg Enns waits for Mr. Woods to return. Gene Murdock returns a backhand shot. Peter Carpenter defends an opponent. Bruce Thabit and Fred Warren listen to a class discussion. Mike Long delivers an approach shot. Richard Parker and Garrett Kenyon hear instructions from the starter.

WINTER SPORTS

Clockwise from top: Peter Aberg puts his foot into it. Bill Moses goes up for the jumper. The masked swimmer. Phil Sirianni makes a diving kick. Mike Andrews skies for the tipoff. Rob Chumbook muscles his way in for an easy layup. Bob Griffith pops the ball over the defender. Charlie McArthur exhibits perfect form on his back dive. Mr. Marks lectures the troops.

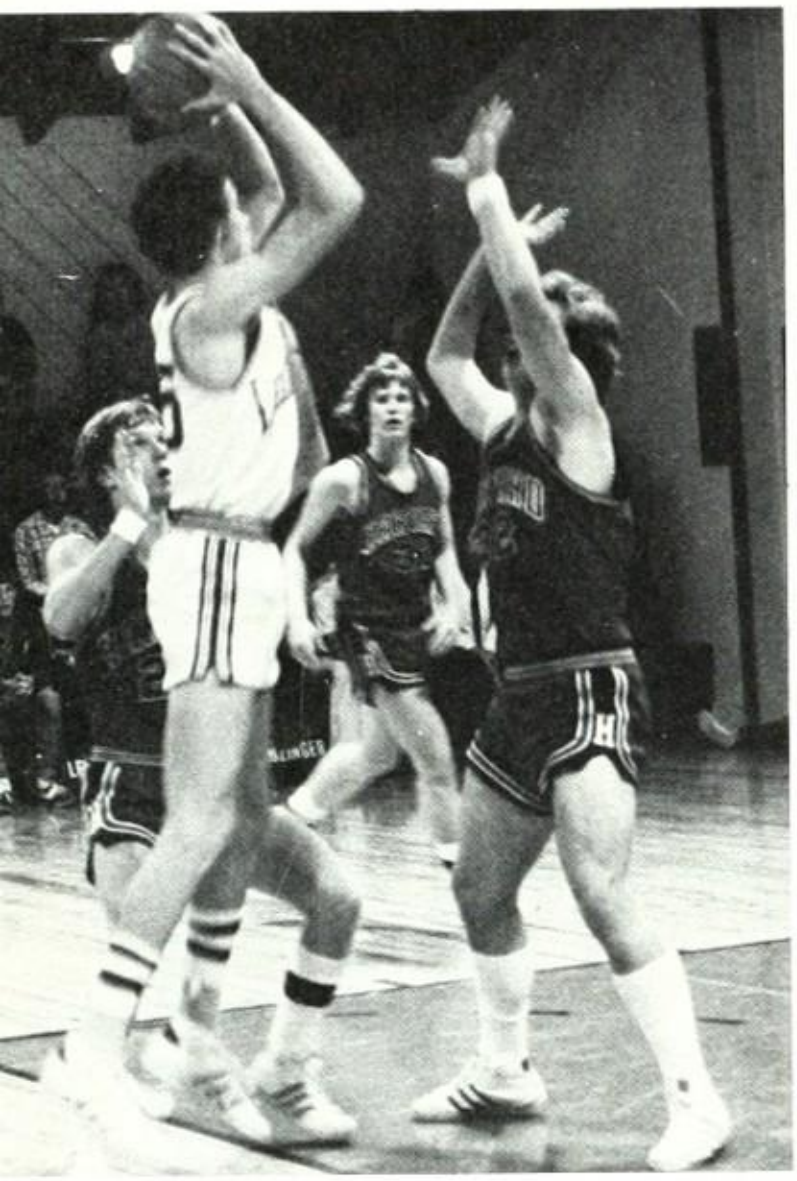


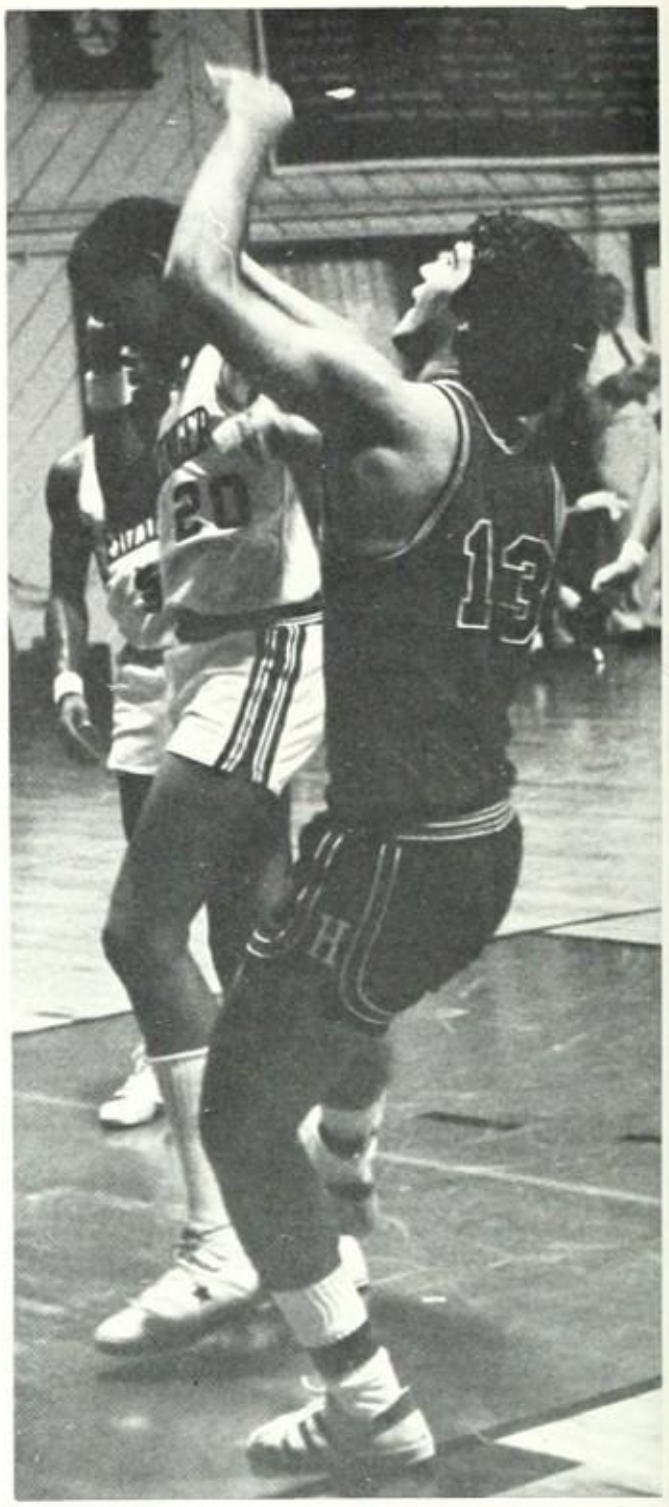


PERIOD
HOME

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Clockwise from right: Andrews wins the jump ball; George Thabit fakes out his defender as he takes a fall away shot; A battle for the rebound; George Pappas initiates the fast break; Billy Moses beats his defender; Perry Castellano is knocked down by a charging Leuzinger player; The Pioneer League Champions; Chumbook and Moses guard the Leuzinger center closely.



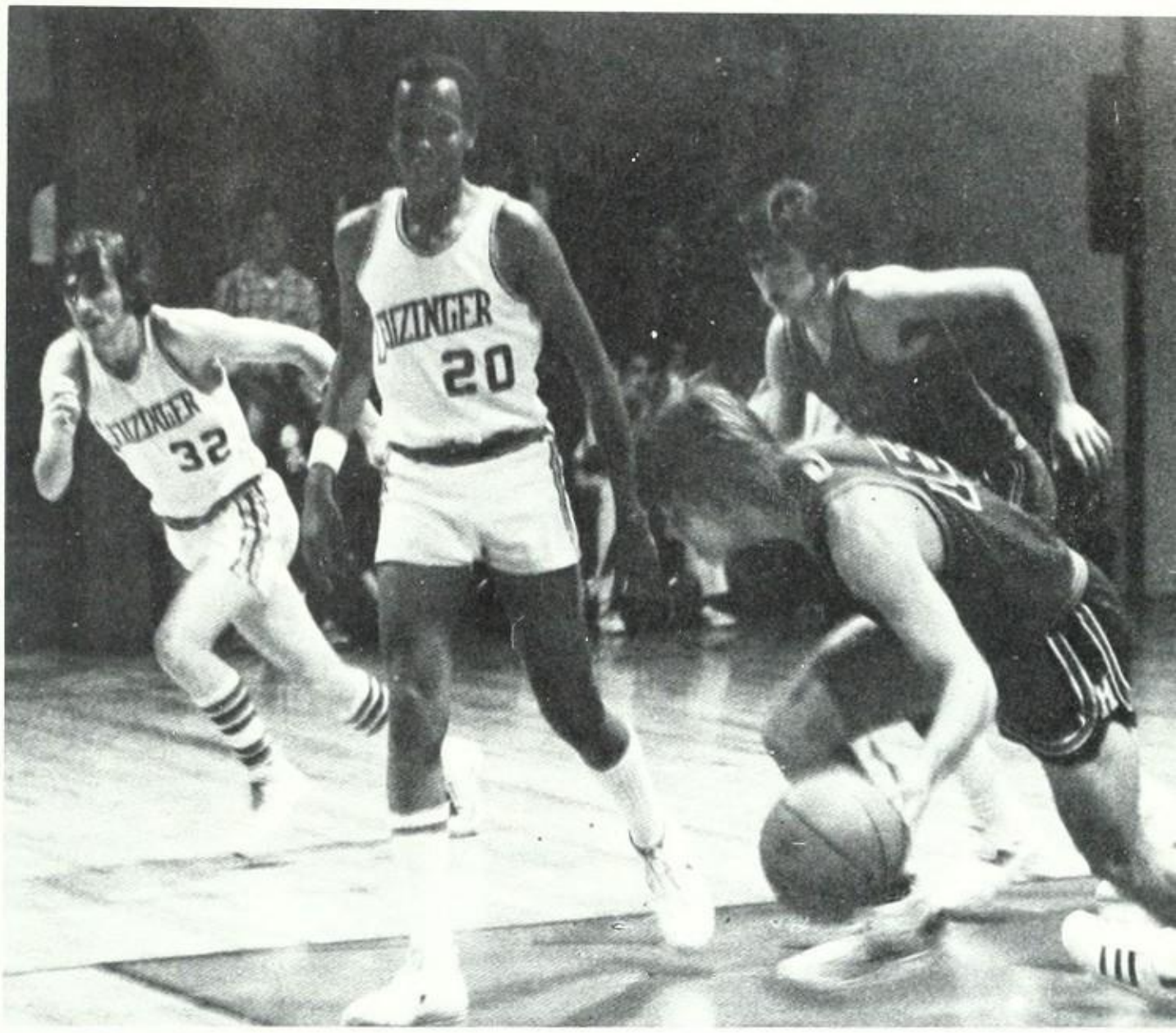


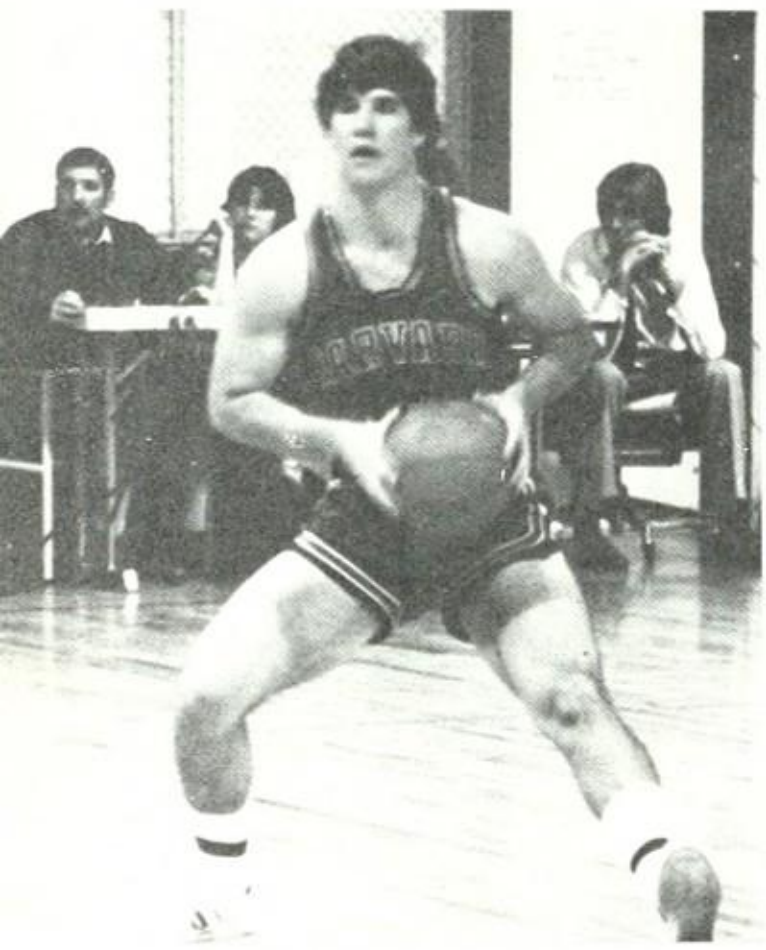
PIONEER LEAGUE RECORD

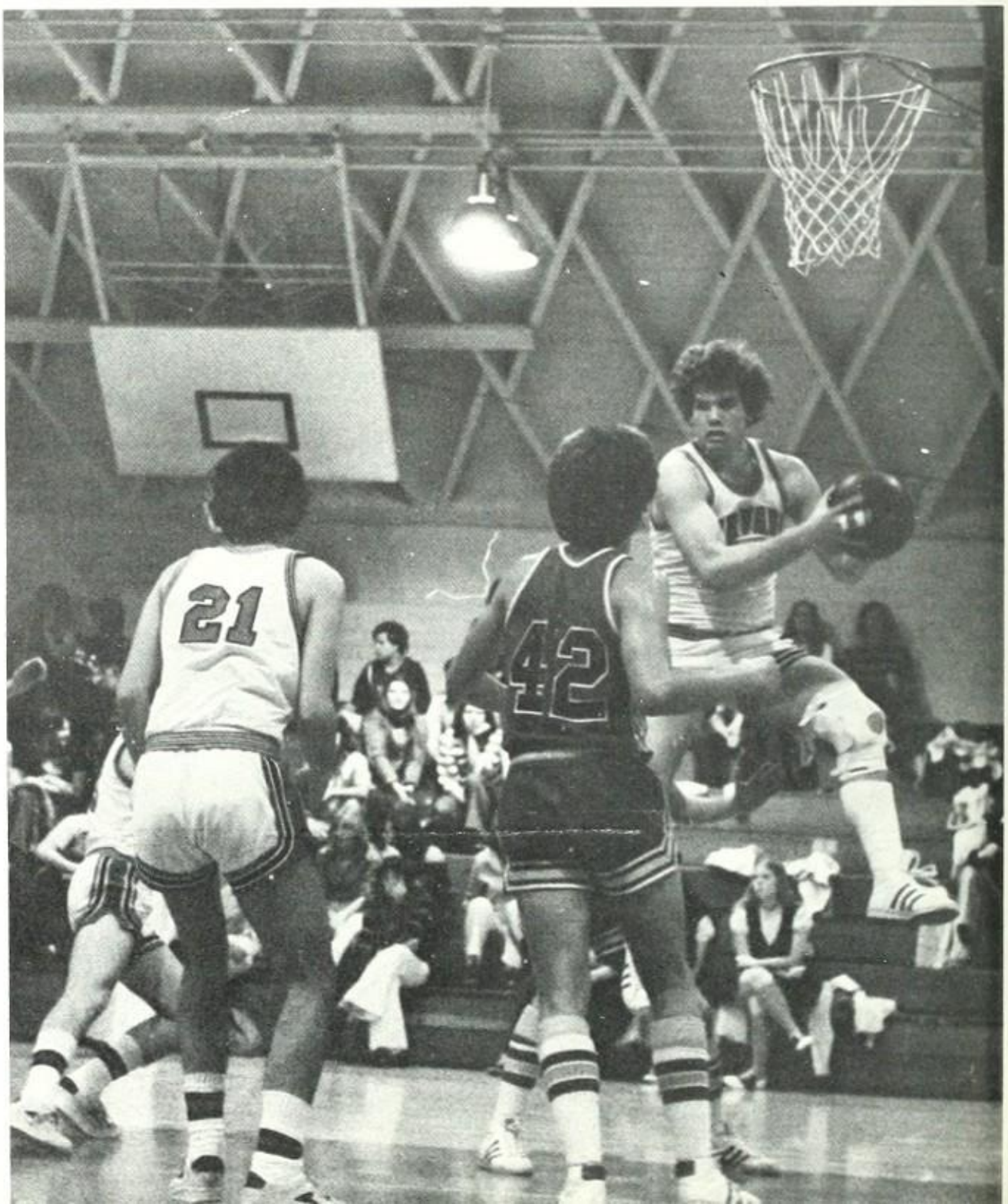
Harvard		Opponent
79	El Segundo	65
53	Lennox	52
76	Hawthorne	66
65	Leuzinger	51
62	Lawndale	48
53	El Segundo	66
67	Lennox	56
74	Hawthorne	47
74	Leuzinger	66
59	Lawndale	53

Top row, left to right: Father Gill, George Thabit, Rob Chumbook, Mike Andrews, Keith Yam, Coach McFadden. Bottom row: Seth Front, Perry Castellano, Eddie Popawski, Billy Moses. Missing: George Pappas.

VARSITY BASKETBALL





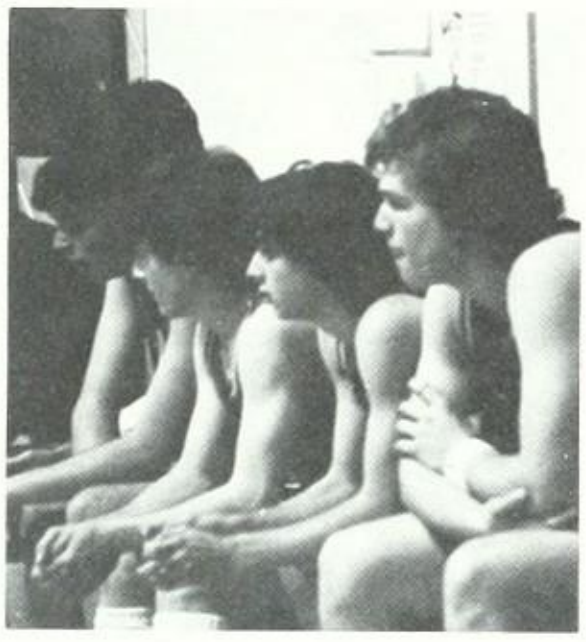


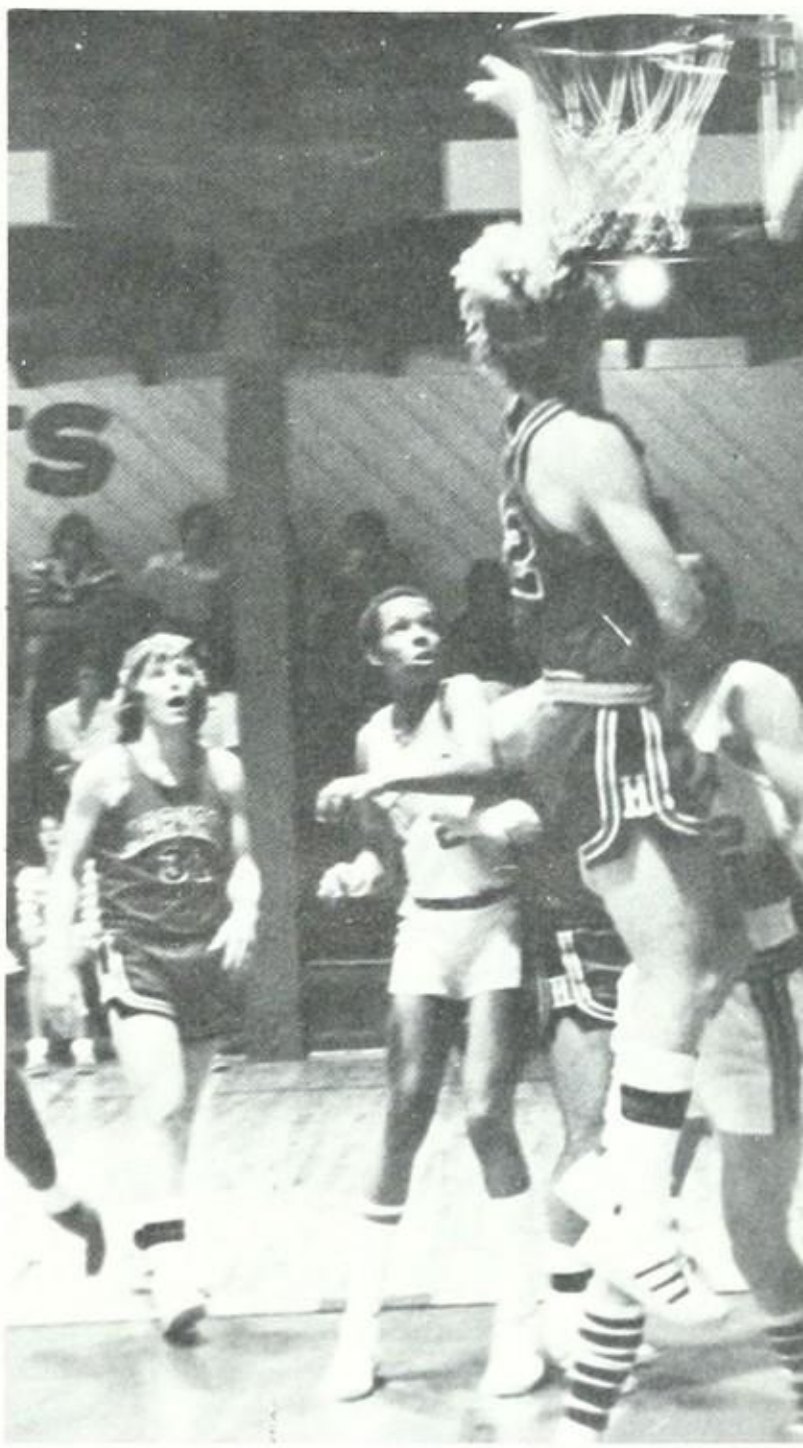
Clockwise from the top: Leuzinger waits in vain for a rebound; Rob Chumbook grabs an important rebound; George Thabit prepares to pass.

The Harvard Saracens were classified as the "Old Look Saracens" this year. Coach Dan McFadden came out of retirement and the Saracens did something they have not done for four years: WIN. He stressed the importance of fundamentals, especially on defense. After only a mediocre pre-season (9-5), the hard work and long practice hours paid off. In the first game of league play, the Saracens ran away from El Segundo in the bandbox gym. Harvard continued to be the surprise of the league, finishing their first round of competition with a 5-0 record.

Mike Andrews, Rob Chumbook, and Joel Masket provided the board strength. George Thabit led the defense and guards George Papps and Bill Moses ran the offense.

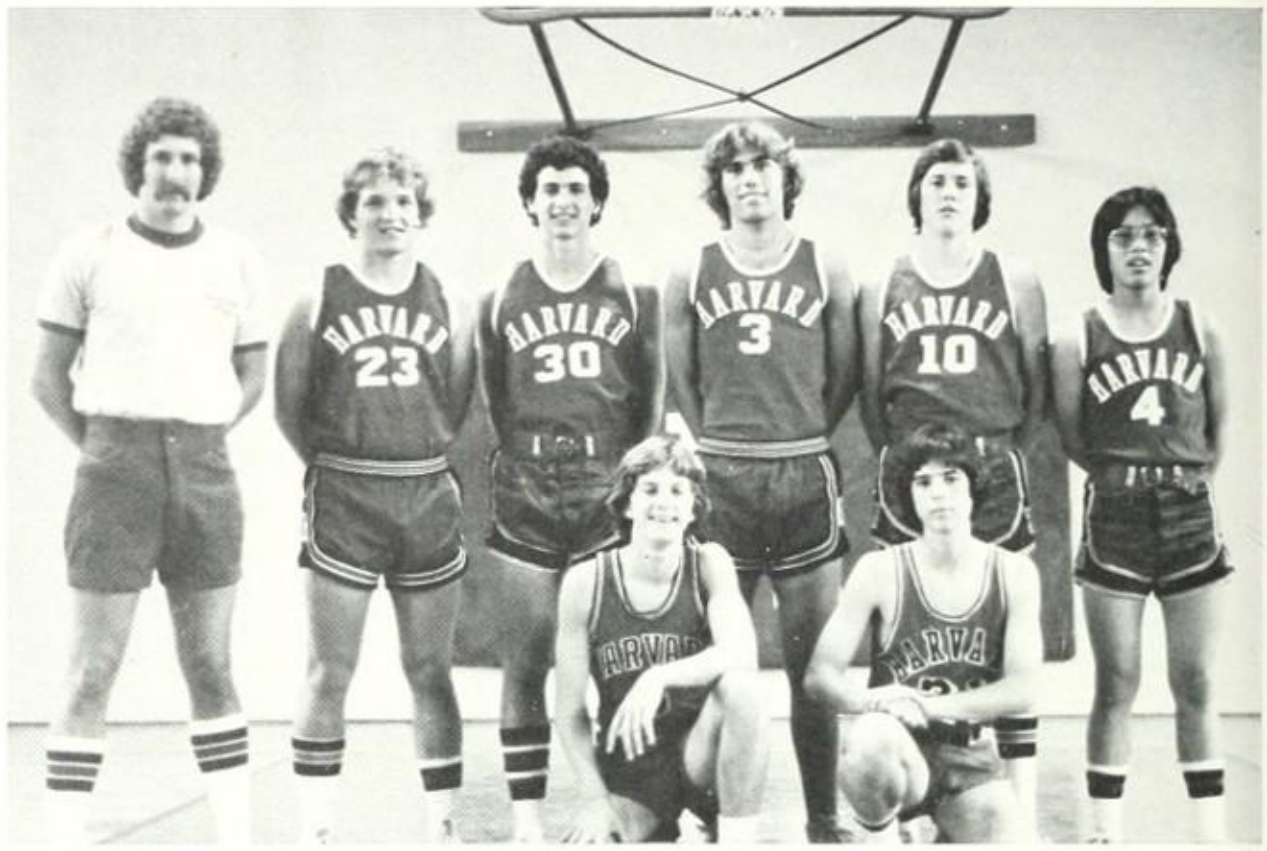
The team finished league with a 9-1 record, winning the league championship. Overall the team was 18-6, the best ever in modern Harvard basketball history. The season was unique in that every person on the team made important contributions. Substitutes all helped to win key games. The season came to an abrupt halt when the Saracens lost to Northview in the opening round of the C.I.F. play-offs.



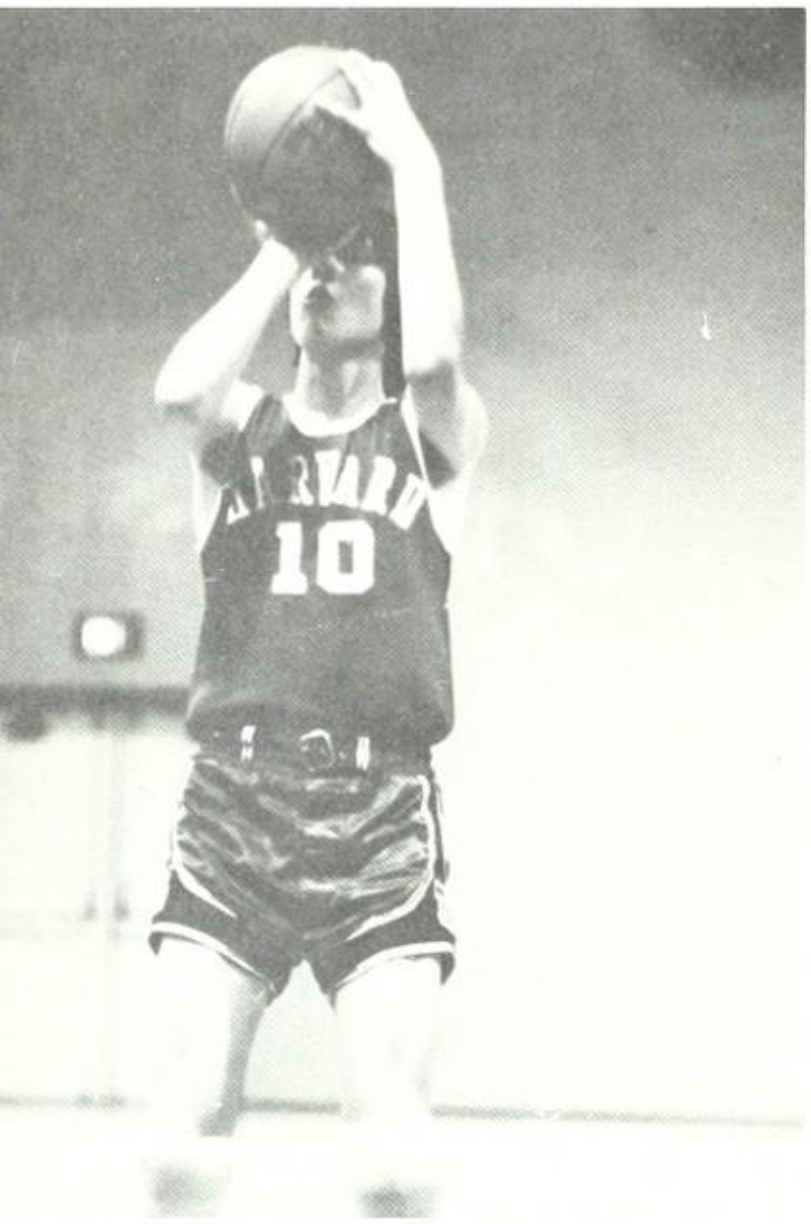


Clockwise from the top: Keith Yam leaps for a rebound: The All-important bench: Joel Masket watches Billy Moses score a lay-up: Eddie Poplawski contains a guard.

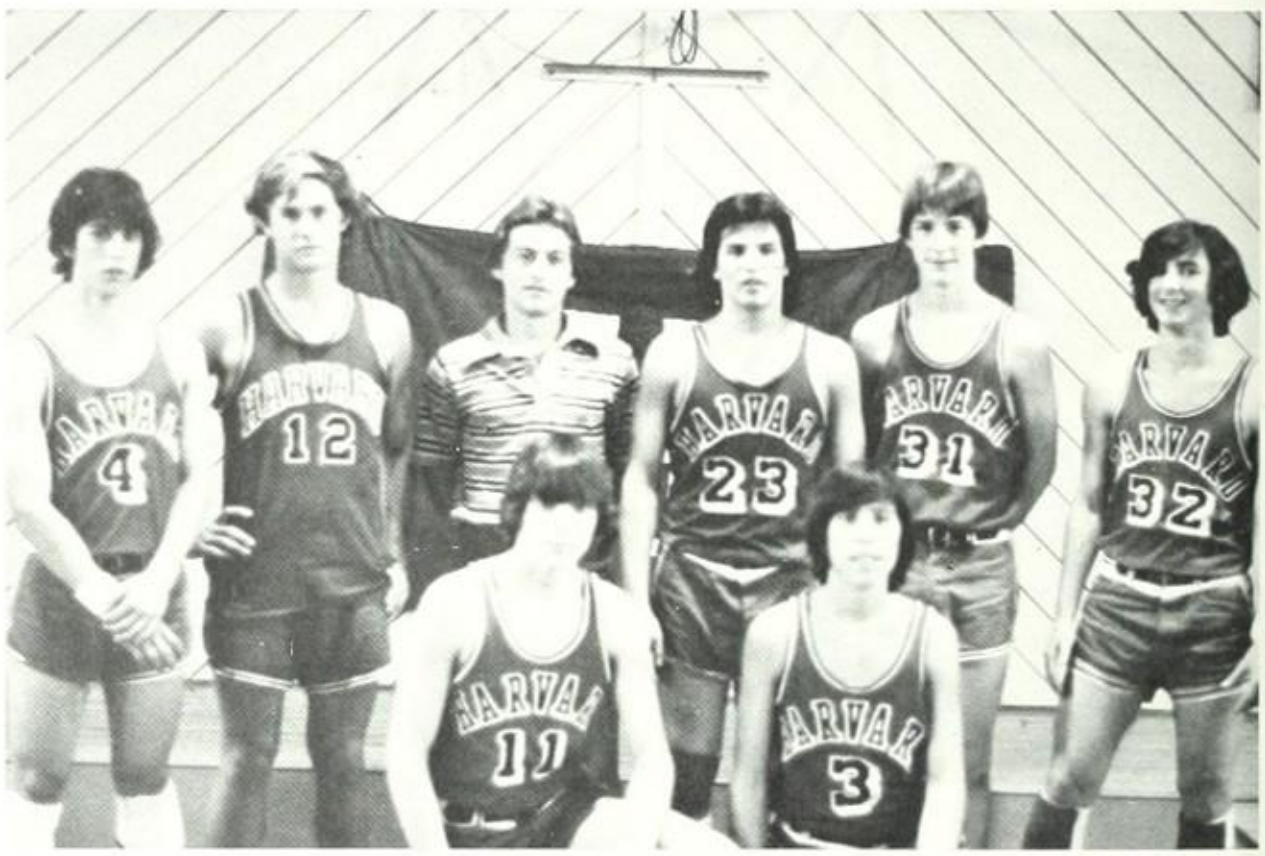
JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL



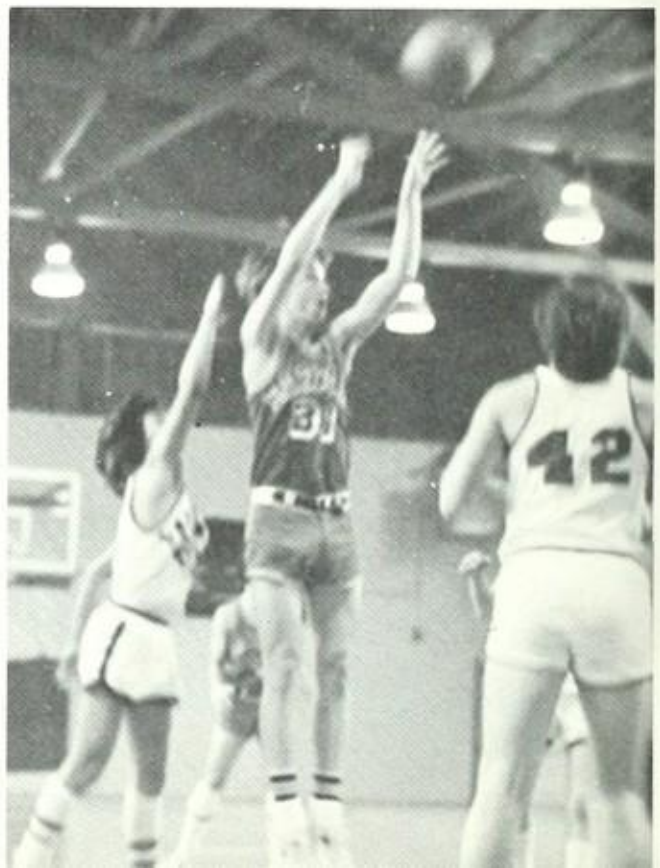
Standing: Coach Andy Miller, Kelly, Czuker, Youngdahl, Fruin, Chew. Kneeling: Neville, Cohen.



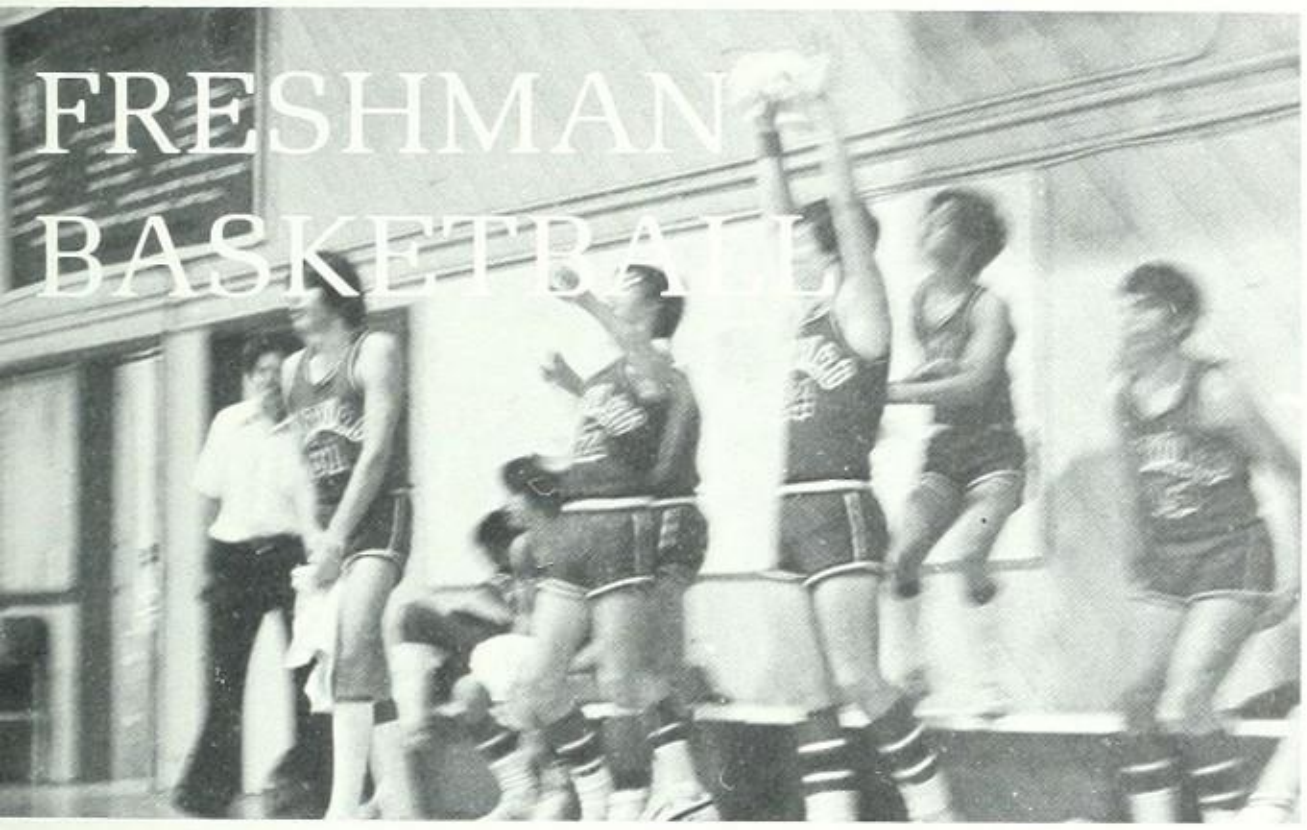
SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL



Standing: Kaiser, Ingram, Coach Lance Rawlings, Raich, Mitchel, Volpert. Kneeling: Cross, Forbes.

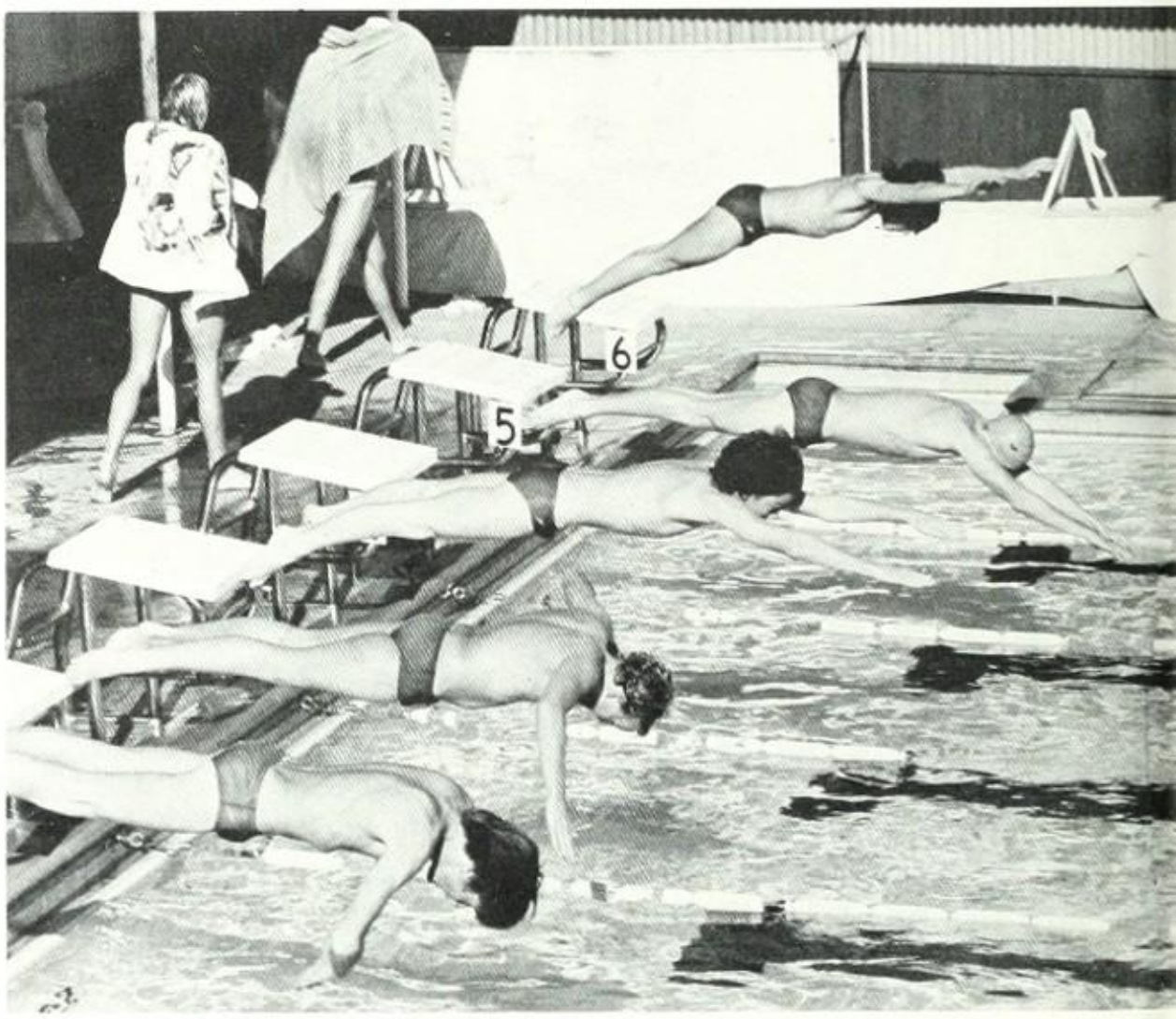


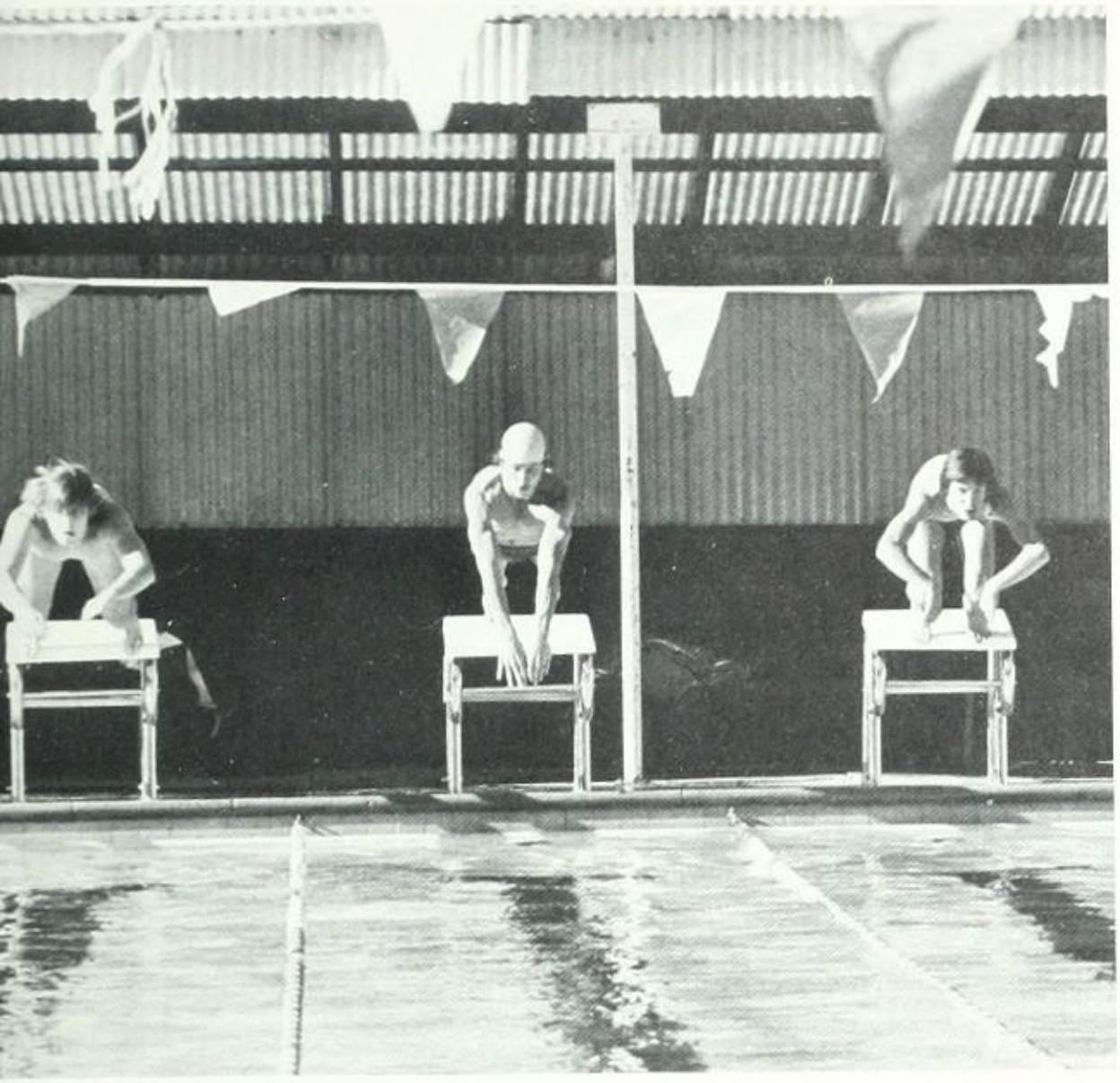
FRESHMAN BASKETBALL



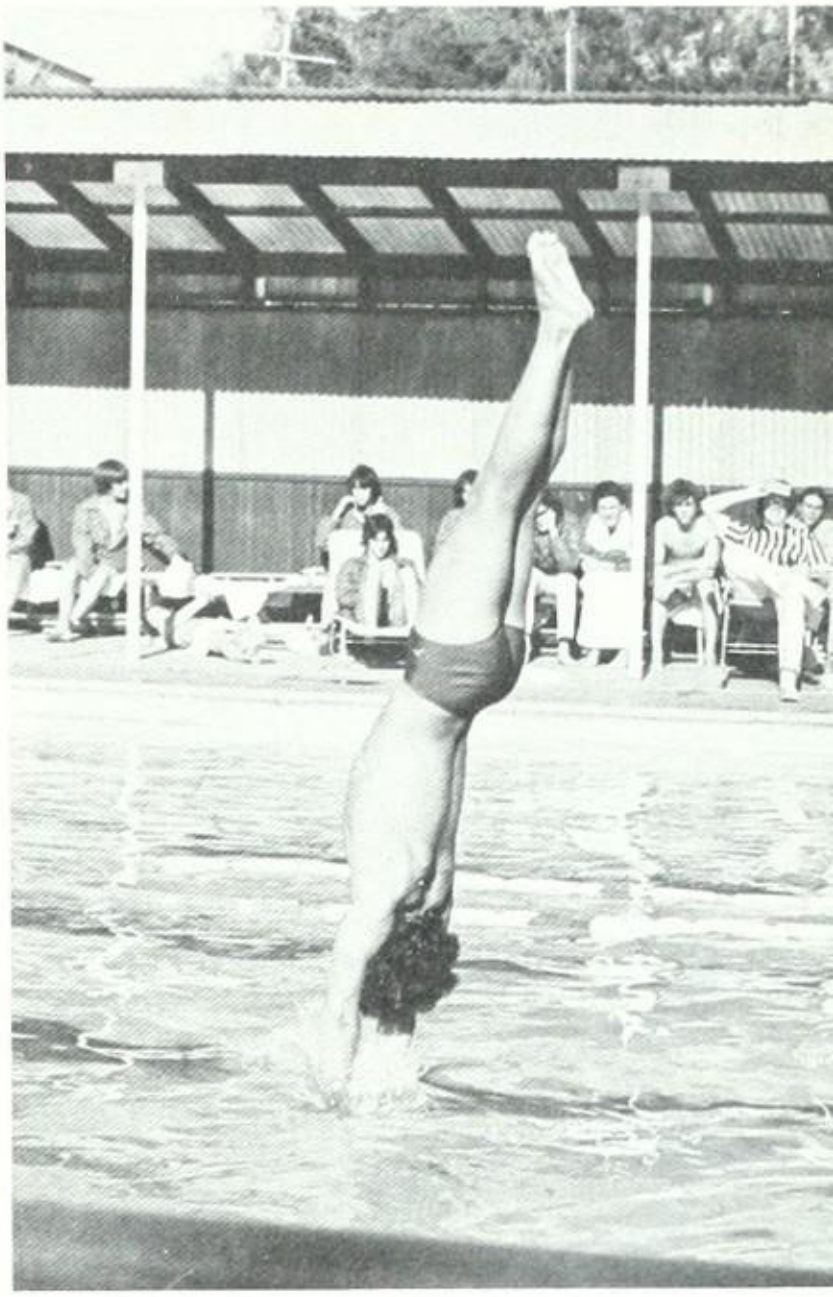
FRESHMAN BASKETBALL; clockwise from top. Ruiz, Stern, Boyd, Coach Pacheco, Greenberg, Pomerantz, Thabit, Kennedy, Marshal, Williams, Fields, Ackerman, Galef, Potter, Goldman.

SWIMMING AND DIVING





Counterclockwise from left: Peter Carpenter and Bill Pasnau take off against Thousand Oaks; Sean Samuels — backstroking to victory; A Bill Holland somersault dive; Mike Fraschilla swims the backstroke with ease in his individual medley; Swimmers take flight at the sound of the gun; Holland completes dive.



Top row, left to right: Coach Stanley, MacArthur, Samuels, Coach Stewart, Margot, Wander, Park, Penzell, Nathanson, Phelps, Sarnoff, Captain Palmer, Pasnau, Landon, Fraschilla, Brittingham, Wax, Sneider, Freeman, Corley, Carpenter, Mogan, Ellis, Corley, Holland, Kroger, Huggins.

VARSITY SOCCER

Top row, left to right: Coach Davidson, Coach Ed Marks, Captain Aberg, Barrett, Sullivan, Boutzer, Sanders, Harvie, Bertram — Maloney, Lau, Zerin, Reinhardt, Kuhns. M.V.P. Maupoix, Lee, Griffith — Cazier, Dehaven, Crawford, Kaufman, Lyons, Griffiths, Co-Captain Fenimore. Missing: Binstock, Swanson, Swick.

TY RECORD

Harvard	Opponent
1	Pasadena Poly 2
3	Flintridge 0
1	Buckley 0
5	Brentwood 0
1	Chadwick 0
3	Flintridge 0
1	Buckley 1
4	Brentwood 0
2	Chadwick 1
0	Pasadena Poly 1

Clockwise from above. Pete Aberg and a Buckley player dance towards the ball; Bill Maloney battles to head the ball; The 1977 Harvard Varsity Soccer Team; Mark Binstock Komi Kazes to the ball; Bobby Griffith takes control of the ball; Coach Ed Marks demonstrates the use of the wings during half-time; A.F.S. student Max Maupoix scores Swedish-style against Flintridge David Griffiths pops the ball across the field.

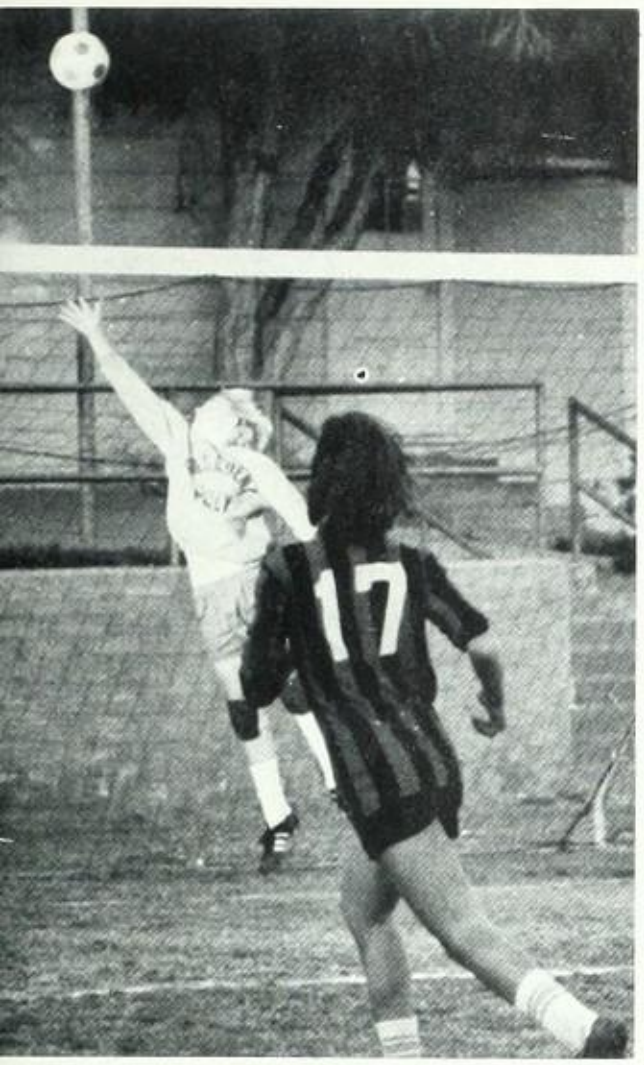
Clockwise from right: Bobby Griffith, a part of the solid Harvard defense, heads the ball out of trouble. Peter Goldstein watches his shot go high. Paul Kanarak booms the ball. Ben Adams slips past a defender and sends off a shot. Phil Sirianni evades a tackler. John Dietsch foils a defensive clear. The 1977 Harvard Junior Varsity Prep League Champs. Clint Lau contains the famed "Sergio." Sophomore Carter De Haven scores on a penalty kick against Flintridge. Tom Lyon slide-tackles a Buckley player.

Defending league champs; this year's Harvard Varsity Soccer Team had high hopes. It was a well-rounded and hard-working team sparked by many new players. Natural ability was not as prevalent as the year before, but a greater knowledge of the sport led to well-played soccer, and an overall record of 8-4-3. But more importantly, the team's conduct on and off the field was recognized with the league's sportsmanship award.

The offense was penetrating and the defense was tough with four consecutive shut-outs in the first half of the season. Continually improving the Saracens worked for the opportunity to avenge their loss against Pasadena Poly in the season opener. Their chance came when Harvard played Poly for the league championship at the last game of the season. In the first five minutes of the game, no Harvard soccer team played with such percision and aggression. Yet Poly caught them offguard with an early goal. Though the Saracens dominated most of the game, they never scored..

Still they were in second place and received the honor to advance to the C.I.F. play-offs. An alert Harvard team again dominated most of the game against Santa Maria, yet two costly mistakes led to a 2-0 defeat. With many players returning, Harvard will show an equally strong performance next year.

J.V. SOCCER



Standing: Coach George Roberts, Markes, Kim, Adams, Lucas, Coach Patrick Hill. Kneeling: Salmore, Goldstein, Brittain, Olch, Vodhanel. Sitting: Lundell, Gleason, Hennessy, Donnelly.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Standing: Reich, Wentz, Weterrings, Cotsen, Hook, Markes, Coach George Roberts. Kneeling: Borcherdt, Cunningham, Burr, Deitsch, Nutt, Saldivar, Levy, Scott. Sitting: Dodge, Chang, Pomeroy, Roecker, Williams, Bernat, Pearce.

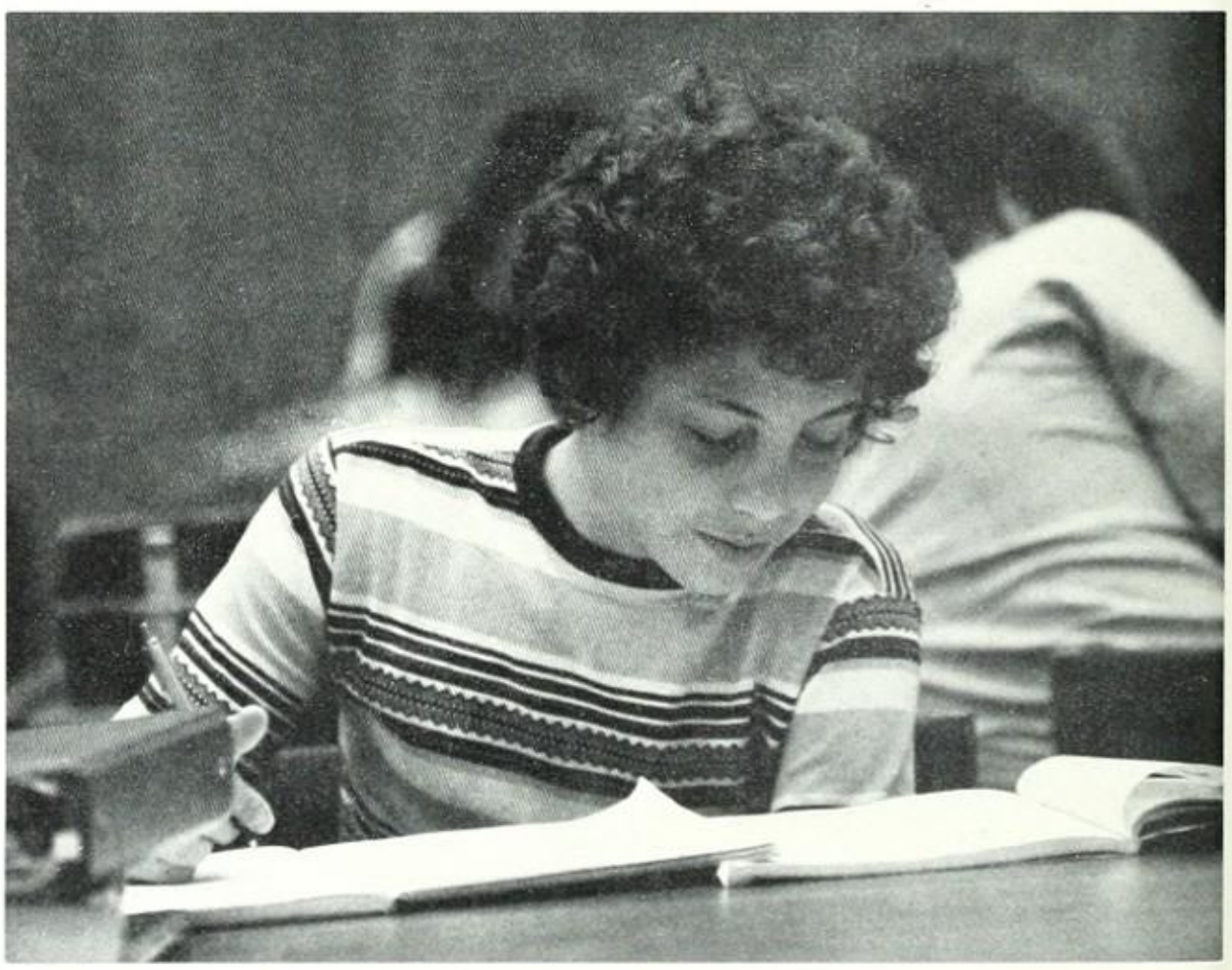
J.V. SOCCER II

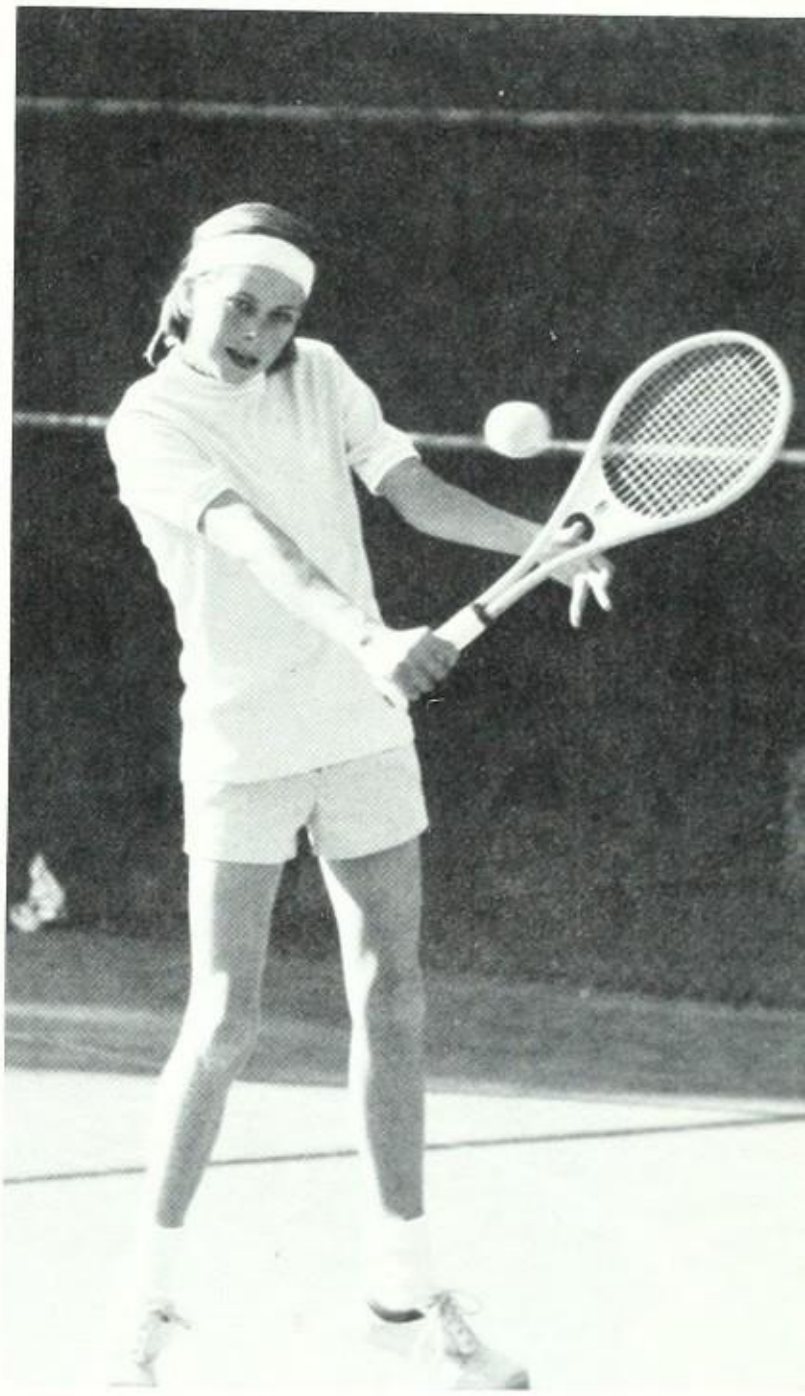
Clockwise from top left: The freshman defense clears the ball from danger; Goalie Emery Pierson gathers a loose ball in front of John Moss; Alexis Sonnenfeld boots the ball down field as Jorgan Weterrings pursues; Tony Markes challenges Chester Griffiths. Markes crosses the ball; Mark Pomeroy cuts to the inside; Steve Regen clears the ball; Duane Clark takes a corner kick.

FRESHMAN SOCCER

Standing: Parker, Warren, Regan, Horowitz, Pierson, Kaufman, Ward, Dewell, Trauthen, Coach James Ackerman. Kneeling: Champion, Hance, Munger, Fredricks, Clark, Taylor, Kevorkian, Blum. Sitting: Shay, Wolfe, Collins, Griffiths, Sonnenfeld, Yasuda, Strahan, Moss.

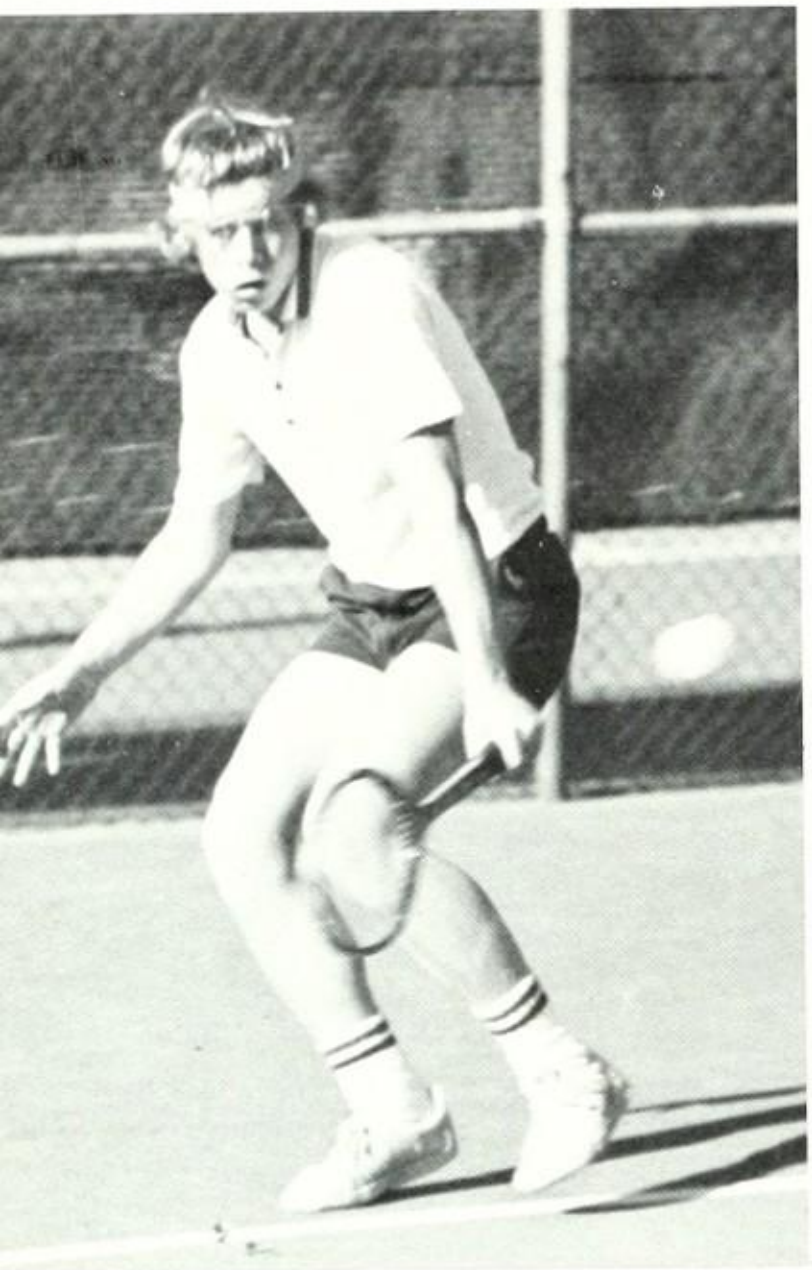
SOPHOMORES

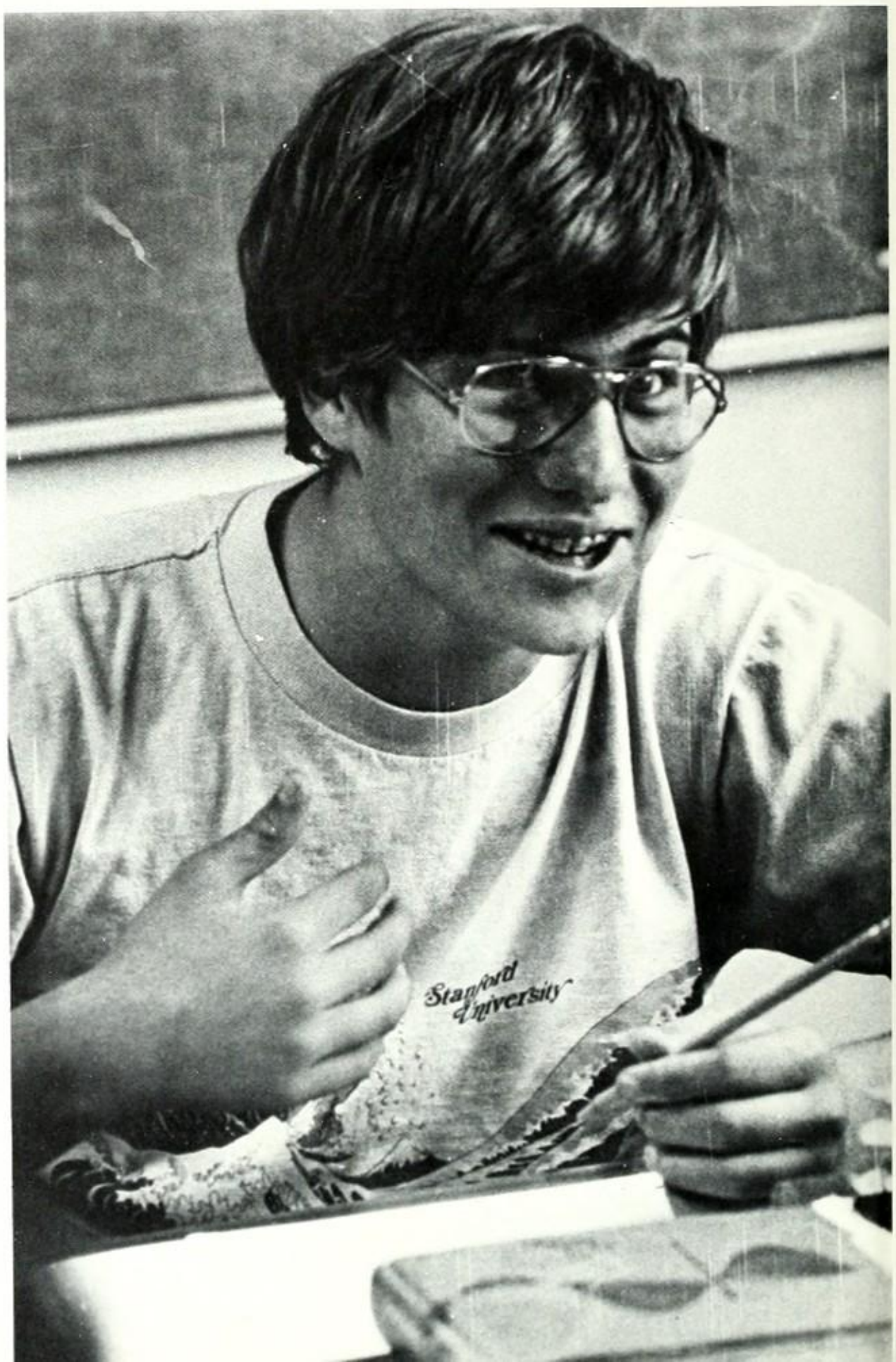




Clockwise from lower left: Greg Zimmerman reviews his schedule with Mr. Magusin. Les Josephson hits the books in the library. Allen Myerson watches a play from a good vantage point. Doug Levy enjoys his lunch on a sunny day. Carter DeHaven prepares for the bus ride home after a tiring soccer game. Alex MacKendrick in a pensive mood before a speech tournament. Barron Eyraud shows perfect form on his slice backhand.

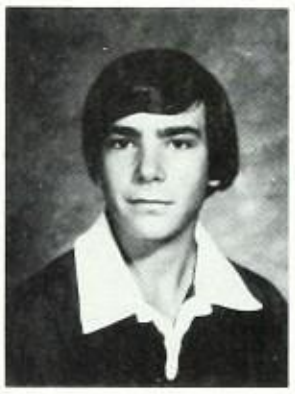
Clockwise from right: John Dietsch and Steve Ingram going slack in the library; Math proves easy for Ben Woythaler; Brian Eisenrich hits the books; Tom Flintoft in good form.



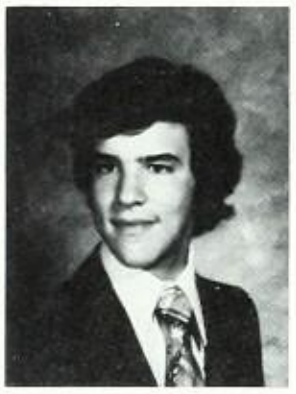


Fred Anawalt
Robert Andrews
H.B. Barnum
Spencer Beglarian

Fredric Bender
Jordan Bender
Kris Bergen
Craig Bevan



Samuel Biggers
Eric Birenbaum
Mark Block
Rahr Borcherdt
Christopher Bridgeman



David Brittain
Christopher Burr
Lowell Cannon
Timothy Carson
Thomas Chang

tephen Cloobeck
avid Daniels

Jerome Cobb
Scott Davidson

Anthony Connor
Carter DeHaven

John Cross
Matthew Deskin

Jeffrey Cunningham
Gary Deutschman

Mark Czuker
John Dietch

Tim Dodge
Thomas Flintoft

Charles Donnelly
Cody Forbes

Thomas Doskow
Christopher Forman

Brian Eisenrich
David Fredricks

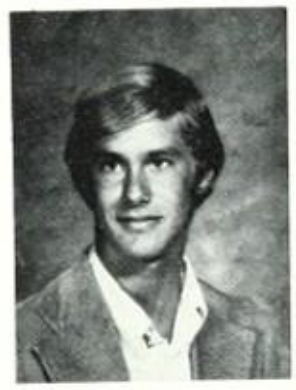
Matthew Entenza
William Gleason

Barron Eyraud
Craig Glick

Peter Goldstein
Daniel Goodman
William Griswold
Brett Heller
John Hennessy

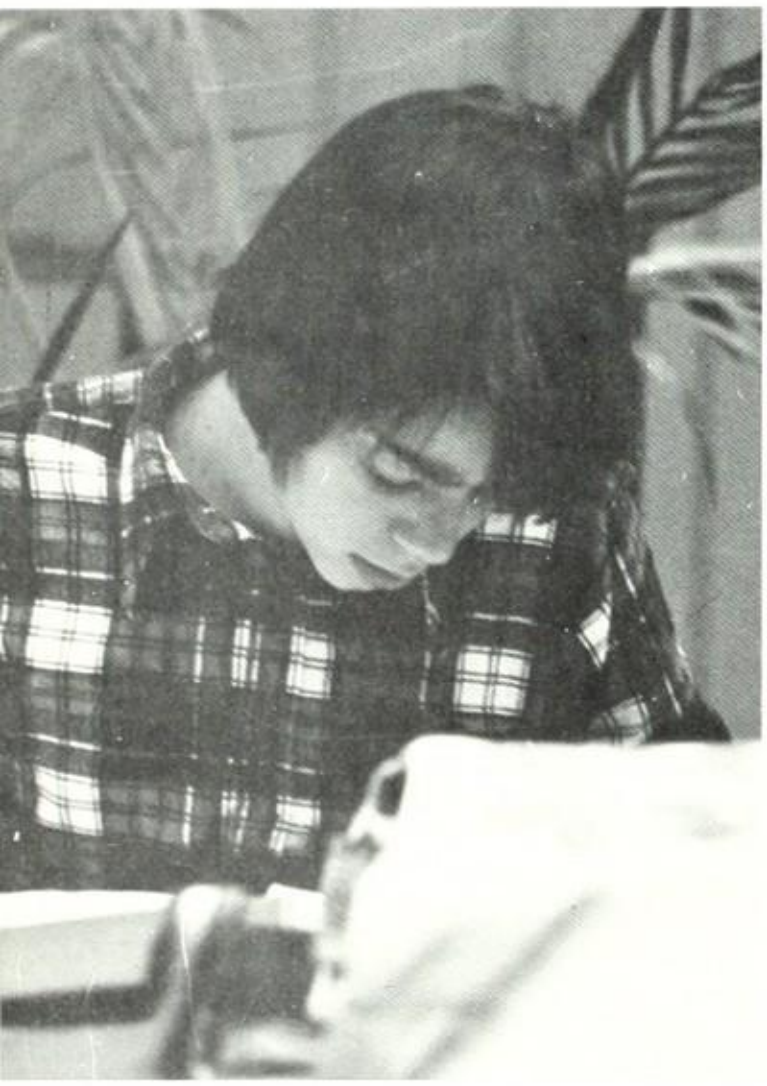
Easton Herd
William Holland
Daniel Holzman
Victor Hook
John Huggins

Thomas Inch
Stephen Ingram
Hikota Ishizaka



Leslie Josephson
Michael Kahn
Andrew Kaiser
Bong Suck Kim

Clockwise from top left: Shaun Samuels, Mrs. Stanley, Bill Phelps and Jim Kroger lectured by Mr. Stewart; Dave Brittan works through lunch; Dave Daniels in an inquisitive mood; Mark Lundell winds up for the throw.

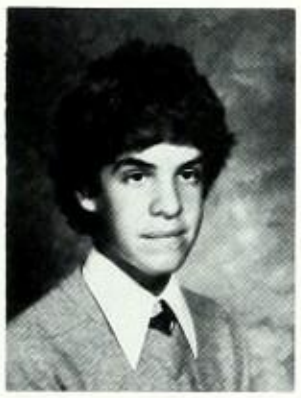


Clockwise from left: Carter Potter; Bleacher break; Craig Roecker follows Garrett Kenyon in; Chris Scharff deep in study.

Chan Kook Kim
Sukyun Kim
Jay Kovats
Andrew Laubach

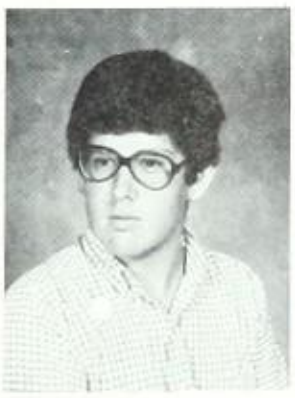
Paul Lawrence
Jon Lee
Scott Levin
Douglas Levy

Boughton Lucas
Mark Lundell
Matthew Mackendrick
Peter Mann
Anthony Markes
Michael Meyers

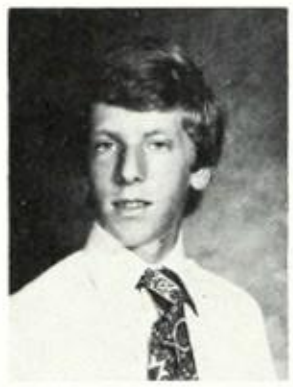


Eric Nishizawa
Richard Nutt
Michael Olch
Jonathan Palarz

Steven Mitchel
Michael Monroe
Allen Myerson
Thomas Nathanson
David Naylor
Kimball Neelley



John Park
John Pearce
Michael Pearson
Yale Penzell



Glen Perry

William Phelps

David Plants

Mark Pomeroy

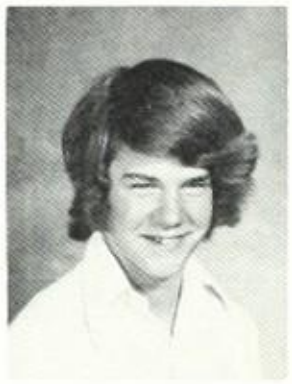
Richard Pops

Carter Potter

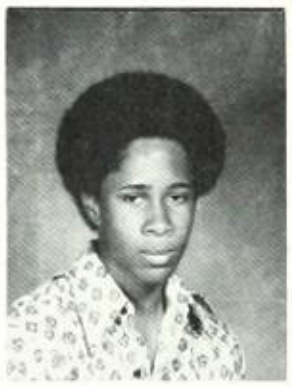
Christopher Reich

Lawrence Renick

Steven Riach



Craig Roecker



David Ross

Geoffrey Saldivar

Shaun Samuels

Gregory Sanborn

James Sargeant

Christopher Scharff

David Schnitt

Spyros Skouras

David Schrager

Brian Spivack

John Scott

Roger Stone

Michael Shapero

Barry Stulberg

Randall Shuken

Harry Tarnoff

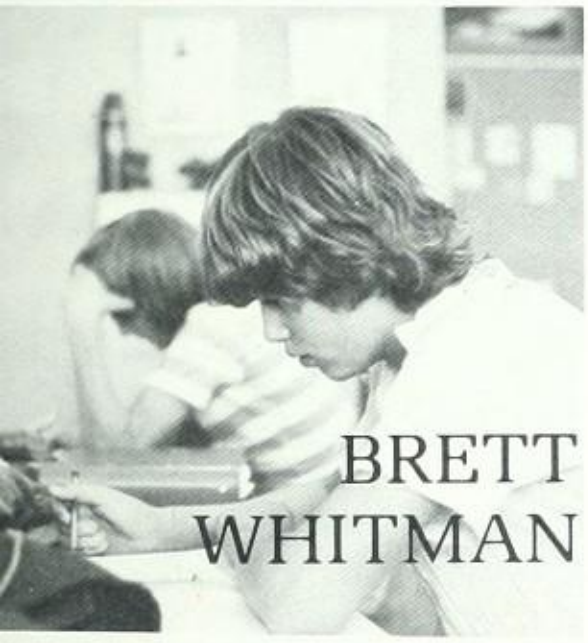
Eric Sibley

Christopher Taylor

Michael Terner
James Terzian
Thomas Trimborn
Frank Vodhanel
Samuel Volpert

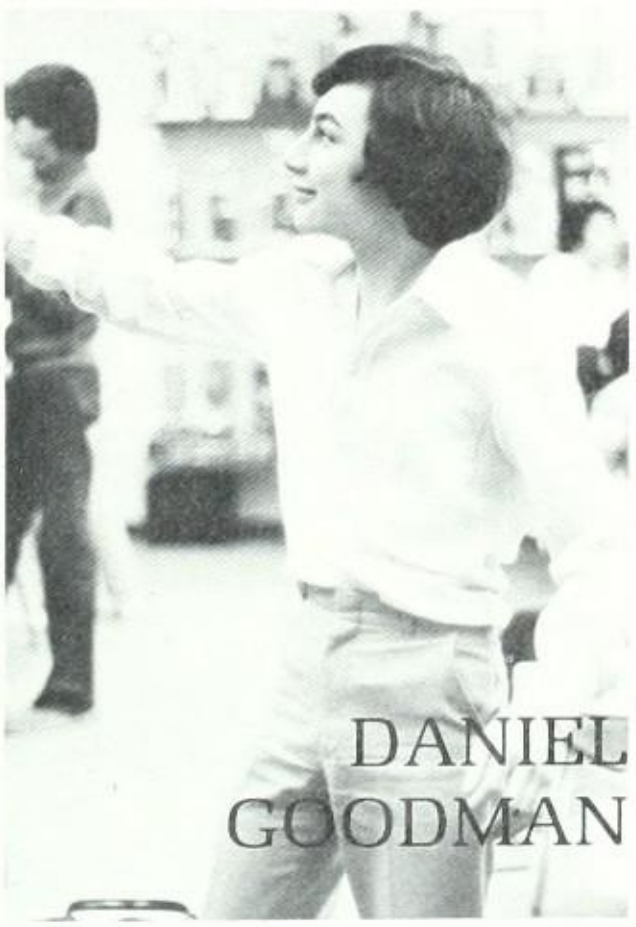
Eric Walter
Christopher Warden
Marc Wax
Brett Whitman
Latham Williams

Charles Winkler
David Wolf
Ben Woythaler
Brian Wright
Andrew Yamamoto



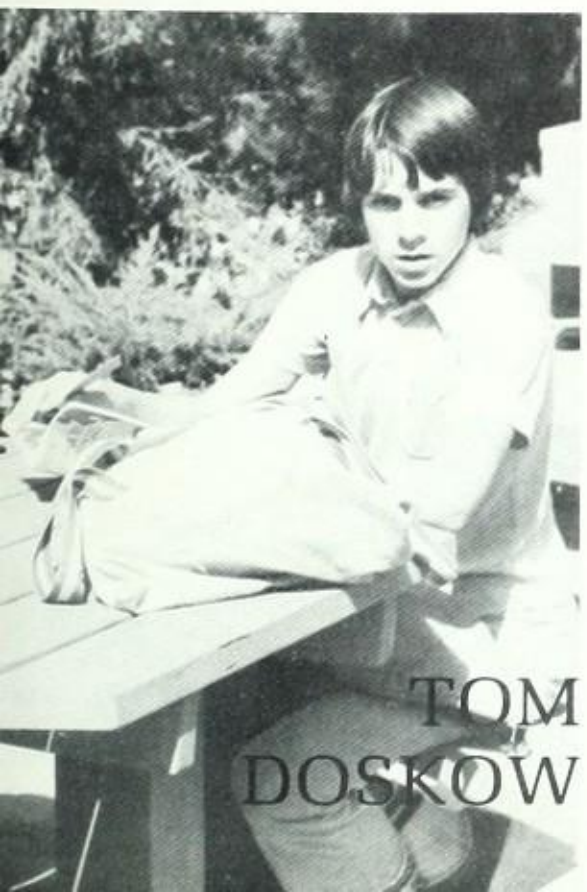
BRETT
WHITMAN

David Yorkin
Bradley Zane
Phillip Zane



DANIEL
GOODMAN

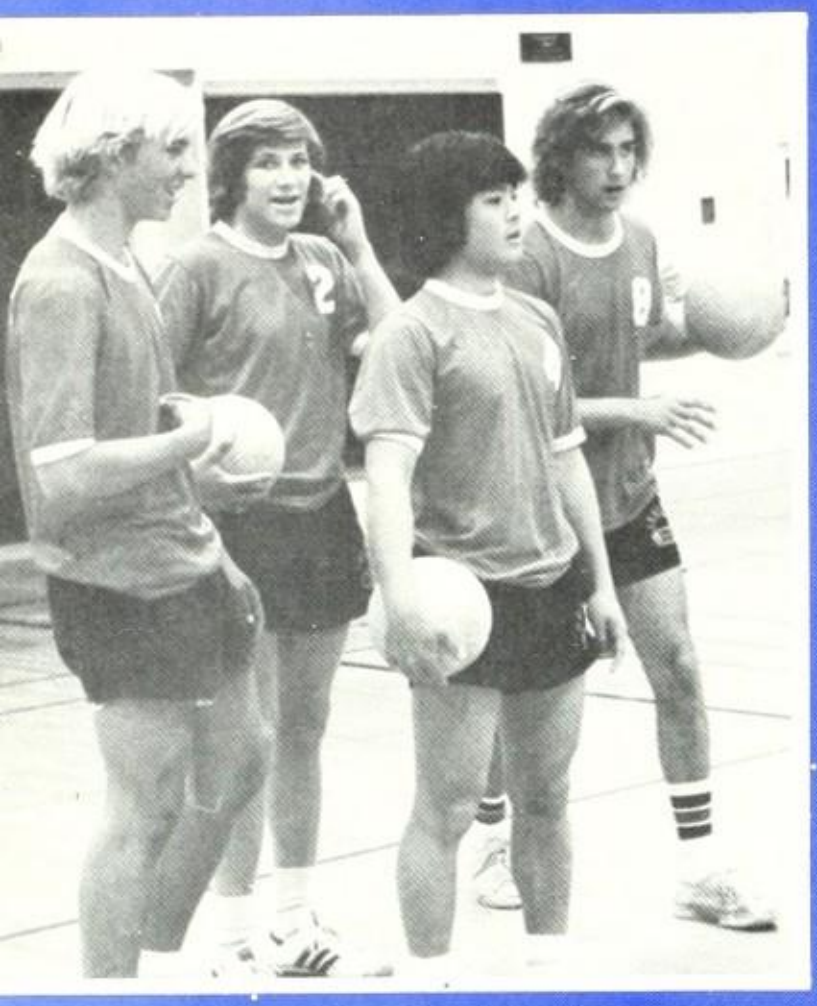
David Zasloff

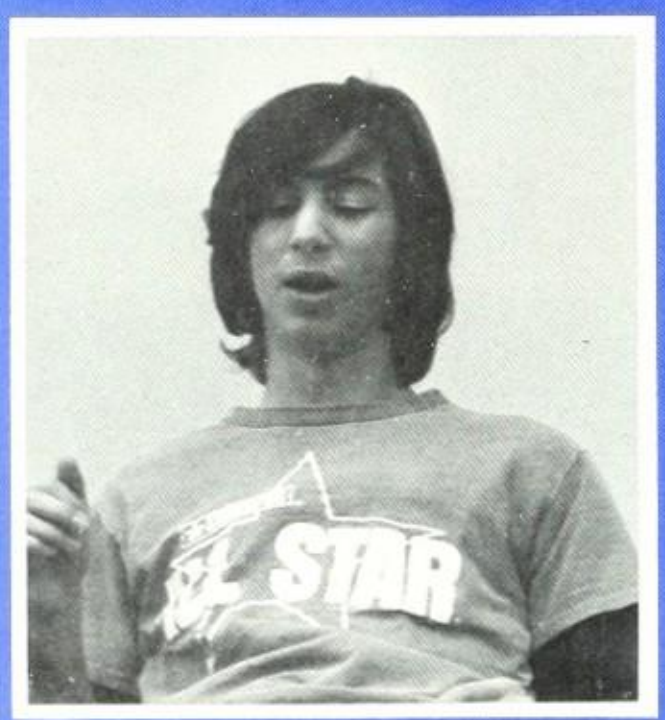


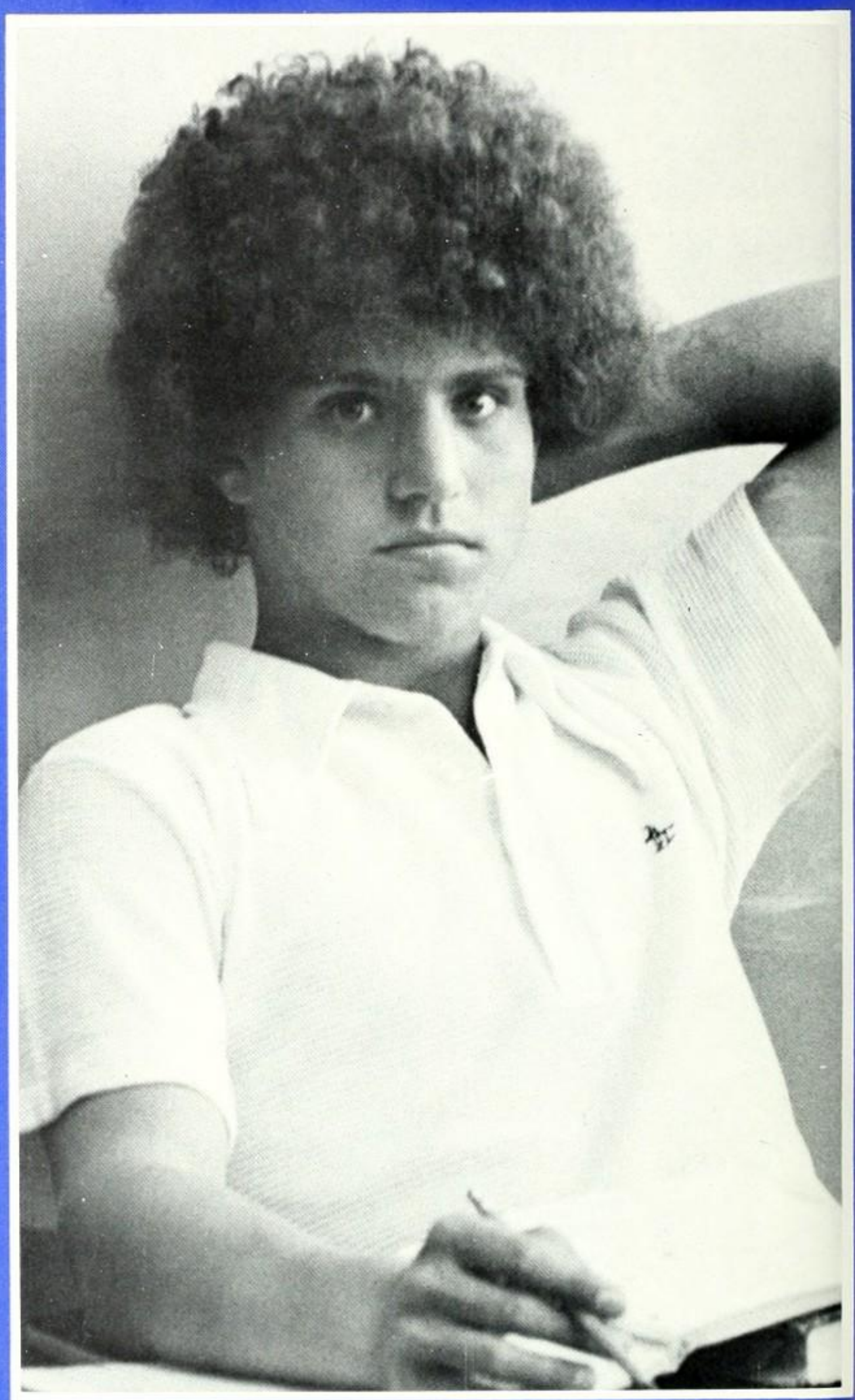
TOM
DOSKOW

Greg Zimmerman

TENTH GRADE







Clockwise from above: Samual Volpert: Mann, Lee, Siporin, and Kuhns prepare for a game; Walters and Stulberg in History; Les Josephson daydreams; Craig Roecker waits in line; Peter Mann slams one; Mike Turner stares.

"Shine on, shine on Harvest moon, up in the sky . . ." hums Thaddeus, as he splices the last of the sophomore clippings.

"You know Charles, tenth grade really was quite a year."

"You're telling me! First place in the track-meet at Agoura."

"An A+ in Chemistry."

"My first upper school dance."

"An A+ in Algebra."

"All-league in Soccer."

"An A+ in Western Civ."

"Seeing Romeo and Juliet."

"A C- in P.E."

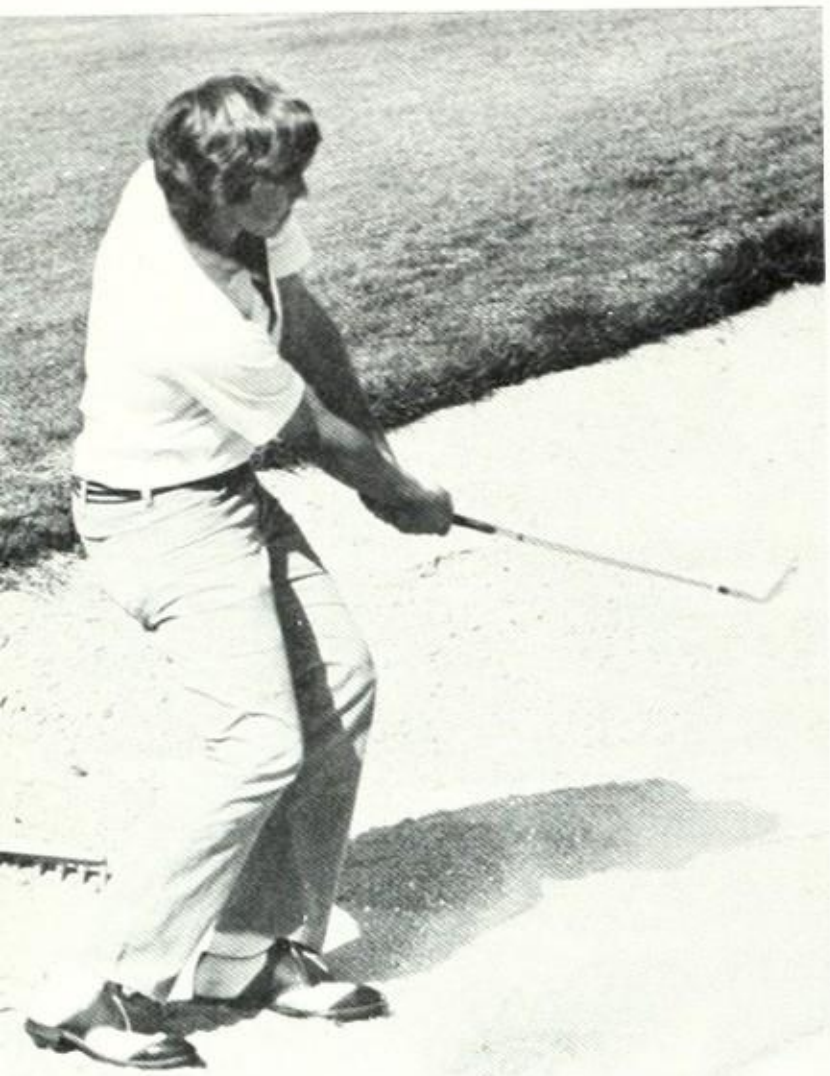
"It was truly a full moon, wasn't it Thaddeus?"

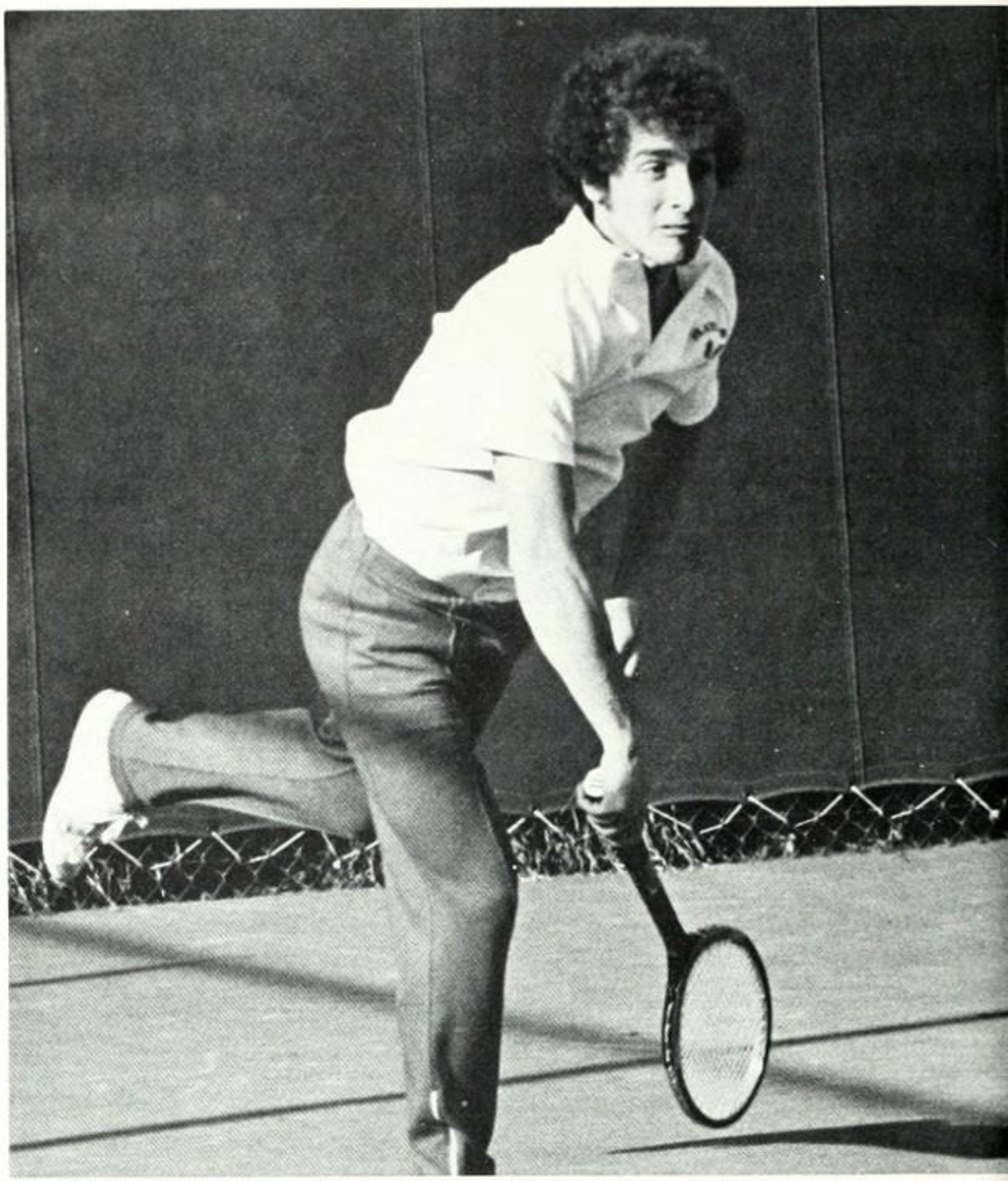
"Well, philosophically speaking, I suppose it was a time in which our existentialist optimism manifested itself. It was representative of our paramount enthusiasm and participation in scholastic and extra-curricular activities. As a symbol of the complete luminous orb, we were enjoying our finest year at Harvard, a period preceding the onslaught of S.A.T.'s and the stagnation known as 'senioritis.' In other words, we were at a point known as the acme. The top. True, we were but 10th graders, one year removed from nervous young novices, but we could still outclass everyone else in A.P. European History, right? What's more we had an avid interest in everything, an interest that was predominant in swelling the balloon of success that was ours. What sayest thou to that Charles?"

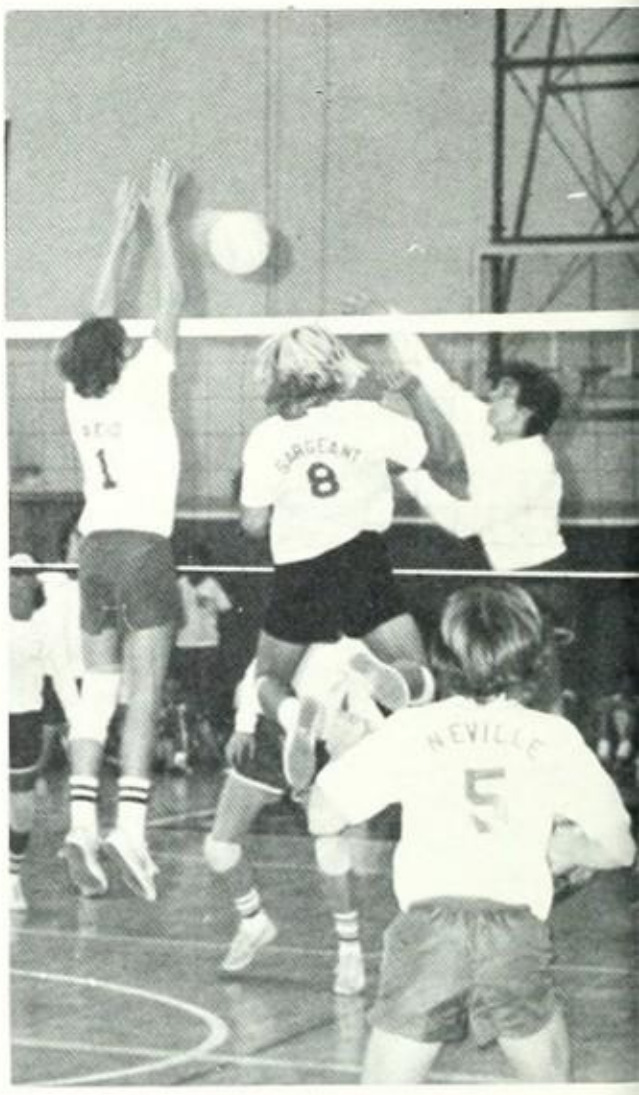
"Thaddeus, do you think this picture would look good on the top or the bottom?"

Sighing heavily, Thaddeus returns to splicing.

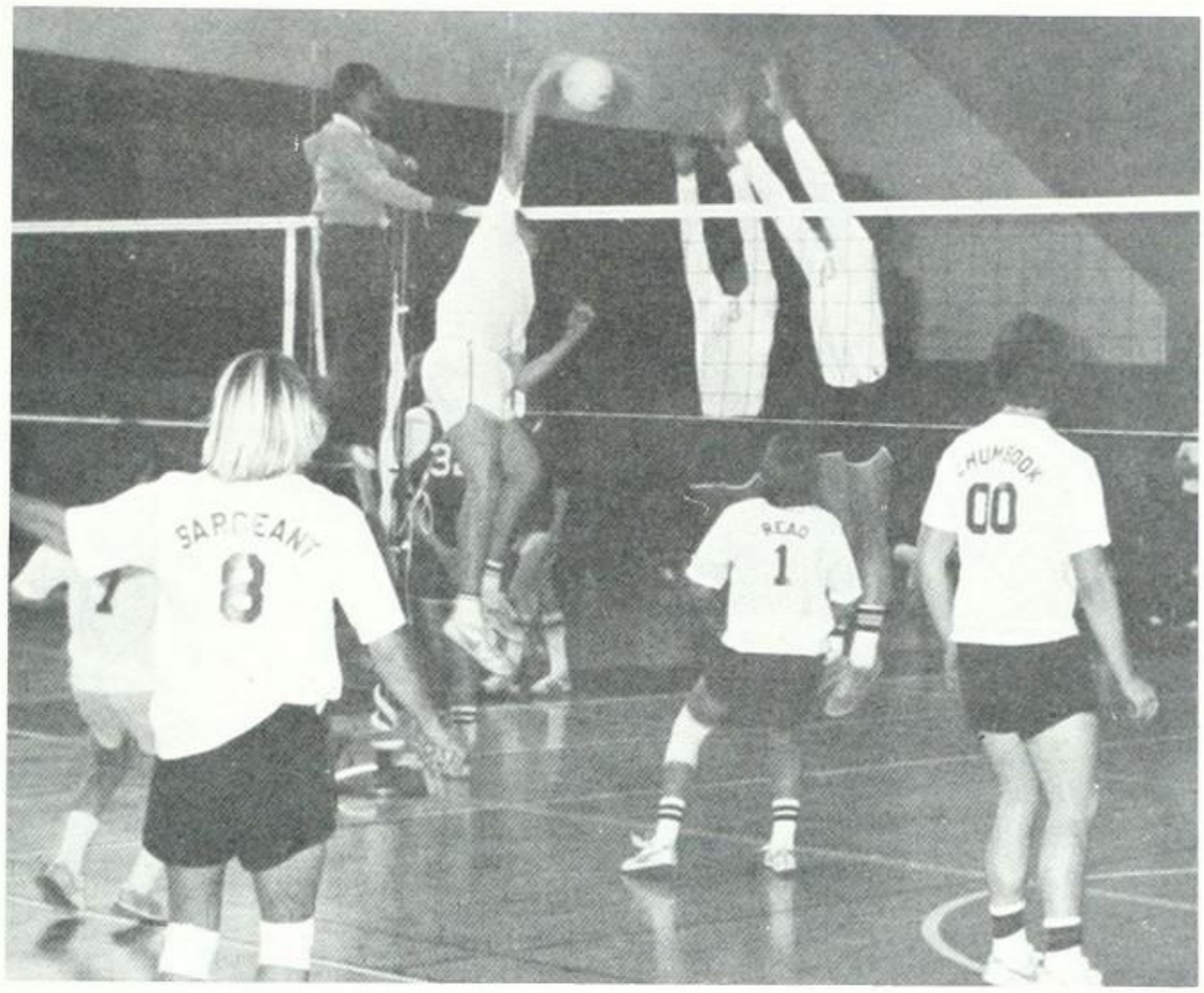
Clockwise from below: Steve Stephens digs into the sand to place the ball on the green; Jeff Heyman smashes a serve; Ed Cazier slides into second. Bill Bagnard about to boom the ball. Bruce Pompan shows his beautiful form; Doug Brady watches his putt just miss; Kevin Read blocks the smash; Craig Glick heads the diagonal of prepared defenders.

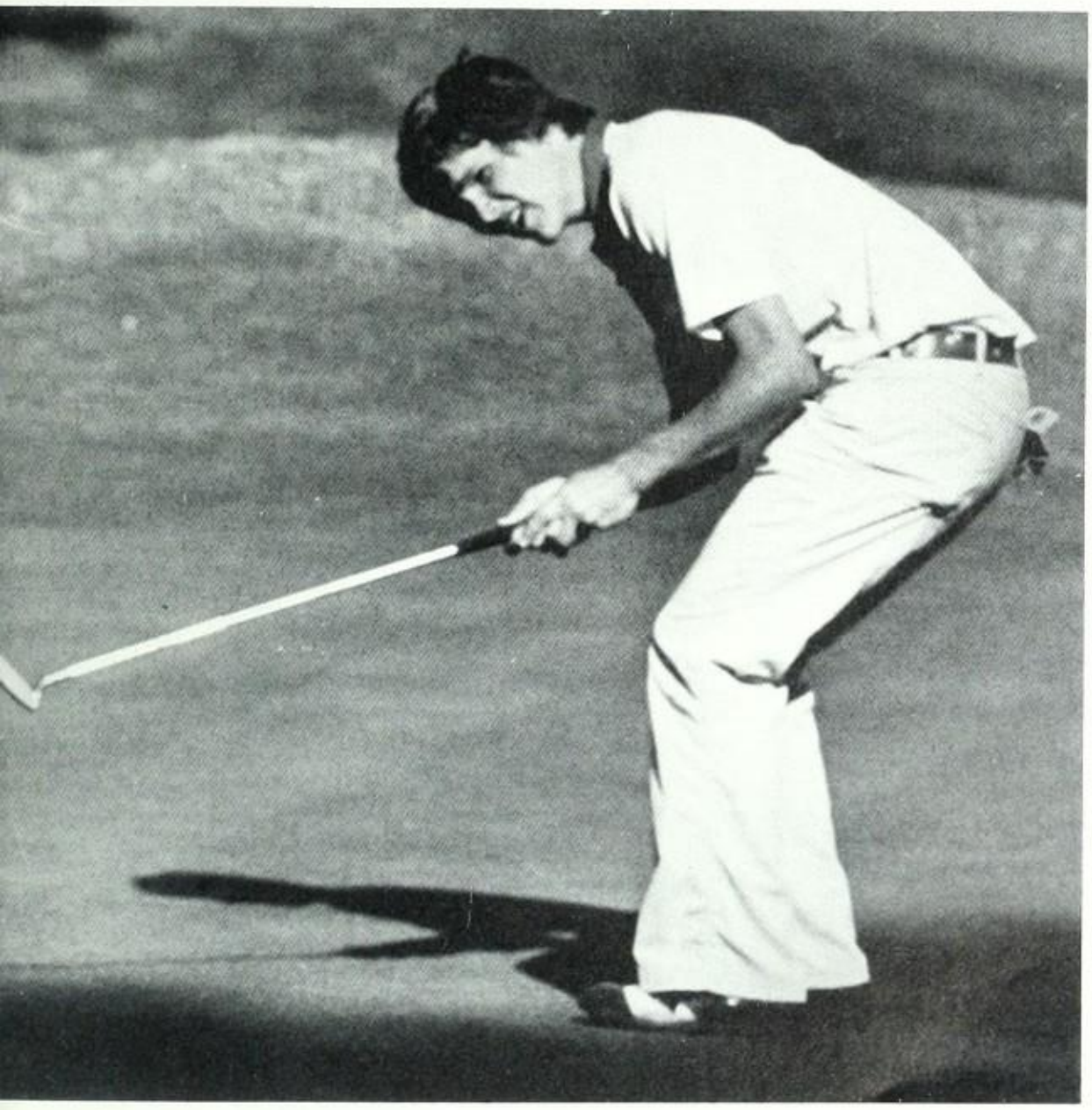




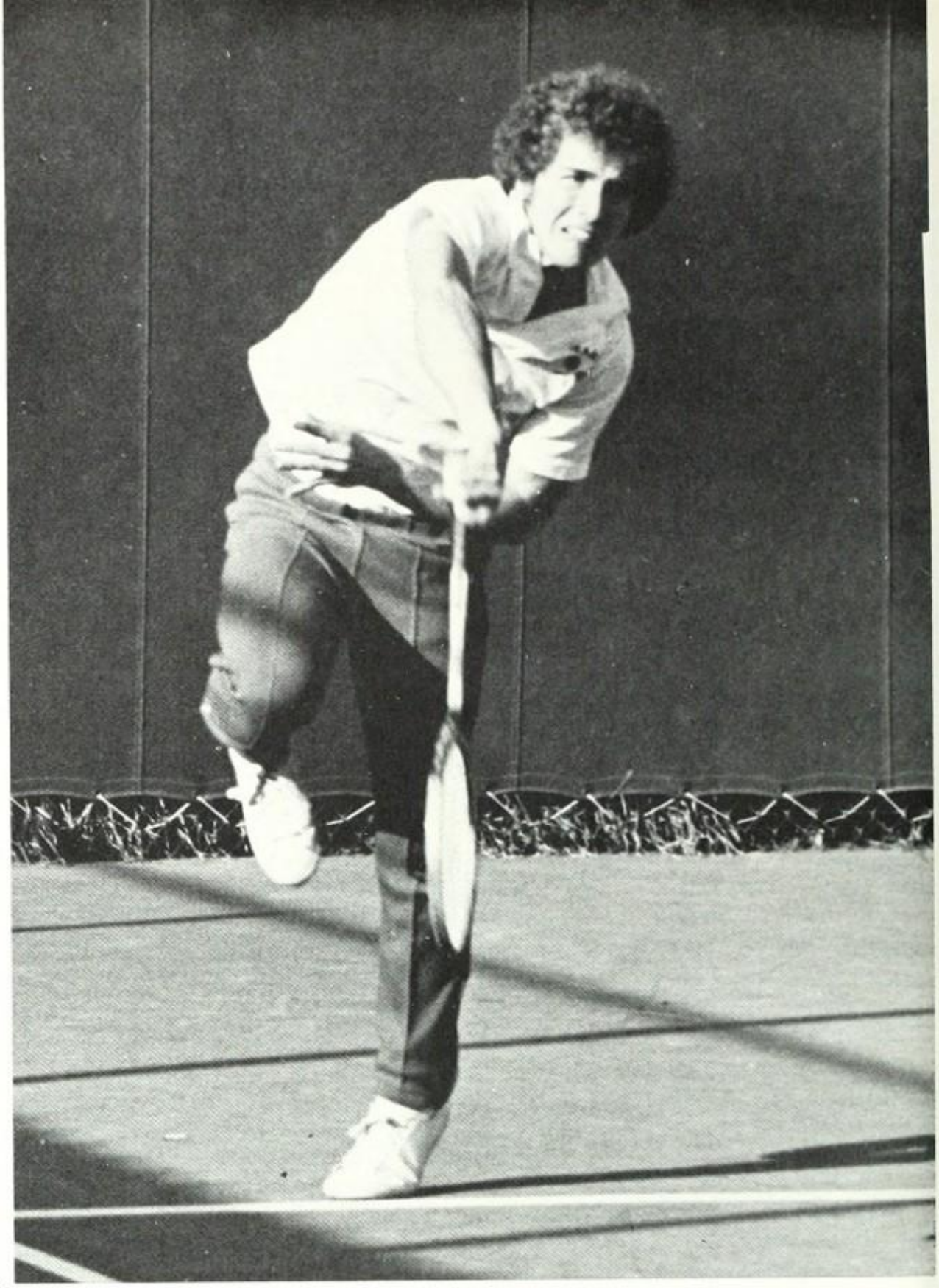


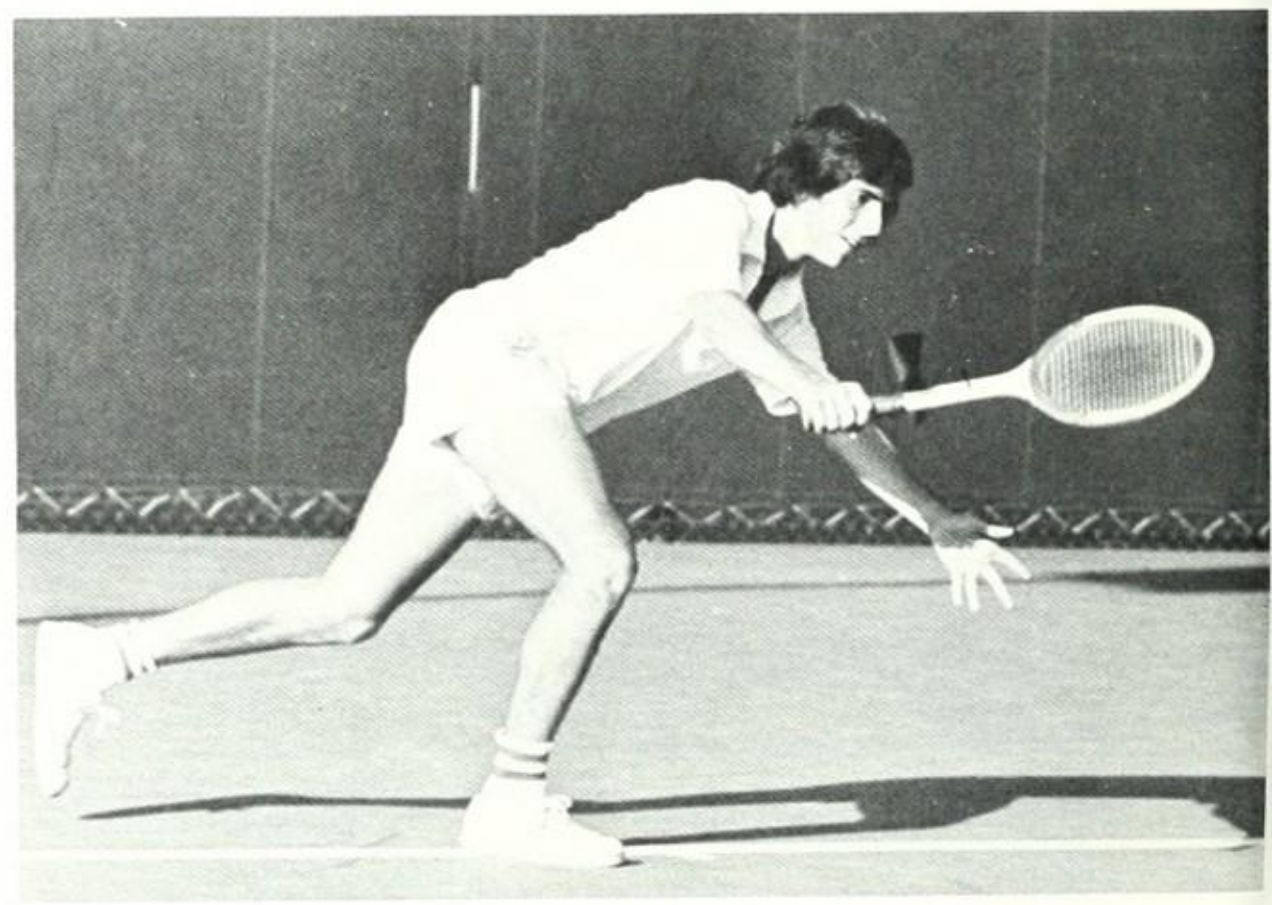
SPRING SPORTS

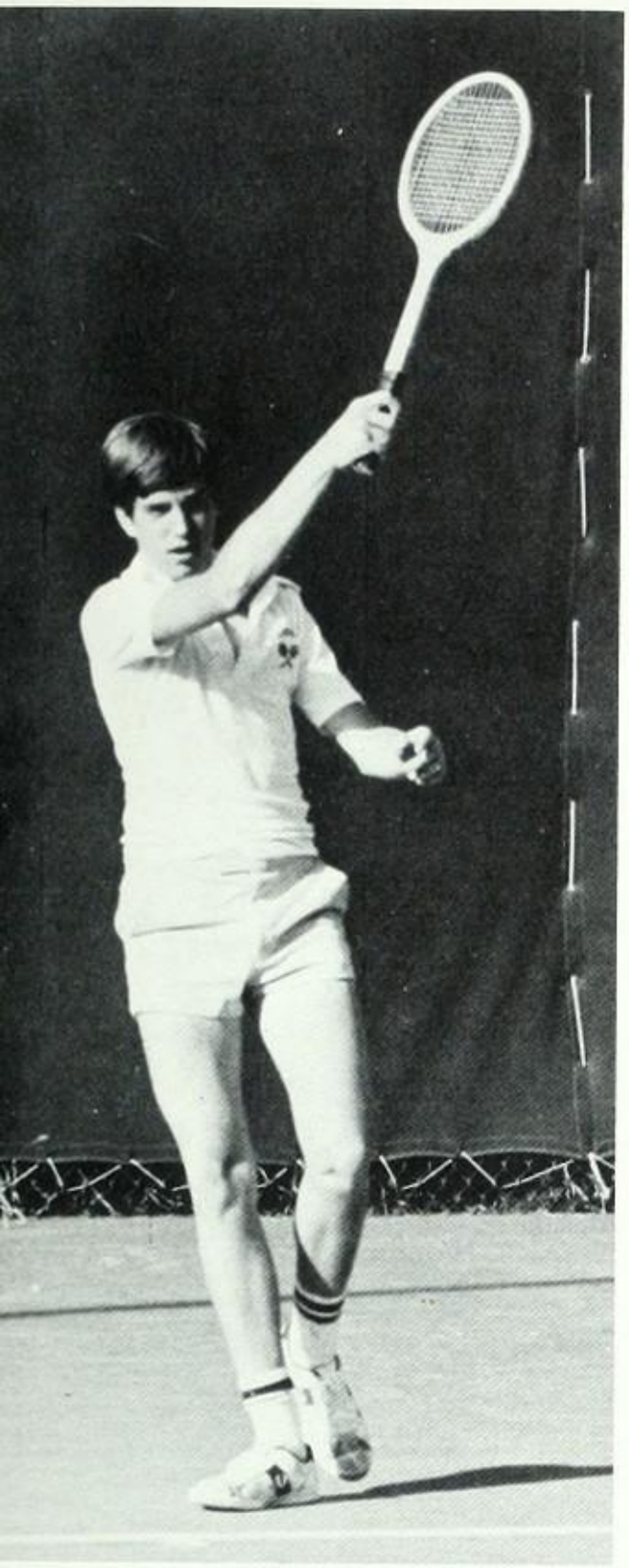


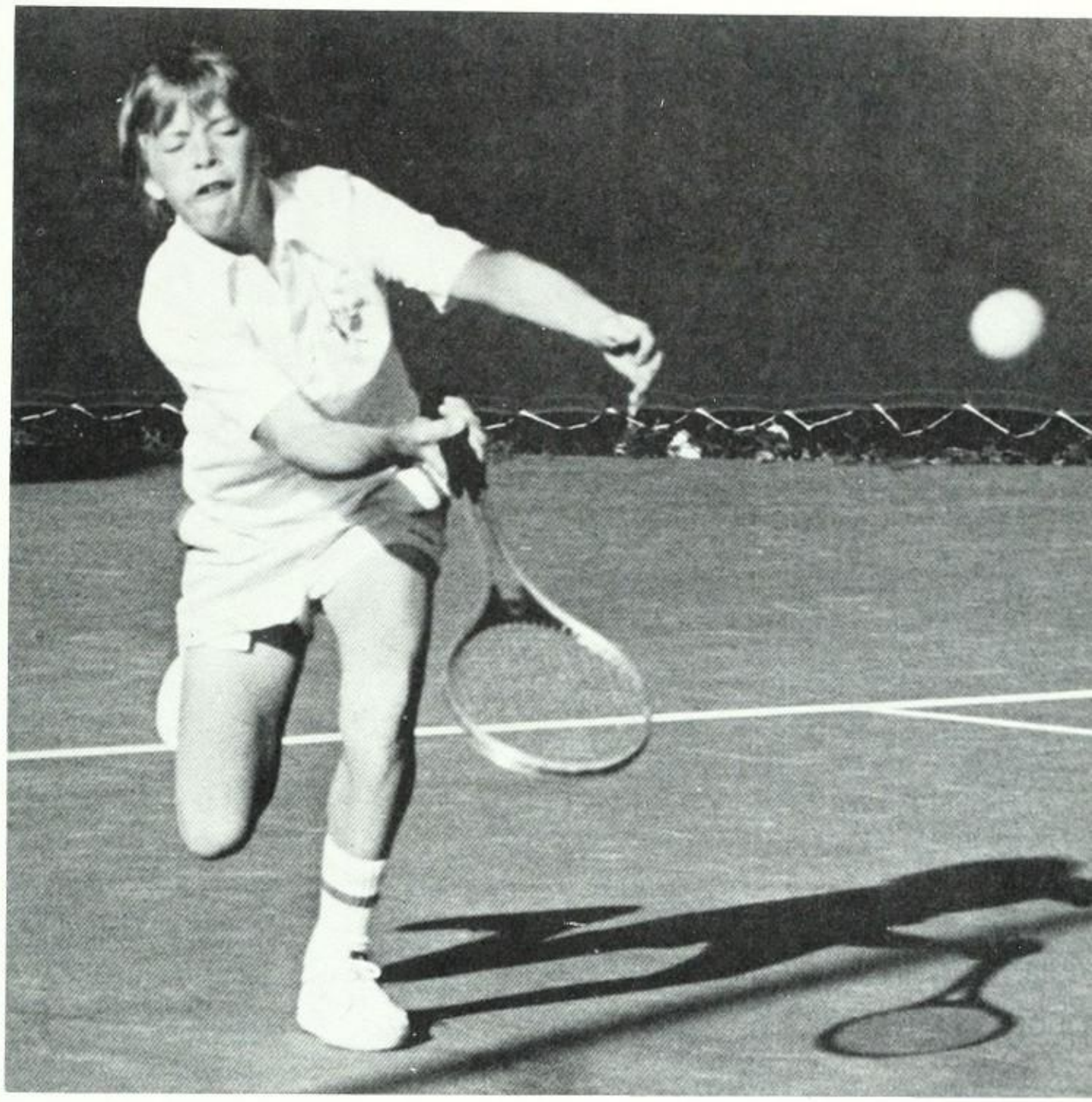


VARSITY TENNIS

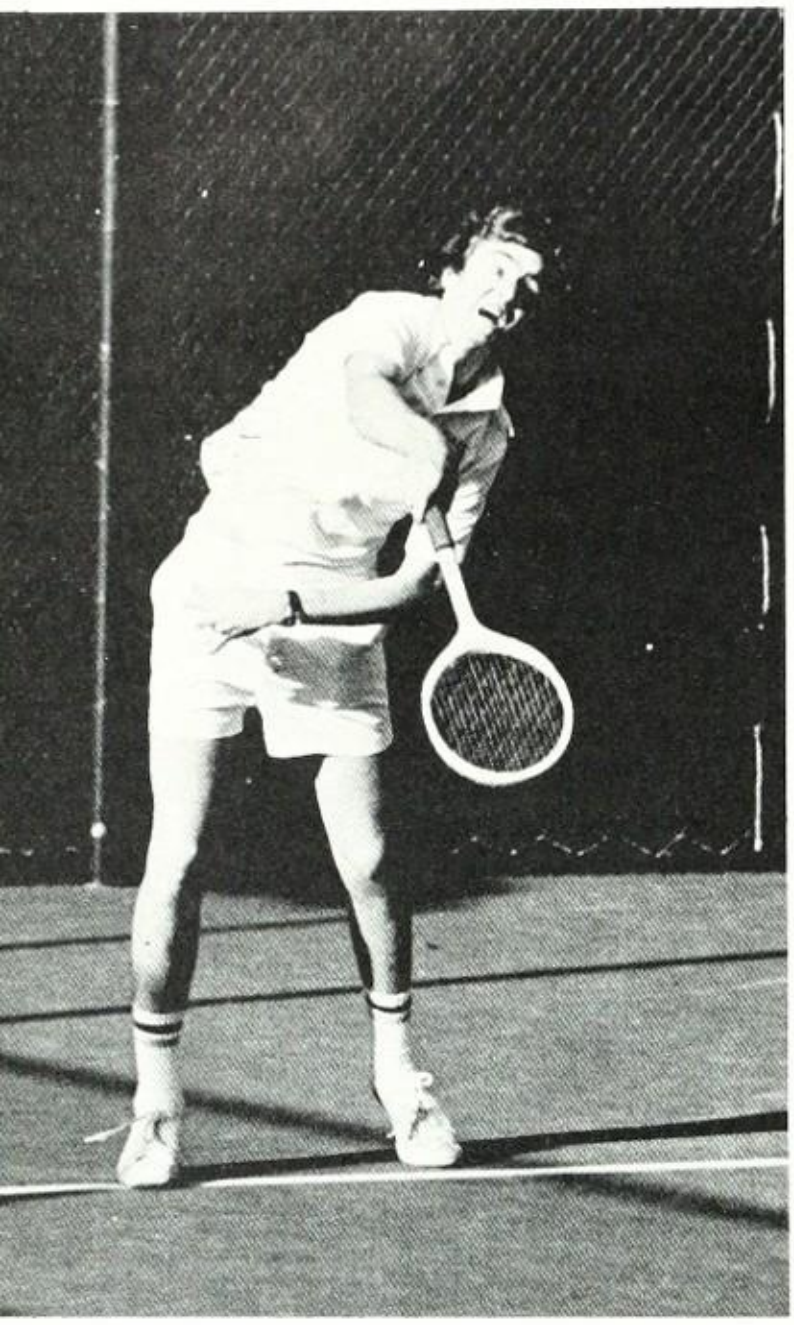


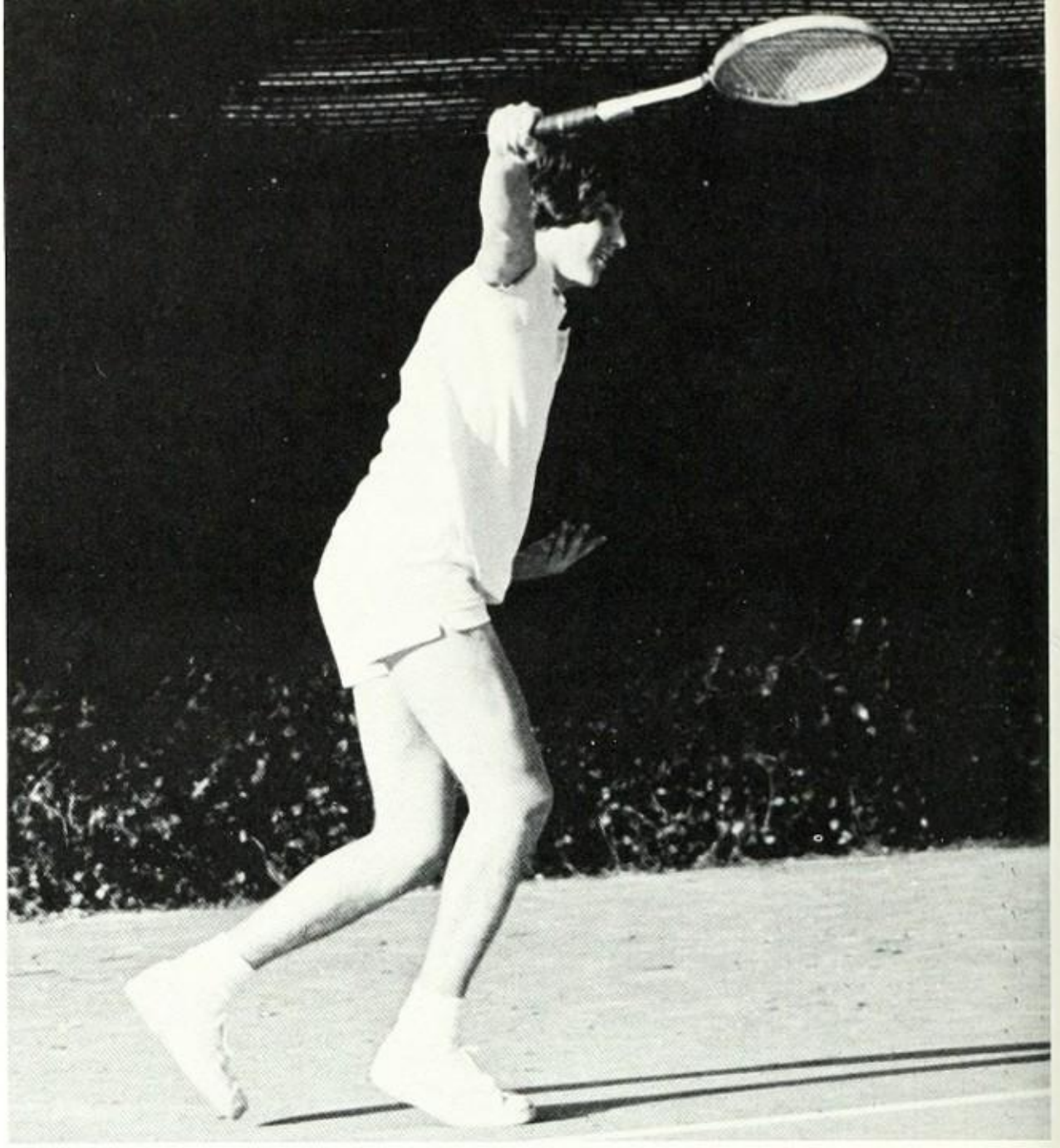


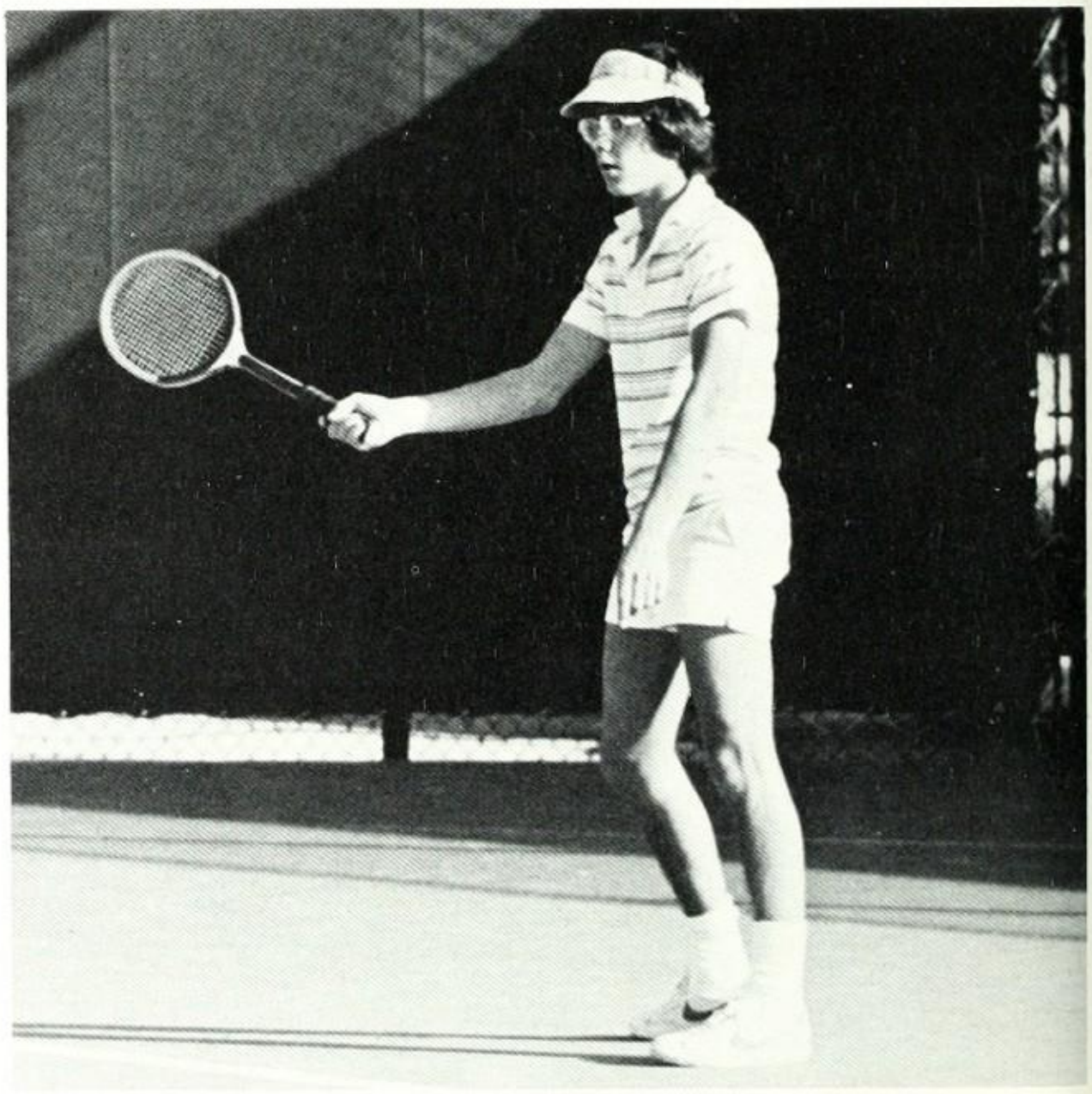




Top row: David Daniels, Jay Kovats, Coach Pavon, Jeff Heyman, Fred Glasser, David Ulich. Bottom row: Jon Girard, Chris Calvert, **Mike Terner.** *Missing: Bruce Pompan.*



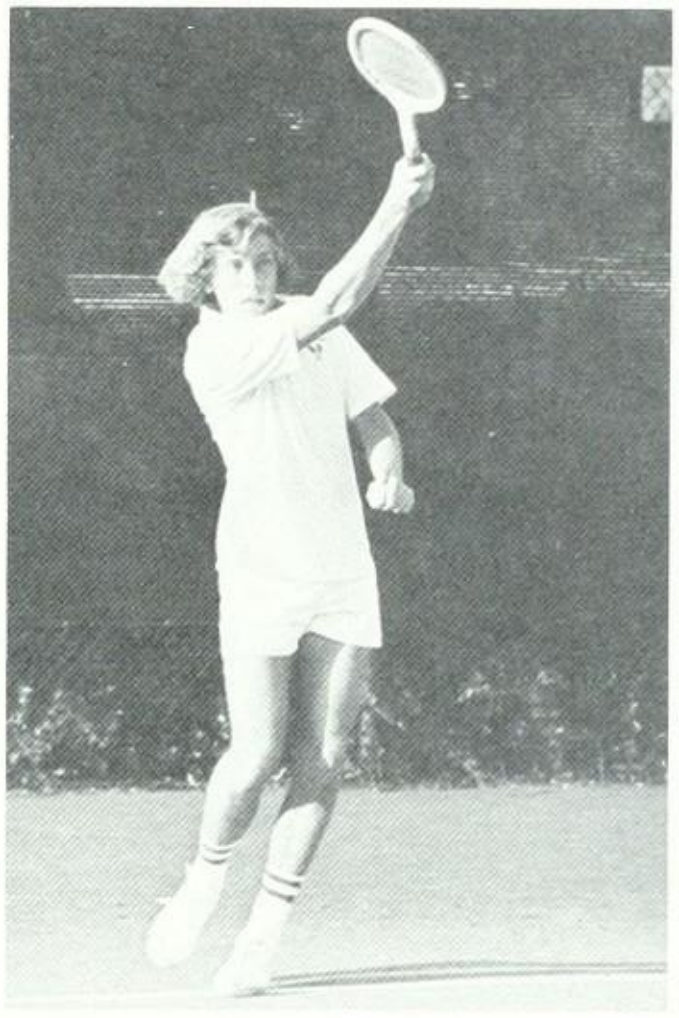


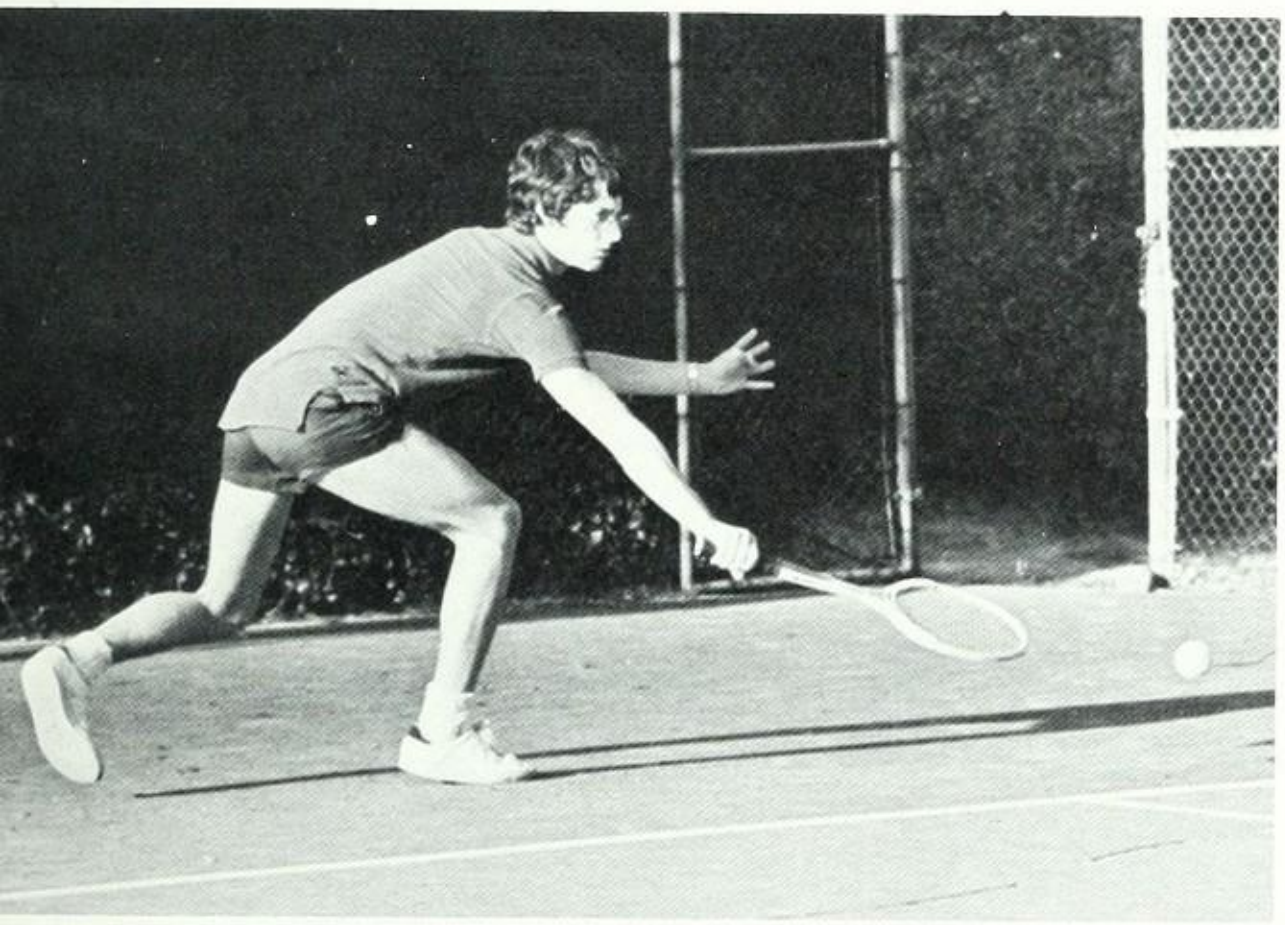


This year's Harvard Varsity Tennis Team has a pleasant balance of experience and youth. Having much potential and ability, it can reproduce the successful record of last year. The team is led by three returning seniors — Jeff Heyman, David Ulich, and Fred Glasser — and two returning sophomores — Michael Terner and David Daniels. All of these players have played under the pressure of league matches and are doing admirably this year. There are also two freshmen who have great talent and a very bright future — Chris Calvert and Bruce Pompan. Another new member of the squad is Jay Kovats who also has tremendous ability. The unity which Coach Max Pavon instills in his team should again guide the Harvard Varsity to another good season.

J.V. TENNIS

J.V. TENNIS TEAM; Top row: Brett Tranthen, Dave Pomerantz, Steve Cutler, David Naylor, James Ledyard (coach). Bottom row: Chip Stuart, Tom Flintoff, Mike Kjellin, Bart Miles. (Mike Daniels, Carter De Haven, Barron Eyraud, Gene Murdock, and Alexis Sonnenfeld not pictured.)

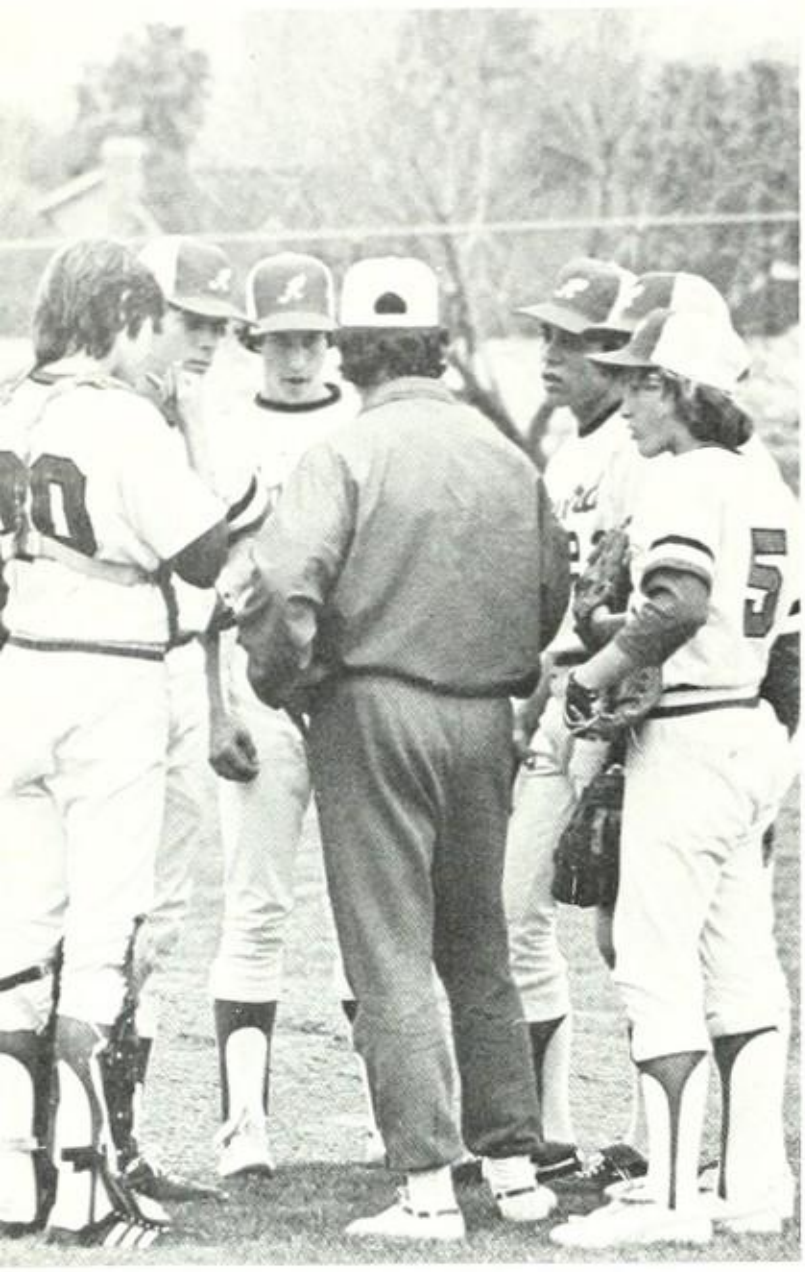




VARSITY BASEBALL

Standing: Swick, McKelvey, Raich, Crouch, Blackman, Sanders, Fenimore, Kneeling: Crawford, Kaiser, [illegible] Fruin, Griffith. Cantwell, Volpert. Sitting: Glick, Janes, Castellano, Horwitz, Cazier.

Clockwise from lower left: A pre-game bobble. The 1977 Harvard Varsity Baseball Team. Brab Crouch whirls for a pick-off throw. Craig Cantwell begins his swing. Steve Raich warms up before the game. Coach Guy Gingell decides on a good defensive play. Andy Kaiser reaches first on a wild throw.



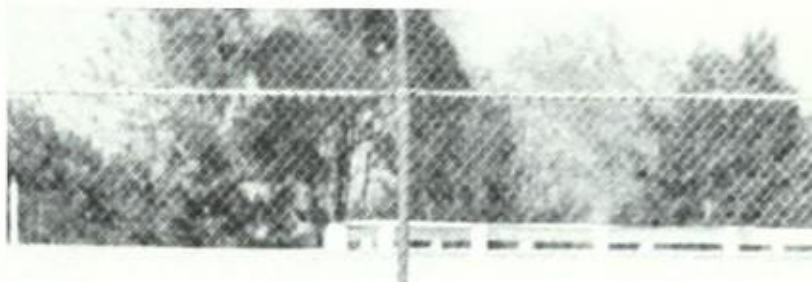
Anchored by Senior Co-Captains Perry Castellano and Ed Cazier at third and first base respectively, the infield is strong defensively. At second base is returning Sophomore Letterman Craig Glick, while Andy Kaiser, who is also a returning Varsity Letterman, moves from third base to shortstop. It looks like the double play combination is set for the next few years.

The team is strong in outfielders with 1976's Rookie of the Year, Craig Cantwell in center field. A Junior this year, Craig has already hit a home run to start a game winning rally against previously undefeated Brentwood. In left field is Sophomore newcomer, Sandy Volpert, and vying for the other outfield berths are Juniors Bob Griffith and Andy Swick, Seniors Scott Crawford, Bill Janes, Tom Barrett, Mark Horwitz, and Sophomore Steve Riach. Steve, a returning letterman, may also see mound duty, while Bill Janes can play the infield as well. Returning Senior letterman, George Fenimore, will share catching duties with Junior Jeff Fruin. During pre-season, Senior exchange student, Steve McKelvey, saw duty behind the plate, but Steve has returned to Deerfield Academy.

Senior Steve Sanders, up from last year's Junior Varsity, is a capable first baseman, and Junior Matt Cazier will see service as the team's designated hitter.

The team's mound staff is anchored by returning lettermen, Juniors Phil Blackman and Brab Crouch. Coach Guy Gingell has high expectations over the next two years for this mound duo. Craig Cantwell, in addition to his outfield duties, may also pitch.

J.V. BASEBALL



lockwise from lower left: Ed Cazier scores the tying run against Brentwood. Ed Cazier singles to left to score the winning run, versus rentwood. Coach Gingell discusses some defensive strategy. Brab Crouch warms up for some relief duty. Brian Spivack follows a low tch in the dirt. Steve Mitchel squares around for a sacrifice bunt. Hank Stern hits a ground single through the left side. Barry Stulberg arns a runner on second of á pick-off move.

VARSITY TRACK

Top row, left to right: Holland, Bergen, Greenfeld, Singleton, Bercovici, A., Aberg, Bercovici, D., Kelly, Scott, Cotsen, Brunson, Coach Duva, Deskin, Bell, MacArthur, Farr, Flintoft, Reinhardt, Marylander, Adams.

Clockwise from far left: A fatigued Greenfeld finishing first; MacArthur extends in the long jump; Farr running neck and neck; Bergen winning the 100 yard dash; Adams making a quick start.

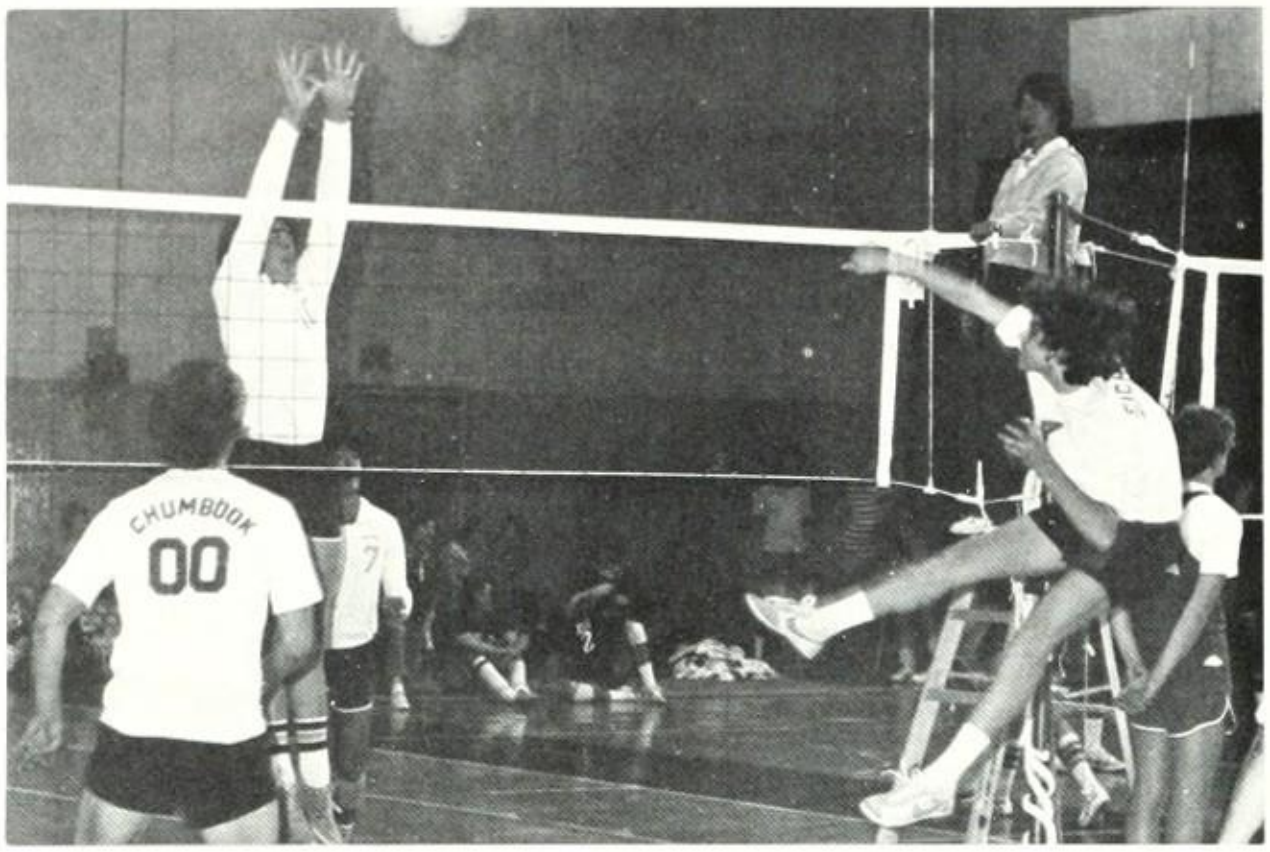
FROSH-SOPH TRACK

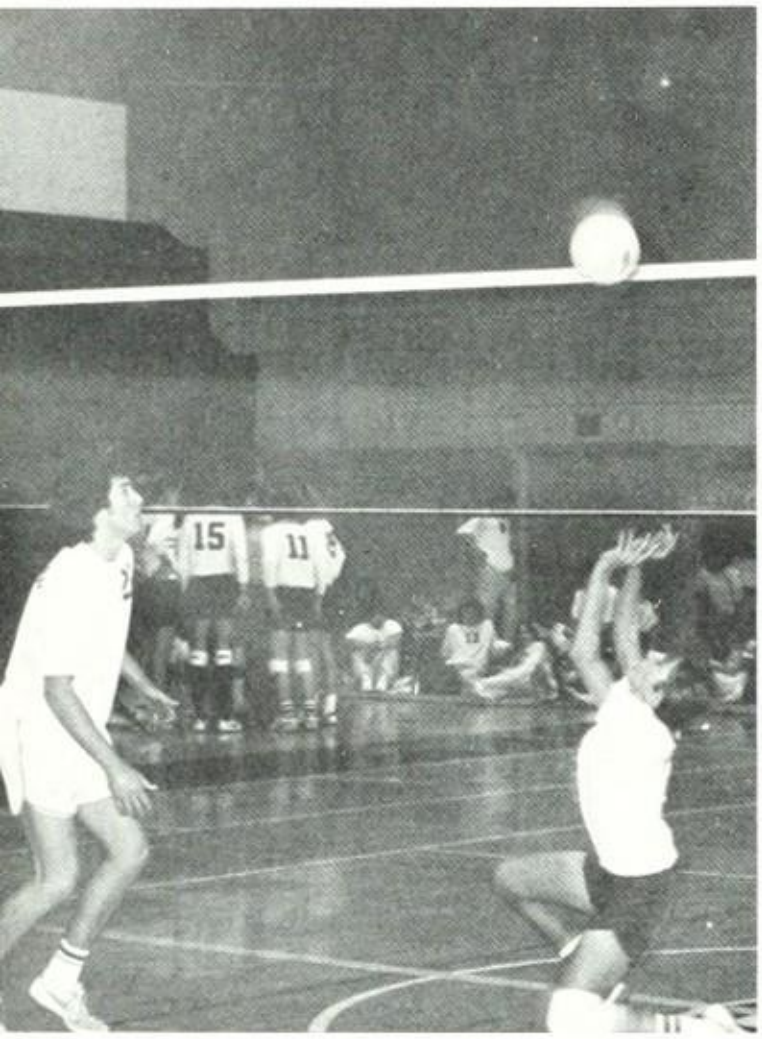
Front row: Shuken, Roe, Ken, Blum, Burnette, K. Parker, Chang, Combs. Back row: Coach Pecheco, Taylor, Salandar, Holland, S. Parker, Kenyon, Boyd, Chaslow, Thabit, Hong, Ross, Kennedy, Potter, Kim, Reeks, Krieger, Bergin, Coach Duva.

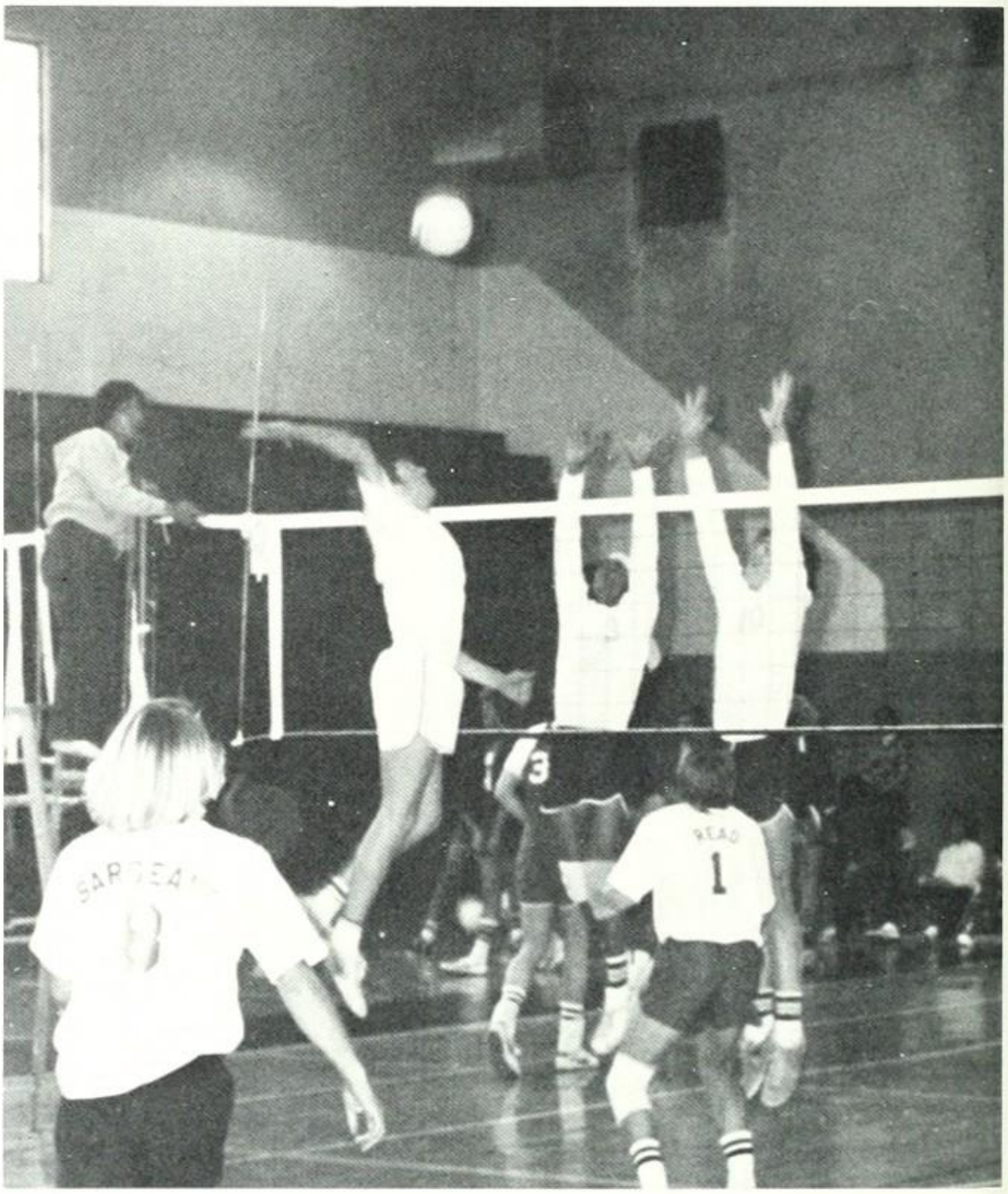
The 1977 edition of the Harvard Track and Field Team was an enlarged version of the past models. Seniors Adam Bercovici and Glen Farr provided the leadership needed for a successful season. This year's team reversed the losing trend that has been so prevalent in the past. Competitiveness was the main objective of this year's optimistic coaching staff. They have begun what hopes to be a winning tradition in Harvard Track and Field. This year's turnout numbered over forty highly spirited participants. This was partly due to the attraction of Westlake and Marlborough girls at Harvard practices. The Frosh-Soph Division showed a great deal of depth and power. Led by Kris Bergen, Tom Reeks, and Chris Combs, this team had a great deal of talent and desire.

Clockwise from left: Tom Reeks pulls away in the mile. Steve Blum explodes in the shotput. Reeks stretches out in the long jump. Kris Bergen in post-race anguish. Jay Krieger and Mike Chasalow desperatley tackle the hurdles.

VARSITY VOLLEYBALL

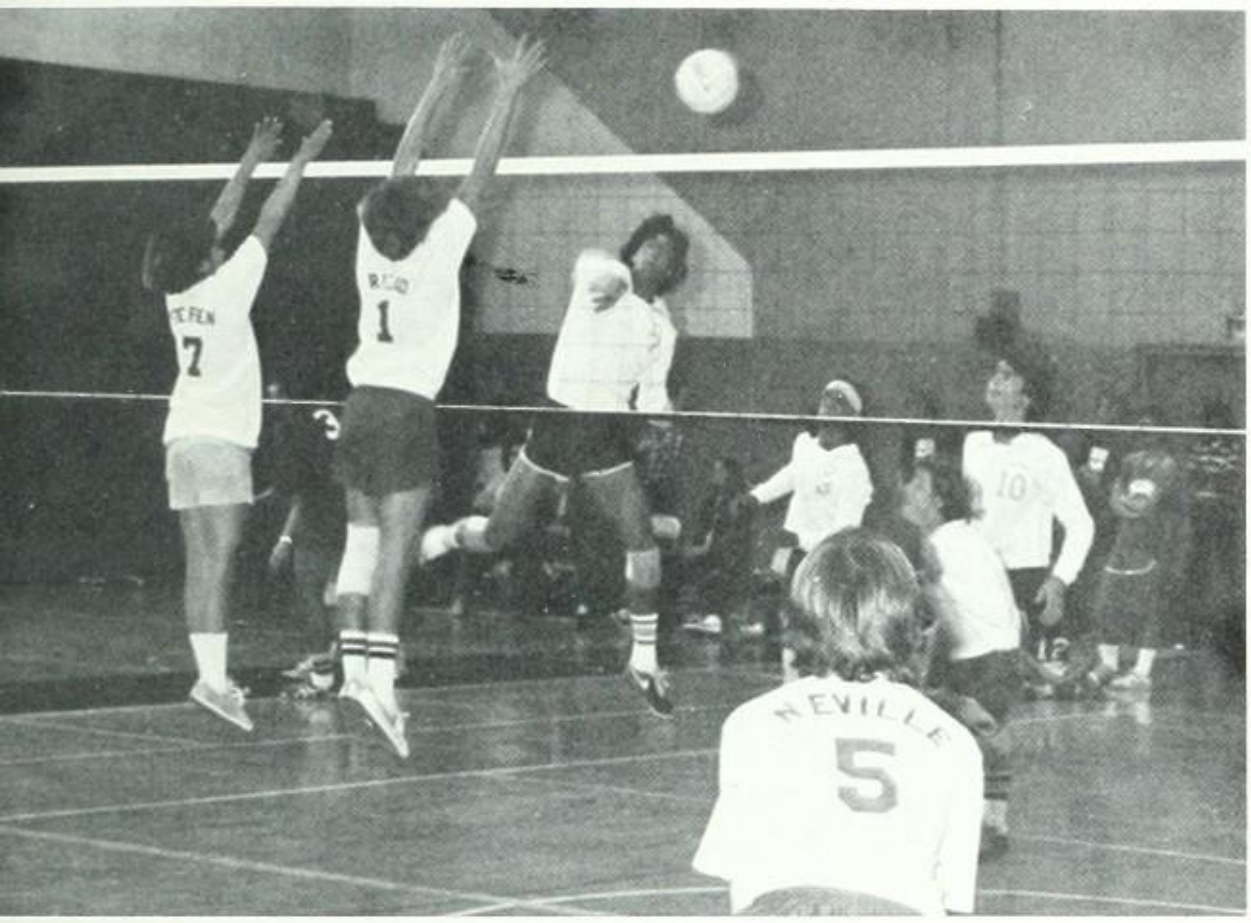


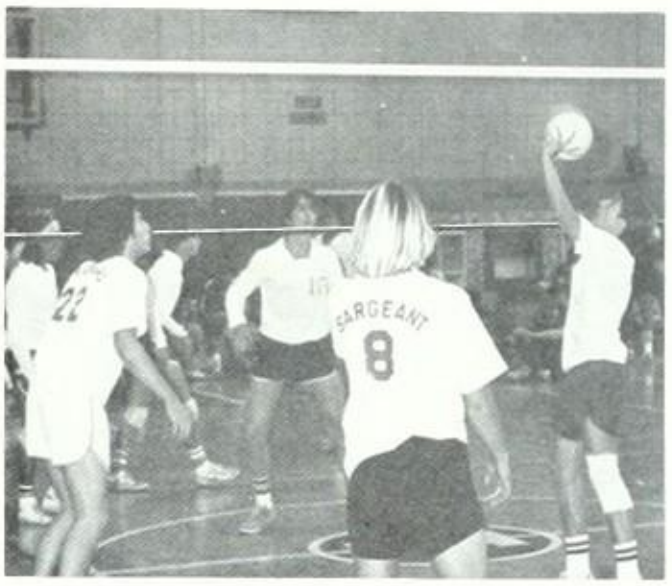




Moved up to a stronger Bay League, the Harvard Volleyball Team played with powerhouses like Beverly Hills, Aviation, and North Torrance. During pre-season play All-tournament Bill Bagnard and Honorable-mention Kevin Read led the squad to place second out of twenty teams in the Inglewood Invitational.

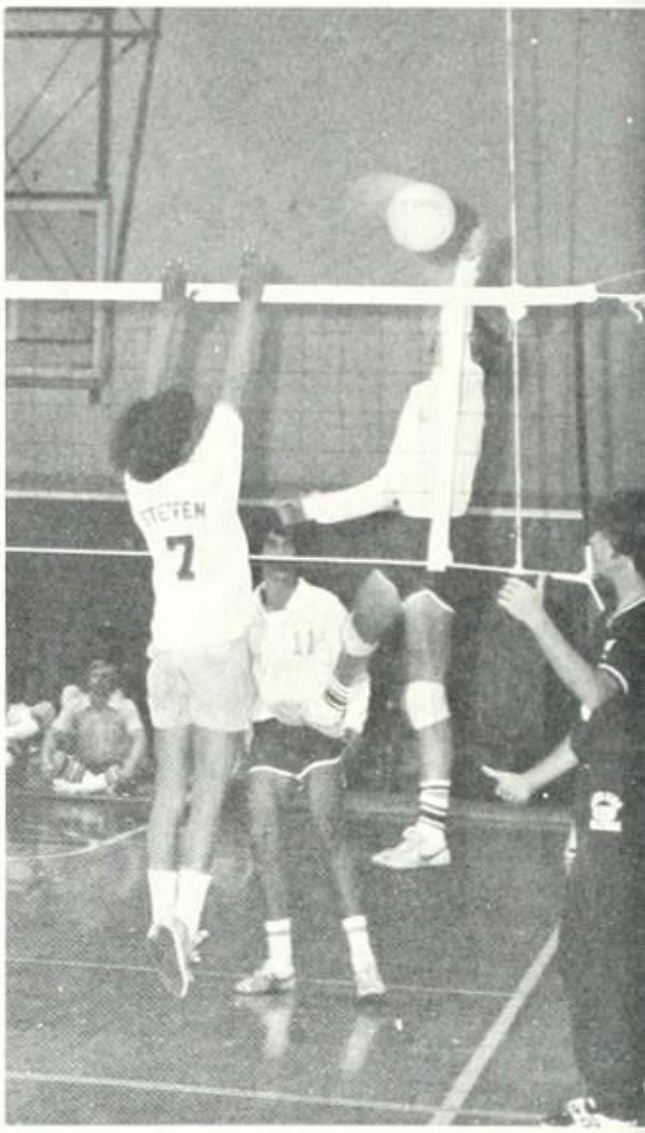
Harvard Volleyball played more aggressive this year under the leadership of new coach Ozello. His insights have helped the team to play good ball while returning lettermen Bill Bagnard, George Pappas, and Kevin Read sparked the team to play with much quickness and vitality. Another prominent characteristic is that the team has tremendous depth, with J.V. players filling in vacant spots. Though the team had a much tougher schedule, they performed admirably and lived to all its expectations.





Left to right: Coach Ozello, John Eichler, Kevin Read, Bill Bagnard, Barron Stephen, Rob Chumbook, Pete Neville, Jim Morland, John Lee, Jim Sargent, Clint Lau.

BAGNARD
22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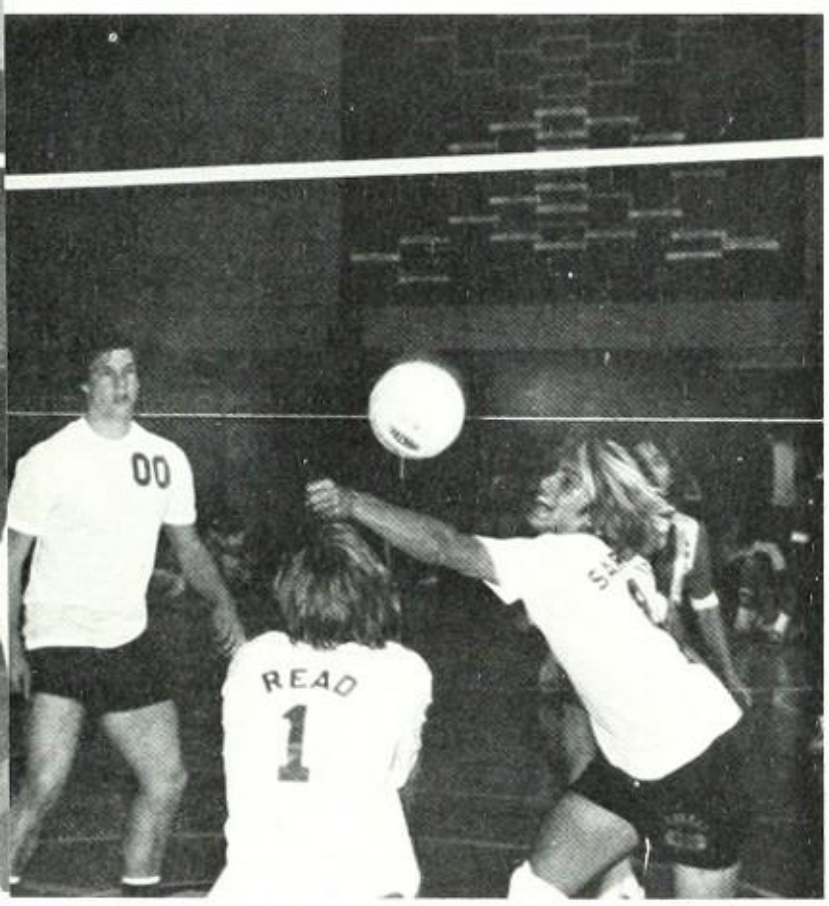
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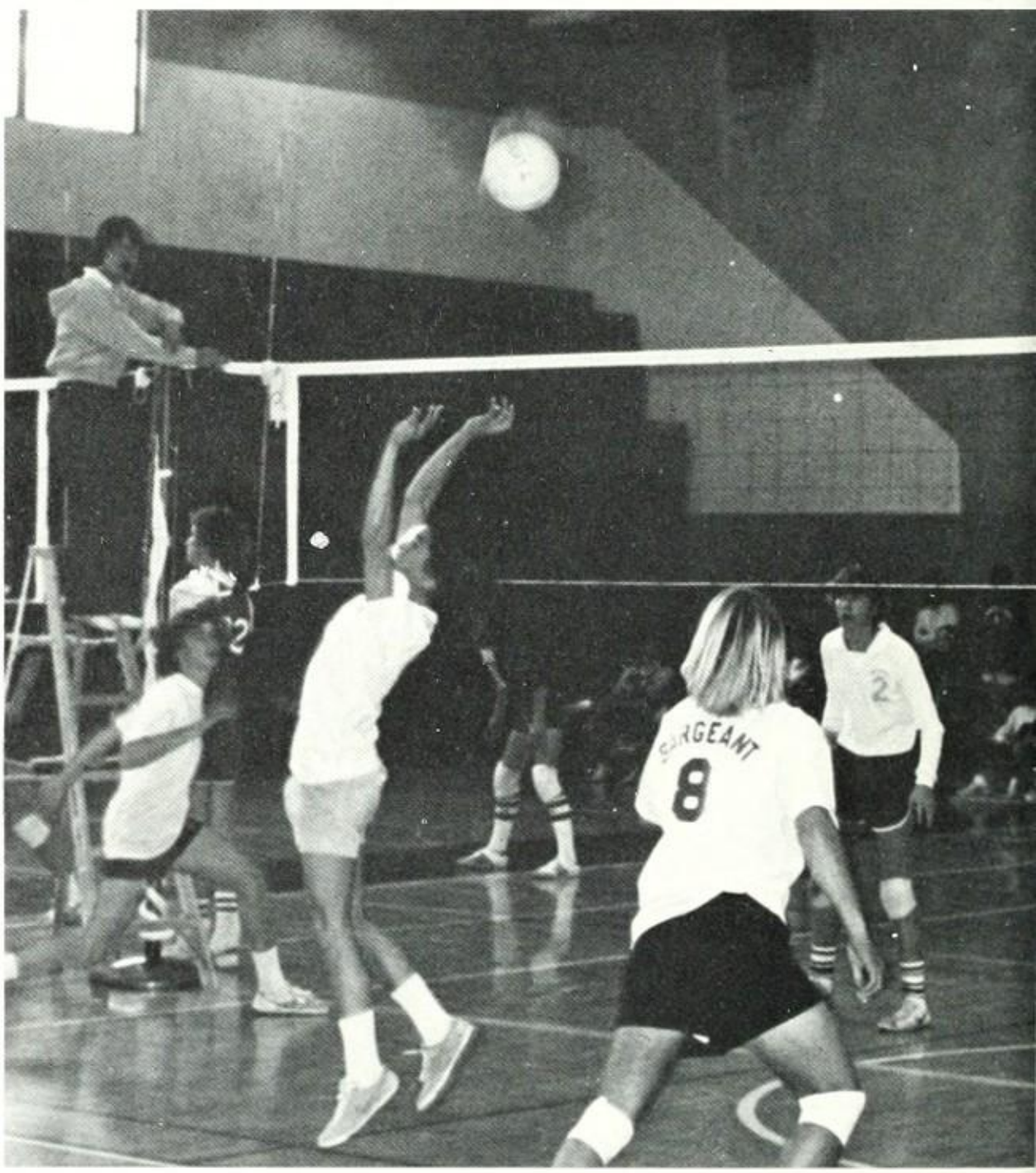
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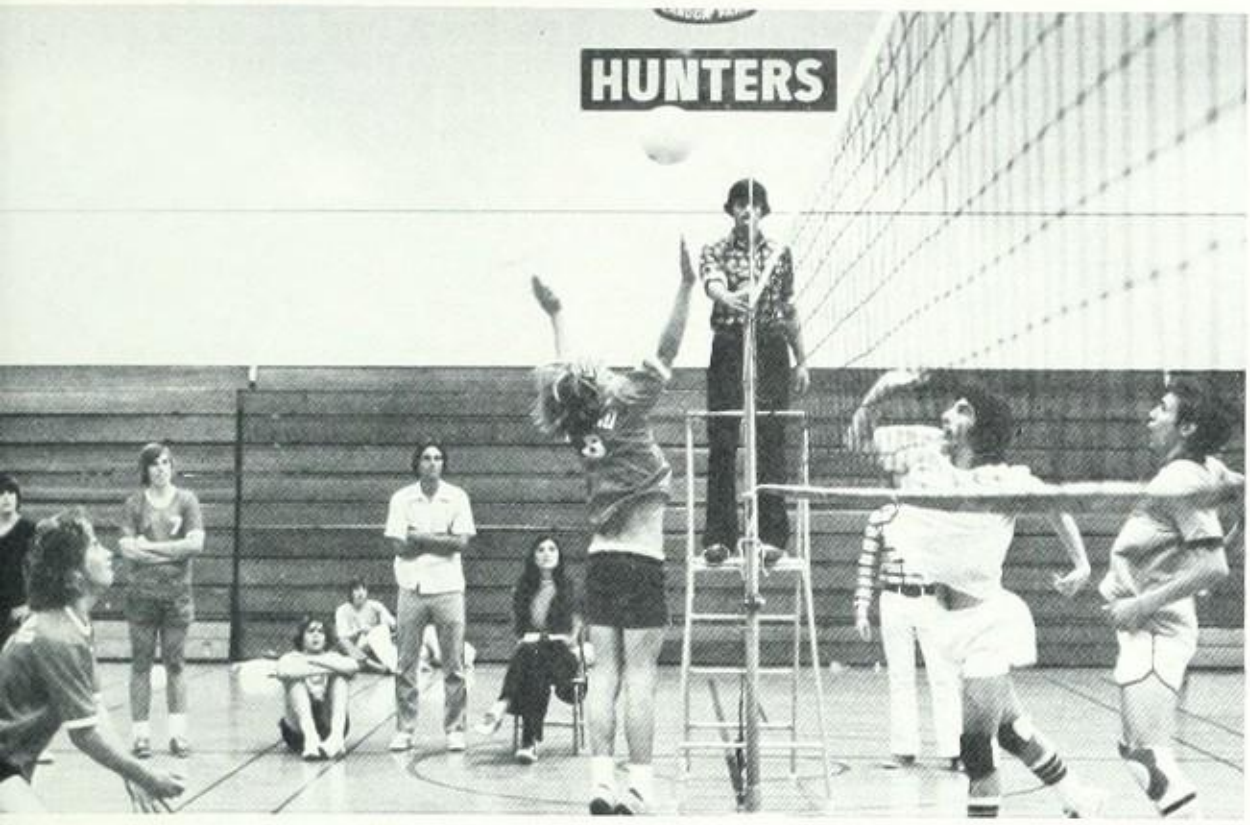
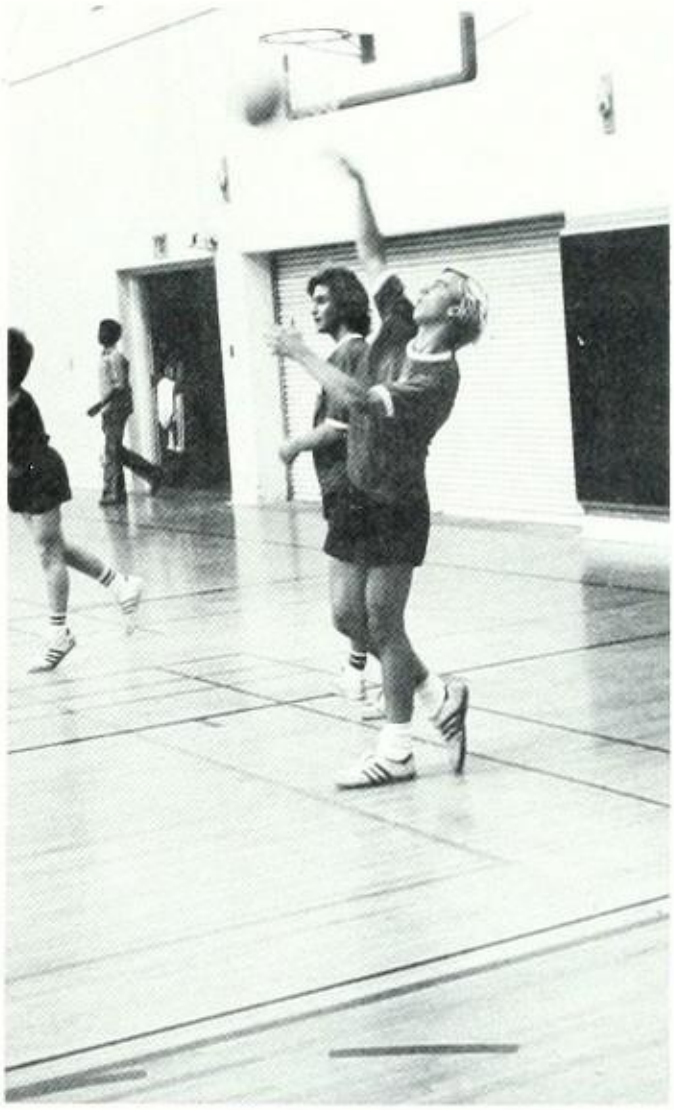
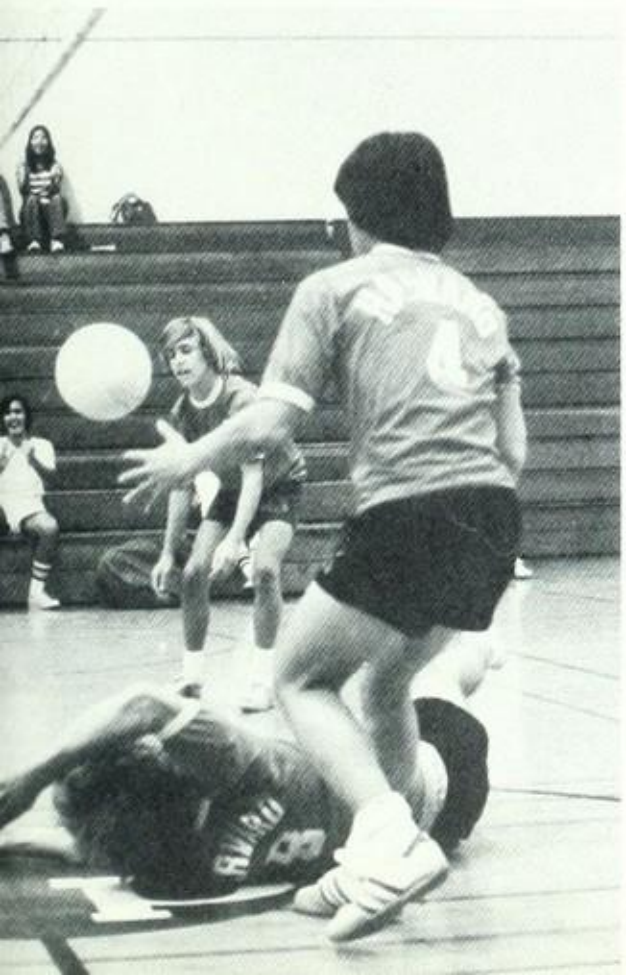


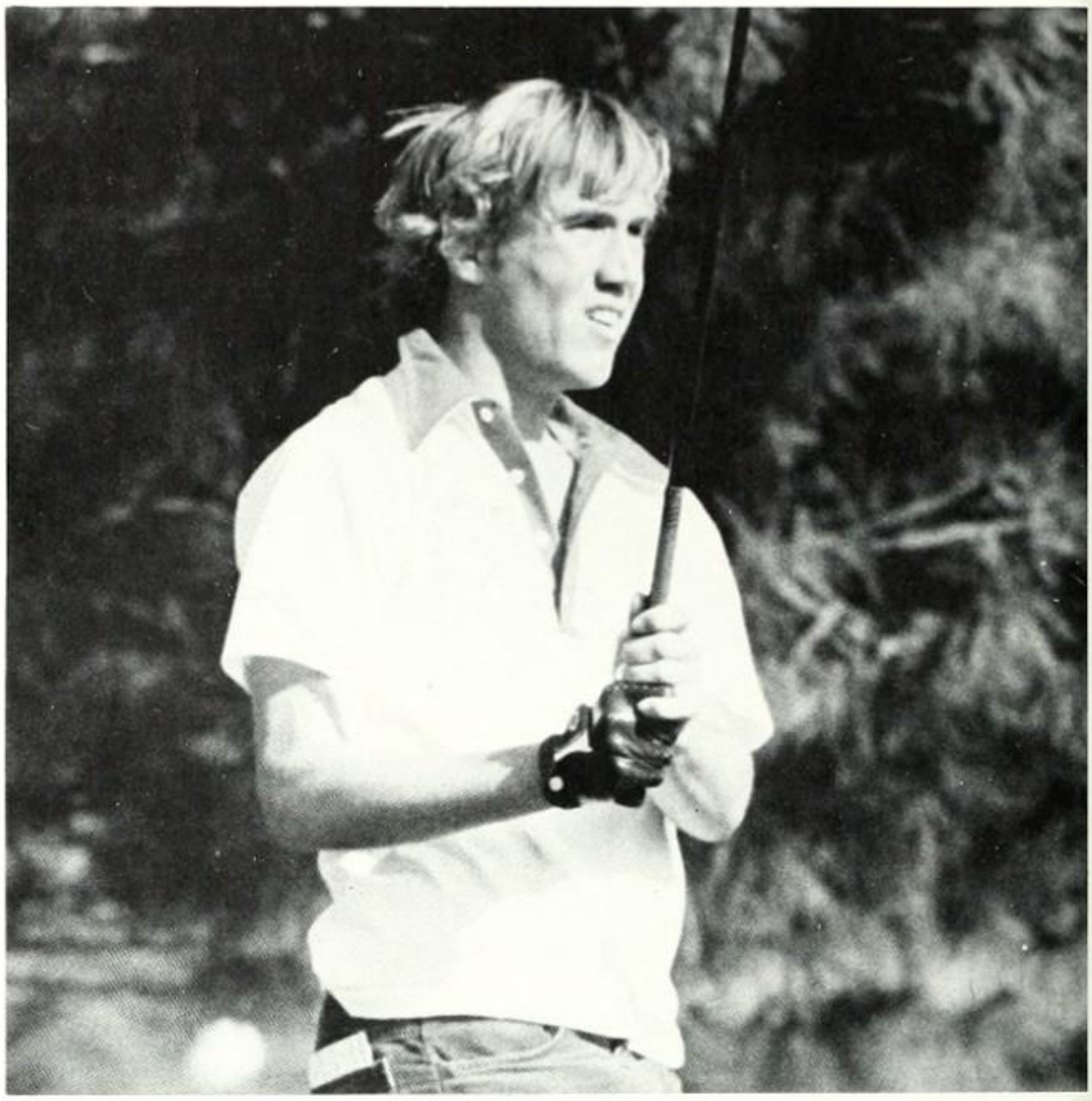
J.V. VOLLEYBALL

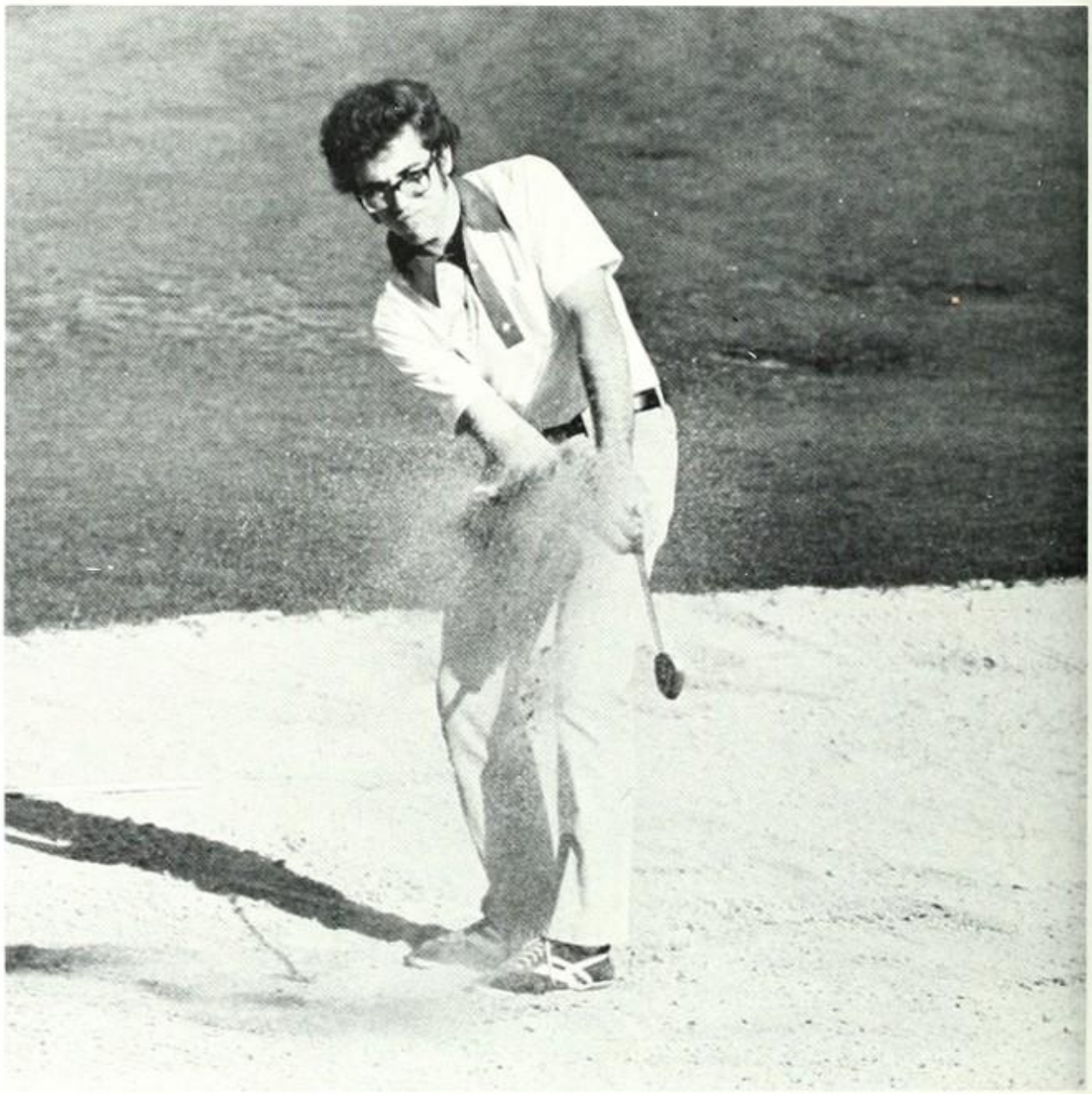
Clockwise from left: Richard Pops tries to first-time a weak volley; Practice serving; Peter Mann fakes a smash as Lau drills it into the opponent's arms; Jon Lee watches Ken Siporin dive for the ball; Mann prepares the ball for a set-up.



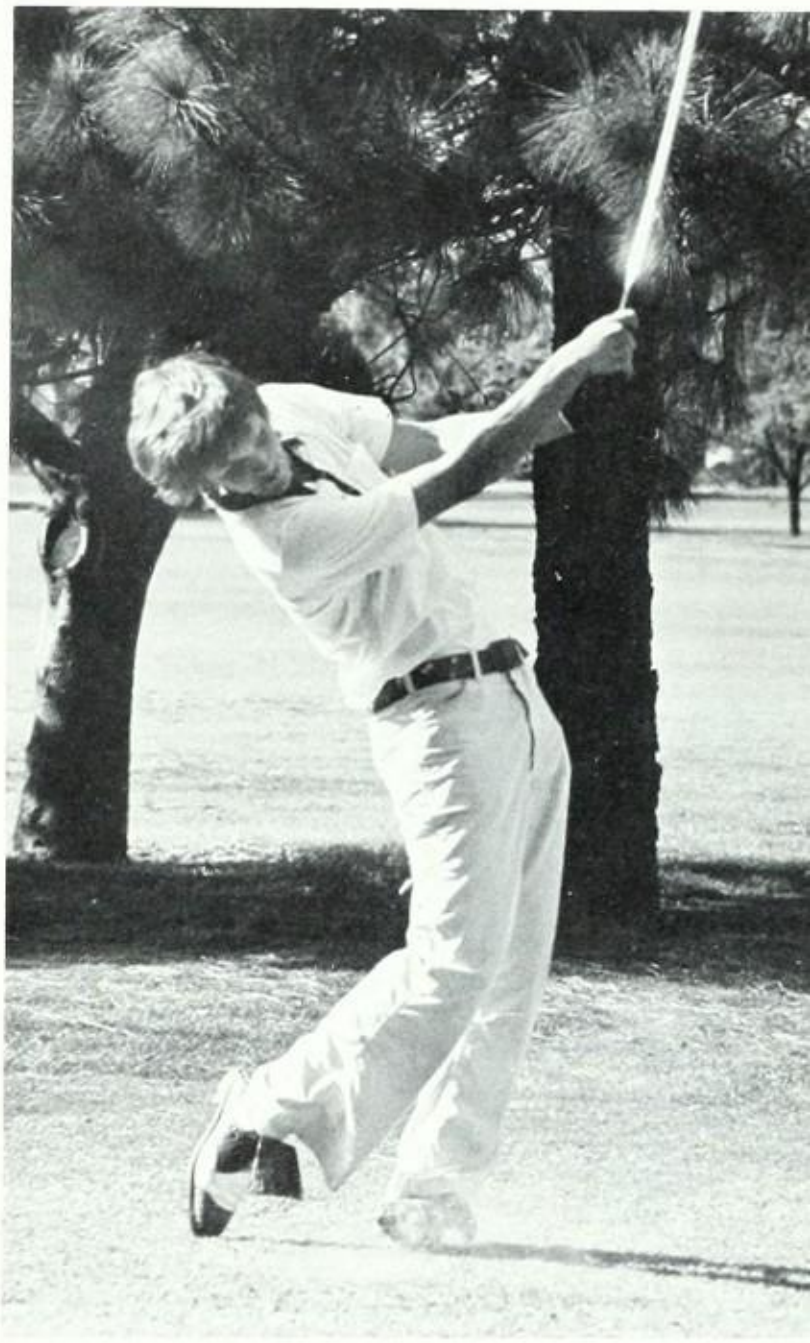


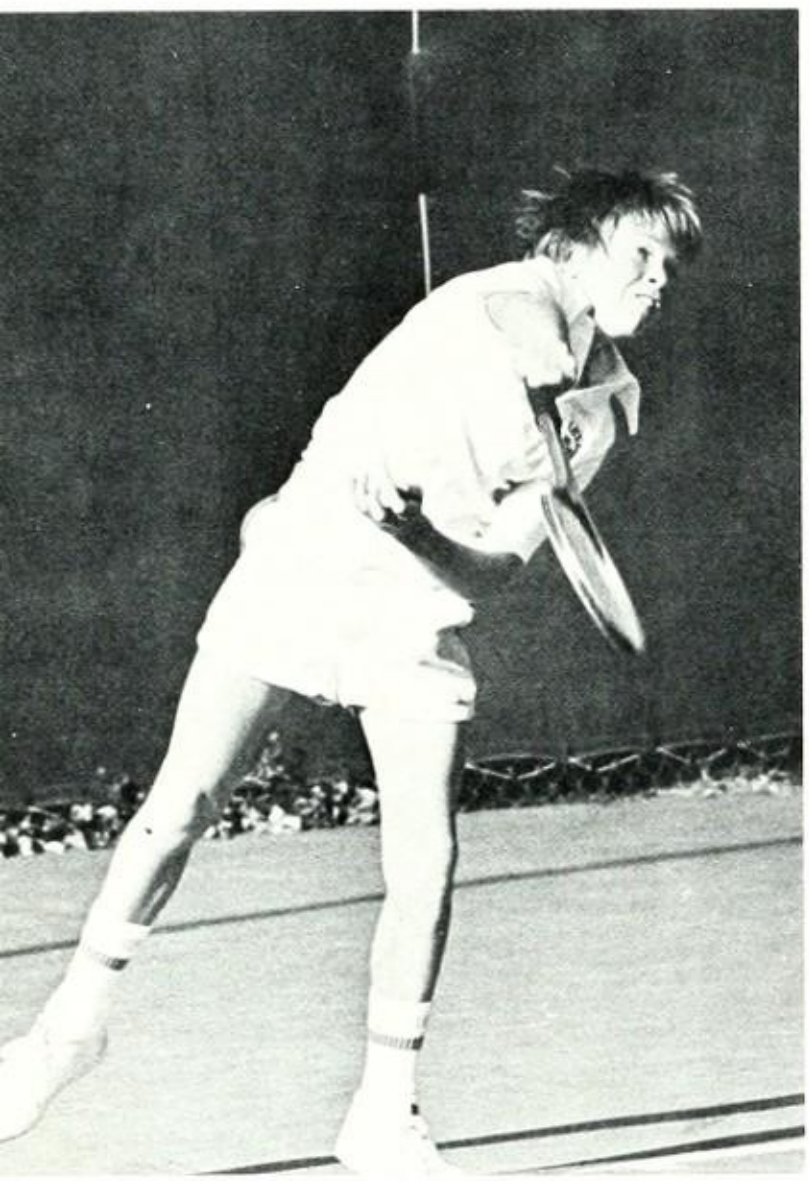
GOLF

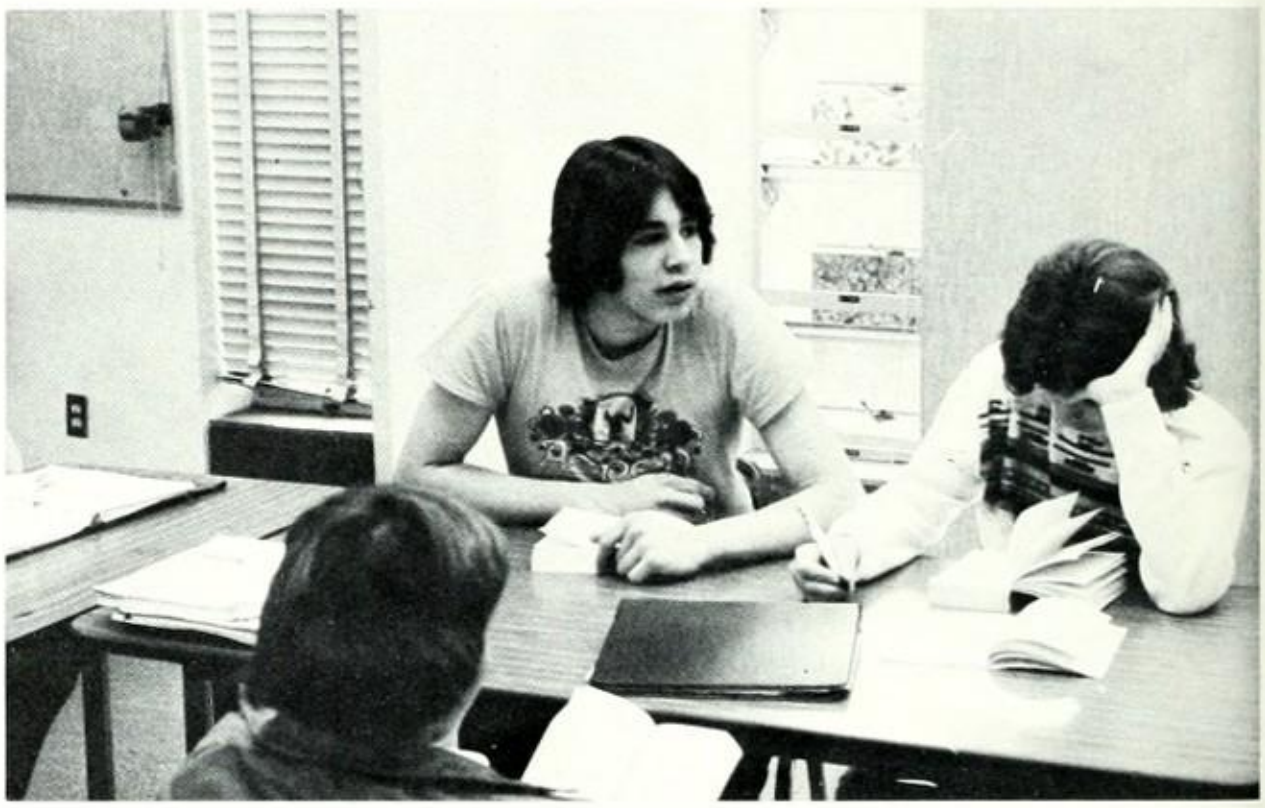




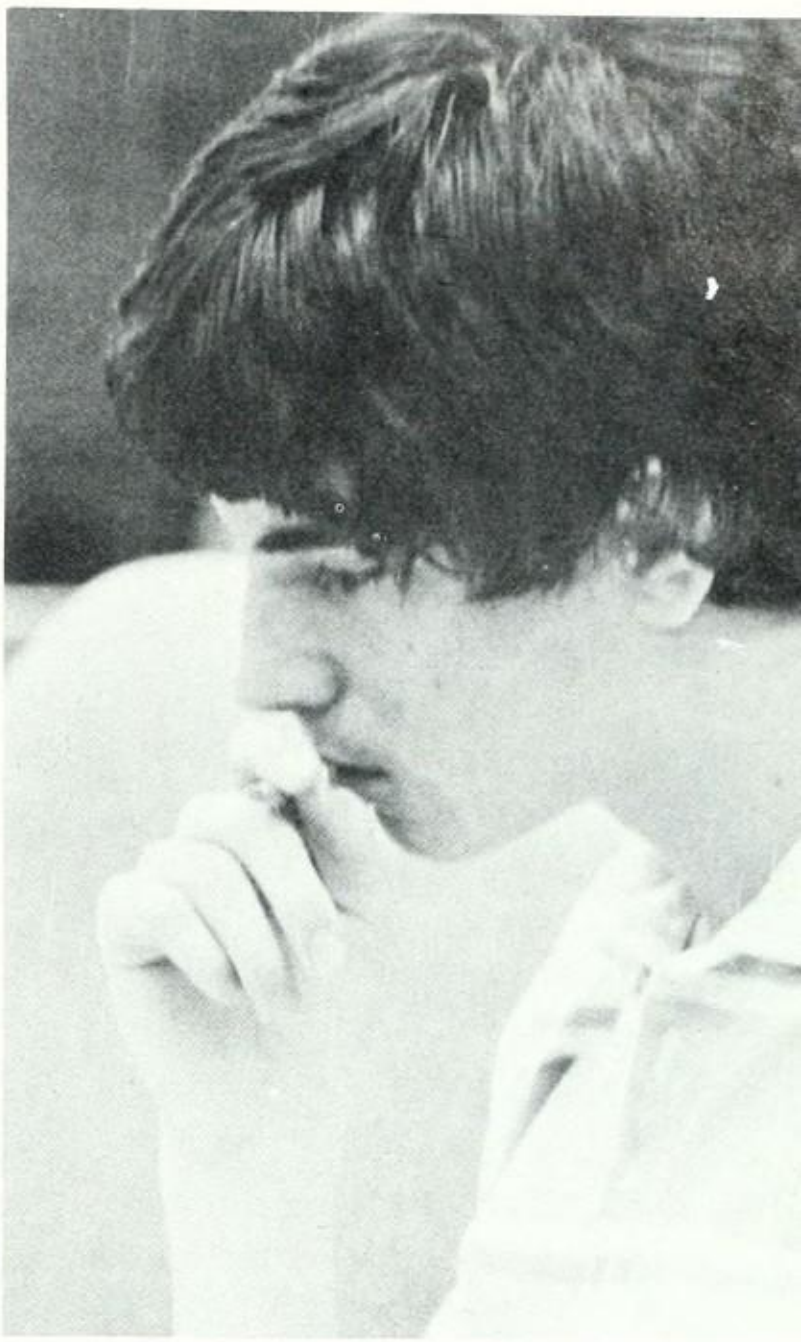
Left to right: Coach Kim, Jim Grover, Steve Stephens, John Bertram, George Thabit, Doug Brady, Teigi Kawana, Peter Wright, Coach Thran. (Richard Lee, David Wolf, Ken Morgan not pictured.)





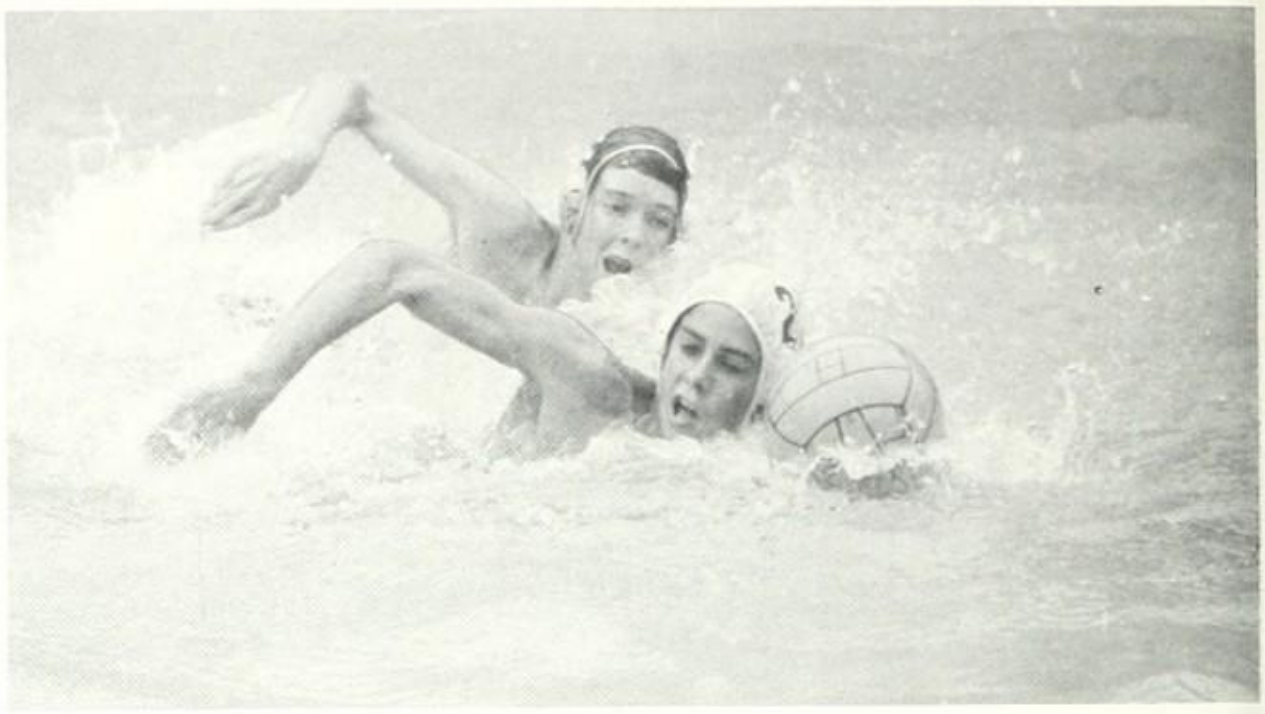


FRESHMEN



Clockwise from the top: Bruce Thabit intensely watching his fellow players; Steve Horowitz shows his shooting form during pre-game warm up; Kent Corley with Yale Penzell, John Park, and Brain Wright look on at the swim meet in progress; Matthau making up his mind; Chris Combs putting out a fantastic effort in cross-country; Tom Reeks leading the pack of hopeful first string players; Peter Carpenter receiving help from Mr. Hulbert; Tom Birthistle and Berndt Schine, lounging in the Social Studies office; A mesmerized Gerrett Kenyon; Robbie Kevorkian and Mark Ruiz show their enthusiasm towards English Class; Chris Calvert serves his way to the Varsity Tennis Team.

Clockwise from top: Mogan makes move; Towsend takes ten from typing; The Dynamic Dewell; Fields fiddles with folio; Scott smiles.



Douglas Ackerman
Eugene Ahtirski
Thomas Birthistle
Stephen Blum

Geoffrey Boyd
Scott Brittingham
Chris Calvert
Cameron Carothers

Christopher Carothers
Peter Carpenter
Blake Champion
Michael Chasalow
Matthew Chitiea

Duane Clark
Rogg Collins
Michael Coluzzi
Christopher Combs
Maxwell Cooper

Kent Corley
Michael Eveloff

Michael Daniels
David Fields

John Dewell
Robert Flanagan

Dana Drew
Jonathan Fredricks

David Ellis
Mark Freeman

Gregory Enns
Michael Galef

Terry Goldman
Daniel Hepler

Robert Greenberg
Roy Hong

Chester Griffiths
Steven Horowitz

Peter Grossman
Jeffrey Horwitz

John Hall
Eric Hosmer

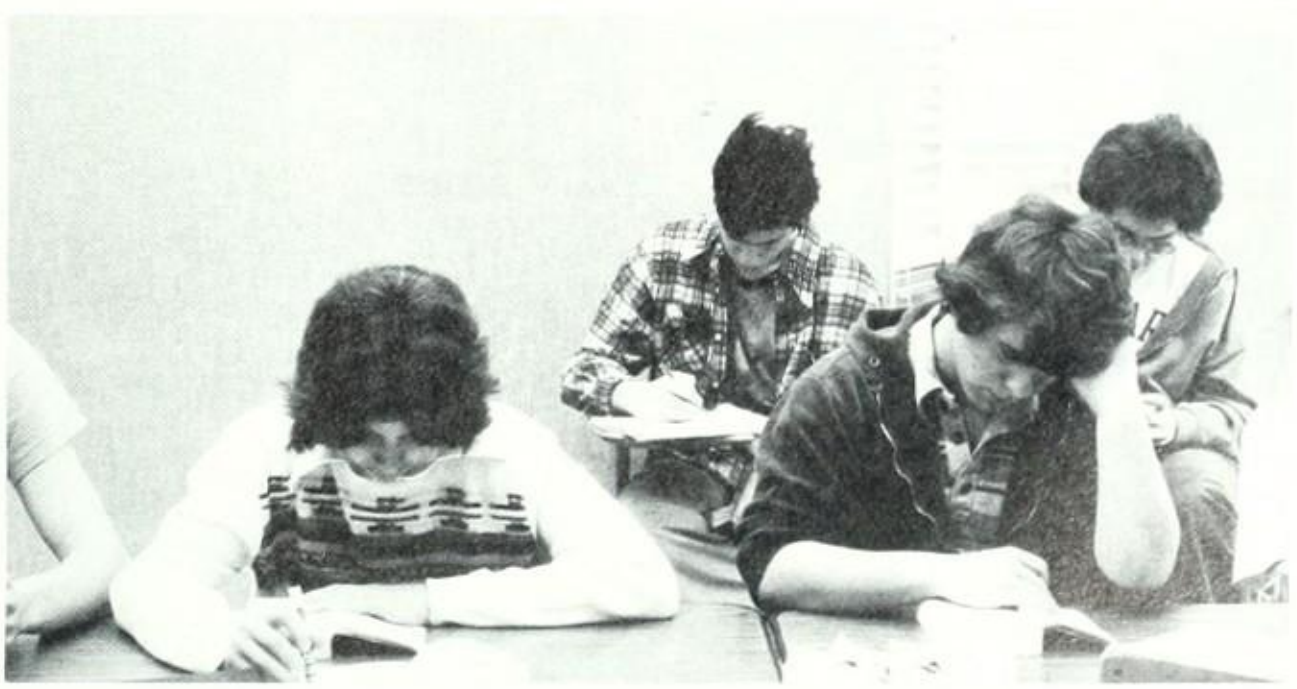
Bryan Hance
John Iino

David Ikegami
Jeffrey Iorillo
Karl Kamb
Andrew Karp
Brett Kaufmann

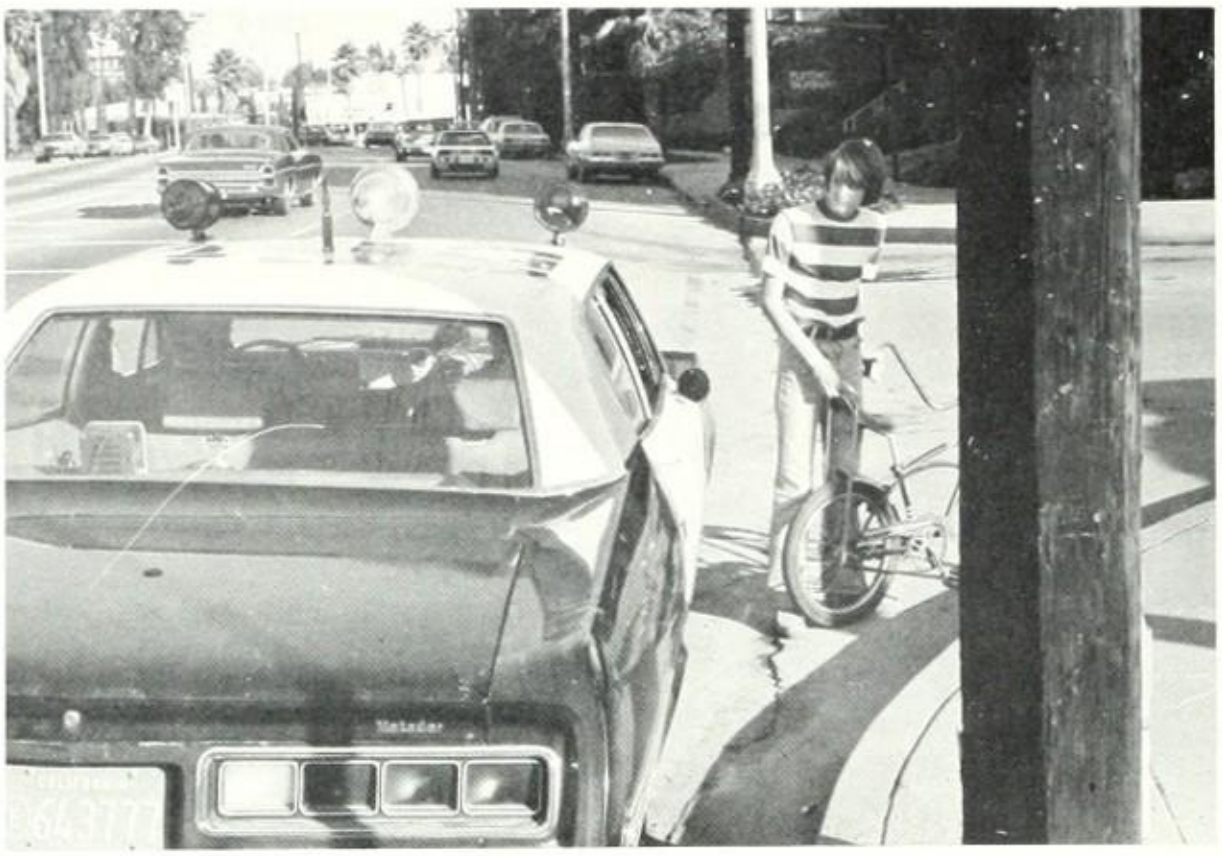
Teiji Kawana
Douglas Keith
Charles Kennedy
Garrett Kenyon
Ronald Kessler

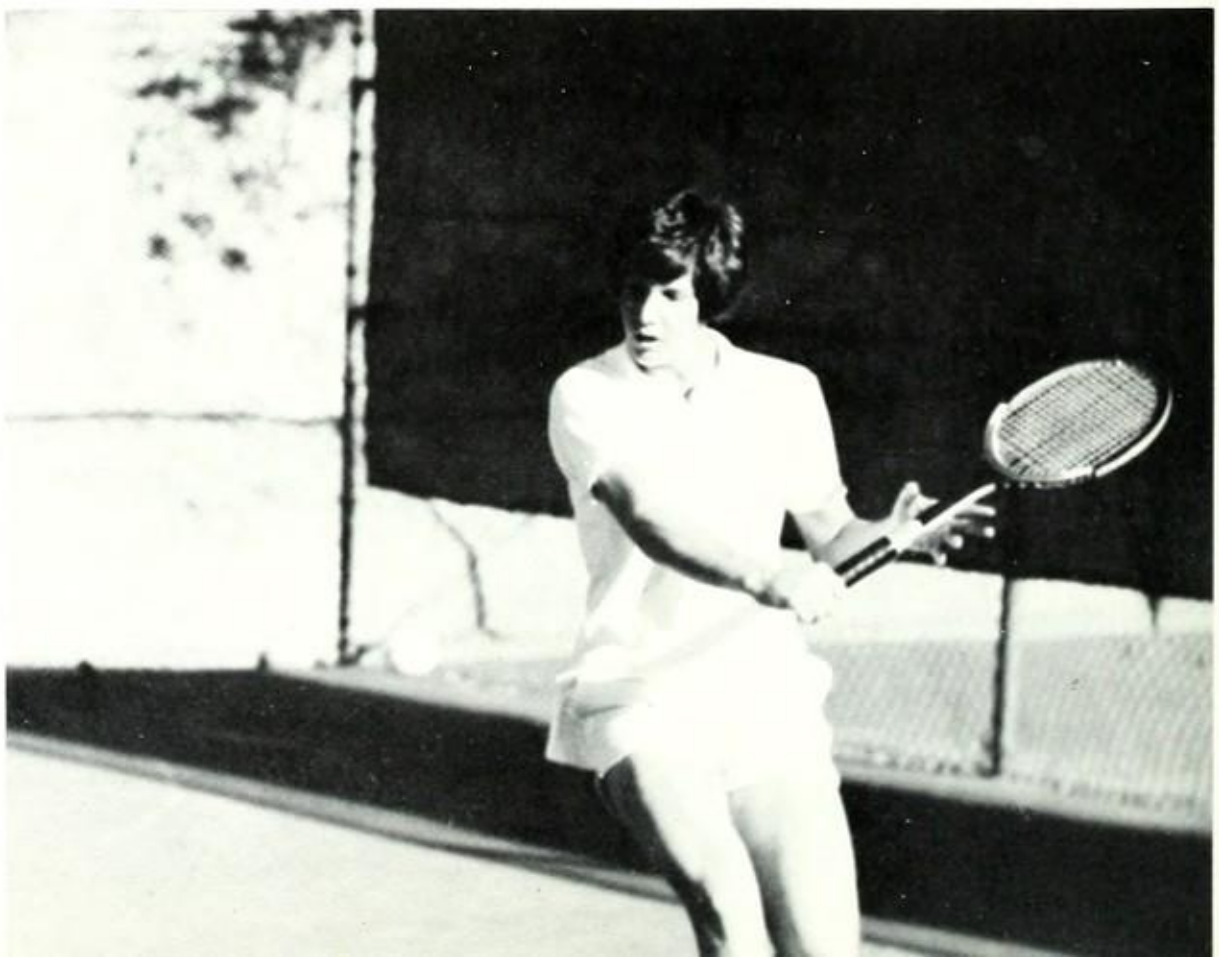
Robert Kevorkian
Barry Klein
John Krieger
James Kroger

William Lautman
Richard Lester
Michael Long
Thomas Lorber



Clockwise from top: Tom Reeks winning mile race; Pappy Parker poses; Rob Kevorkian, Alex Werner, Steve Blum, and Barry Klein studying? Tom Birthistle jogging in practice; ***thirsty Daniels.***



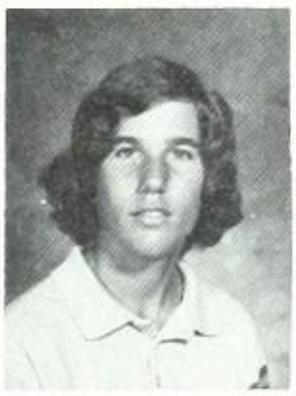


Counter-clockwise from top right: Horwitz looking for a seat; Pierson just can't stay out of trouble; Greedy Greenberg grabs more than his share; Pomerantz prepares to pommel the pelota; Ev eats.

Brian Marshall
Jules Martin
Charles Matthau
John McDonough

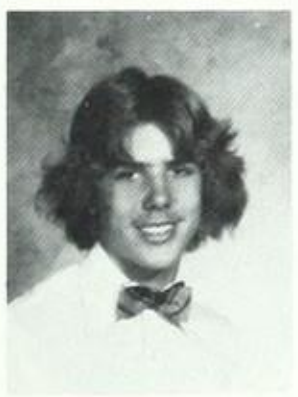
Robert McKinney
Todd Melnik
Reed Miller
Richard Mogan

Morgan Morgan
Duke Morton
John Moss
Barry Munger
Eugene Murdock
David Neidorf



David Pomerantz
Bruce Pompan
Curtis Potter
Scott Pratt

Matthew Norris
Hugh O'Conner
Carlos Orihuela
Richard Parker
Streeter Parker
Emery Pierson



Kenneth Purcell
Thomas Reeks
Stephen Regen
Kevin Robinson

Kenneth Rose
Howard Rosenberg
Marc Ruiz
Bruce Samuels
Kevin Schine

Berndt Schine
David Seidner
Anthony Selzer
Robert Shagan
Allen Shay

Bruce Shih
Jerold Shinbane
David Silverman
Kenneth Siporin
Peter Soikkeli

Alexis Sonnenfeld
David Stern
Eric Stockel

Casey Strahan
Arthur Streiber
Daniel Symonds

Kirby Tanimura
Bruce Thabit

Chalmer Taylor
Warren Tourtellotte

Brett Trauthen

Alexander Trueblood

Robert Ward
Frederick Warren
Henry Weinstein
Henry Weissmann
Alexander Werner

Bart Williams
Walter Witt
Townsend Wolfe
Scott Worrell
John Yasuda

Clockwise from below: Tom Huggins contemplates; Bill Grasska works out his problems; Lanky Landon; Phillip Blackman assesses the situation; Perry Goldman gets serious.

"Hey Thaddeus, we've got a problem."

"What's the matter now? Did you run out of room for your football clippings?"

"No it's not that," says Charles, worriedly looking up from his splicing, "I just don't know how we can prove that the Junior year is worse than the Sophomore year."

"What do you mean 'worse'?"

"Well, we've gone from a full moon to three-quarters. That's a backwards step."

"And what is wrong with a backwards step? Had it not been for the retreat, thousands of Yankees would have been slaughtered in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the War of 1812. The backwards step has always been vital to the survival of our society. It allows us to check ourselves a second time, so that we can see our mistakes from a new perspectice."

"Is that really true?"

"Don't worry about that . . . it sounds good. You see Charles, the reason the Junior year is only a three-quarters moon is that is filled with more work than any other. P.S.A.T.'s, S.A.T.'s, A.P.'s, A.C.H.'s, N.B.A.'s I.O.U.'s, Y.W.C.A.'s — " "GET ON WITH IT!!"

"Sorry. This is the year that counts with the colleges. All that work composes the little bit of darkness. The rest of it is light. For most of the year those beleagured young men know true happiness — cars."

"That's lovely Thaddeus."

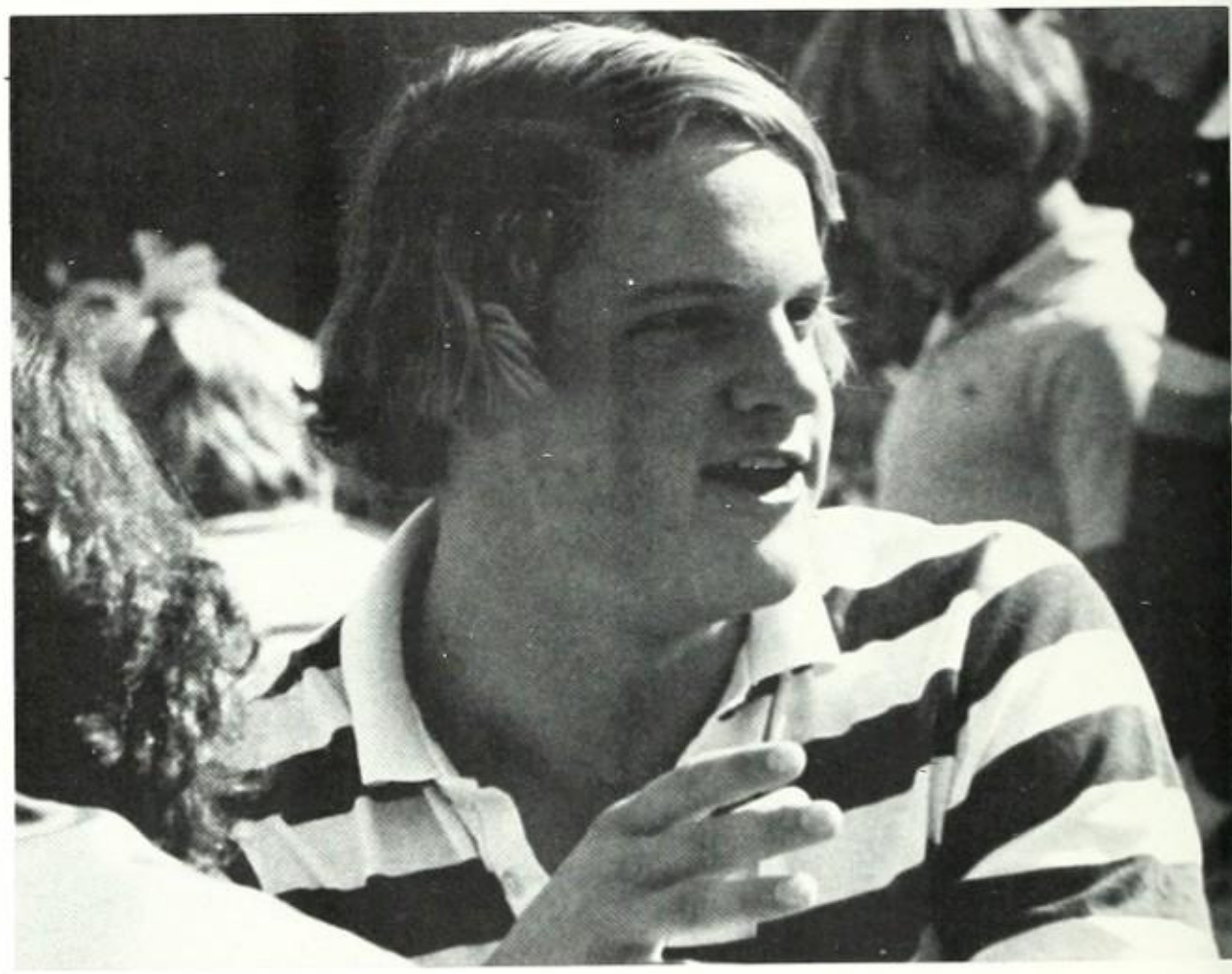
"Thank you dear boy."

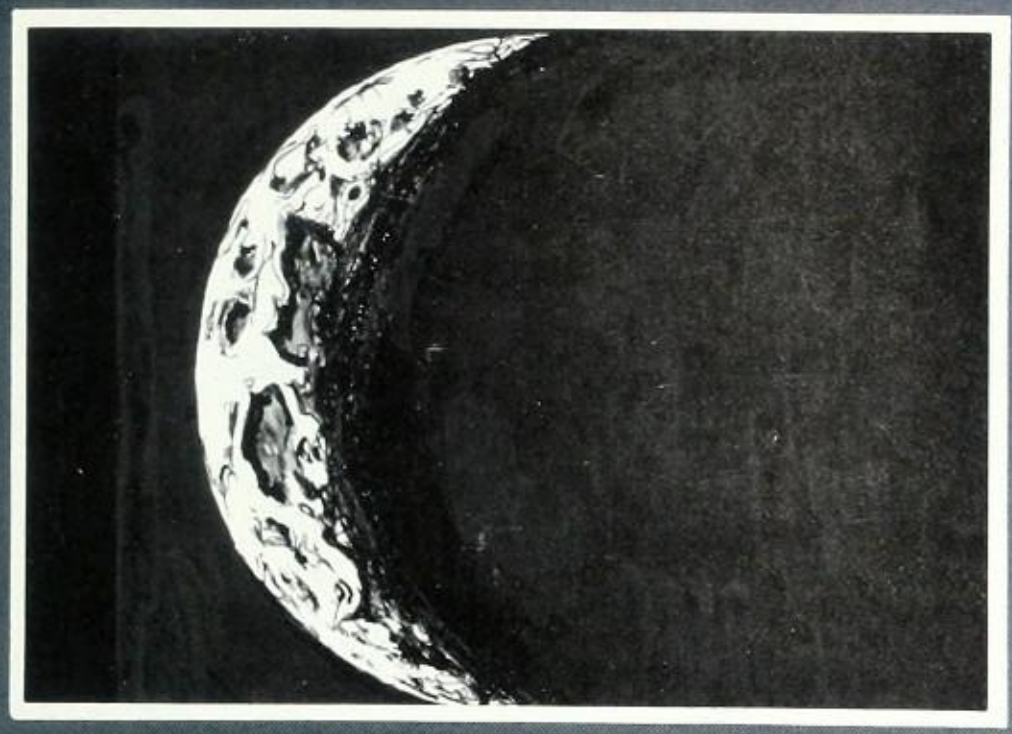
"I'm still muddled about the backwards step though. Did you learn from your mistakes?"

"Of course I did," says Thaddeus, betraying a smile. "I learned from my mistakes . . . and I'm sure I could repeat them all over again if I had to."

"I shouldn't have asked."

"Pass the scissors Charles."

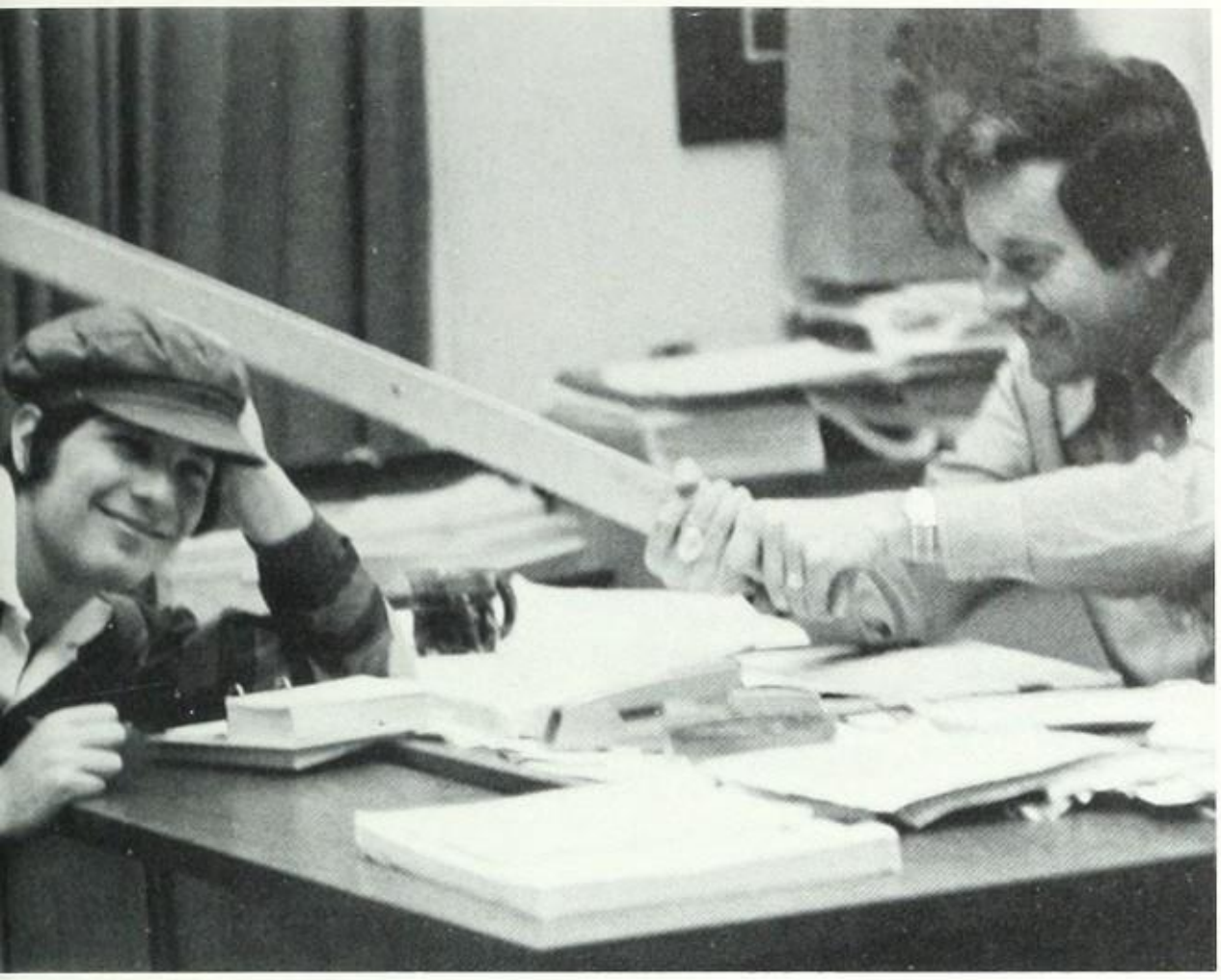




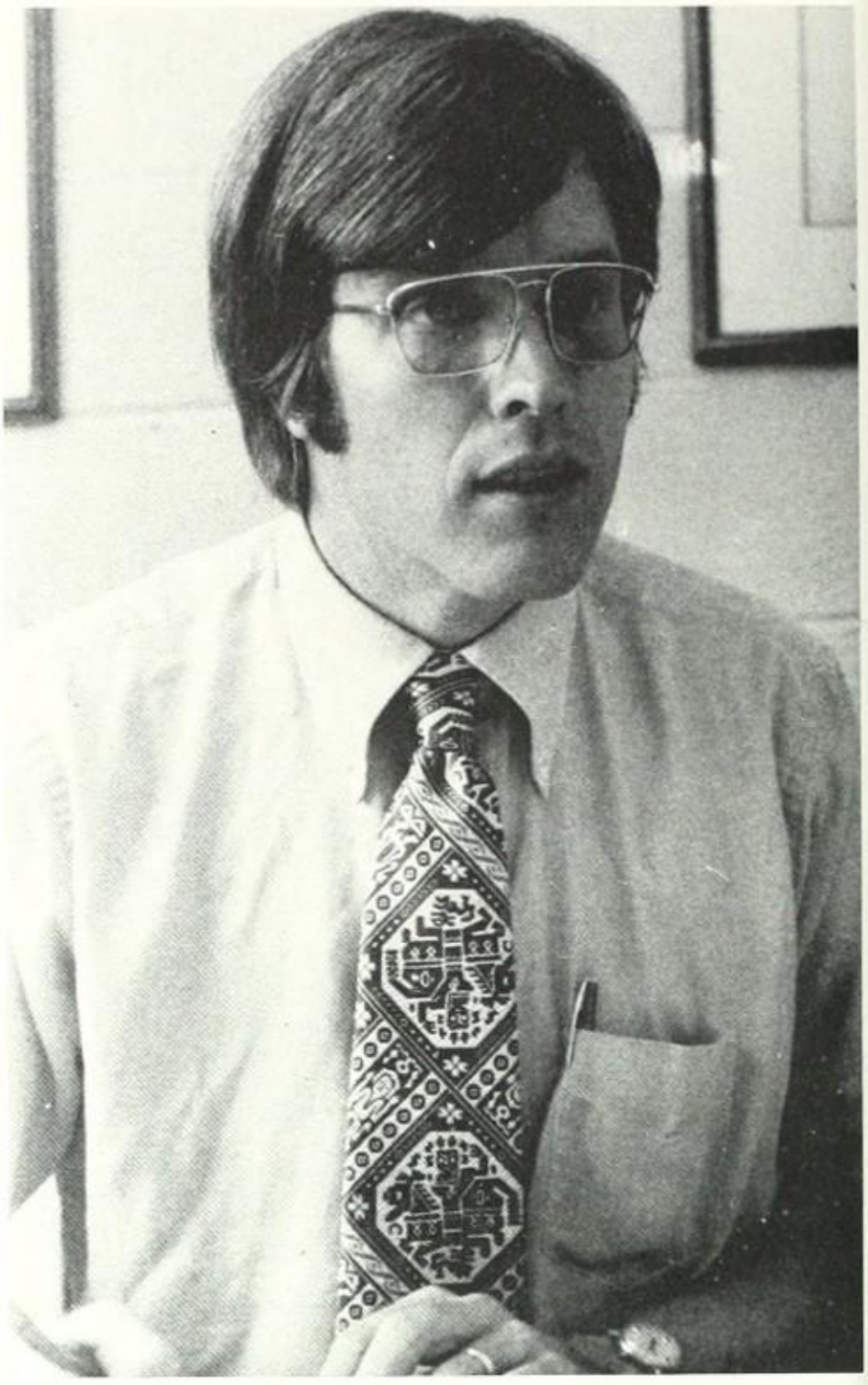
ELEVENTH GRADE

Clockwise from above: Mark Schine shines his equipment; Fraschilla and Weissman transfixed; Jeff Fruin munches out; Carl McKenna pours sunshine out of a straw; John Bunzel solemly looks on; Wes Sterman solos.

FACULTY AND ADMINISTRATION

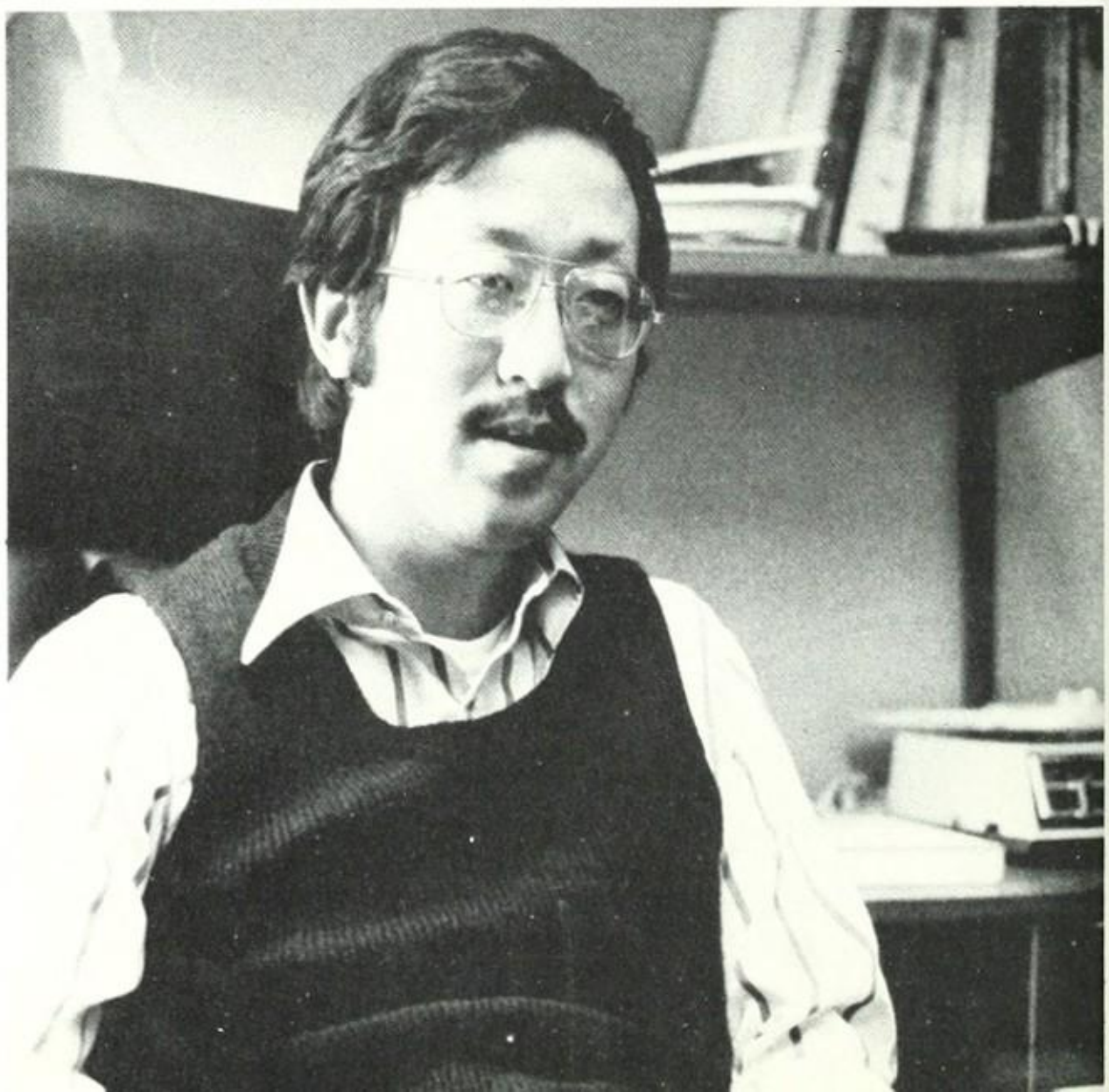


ADMINISTRATION



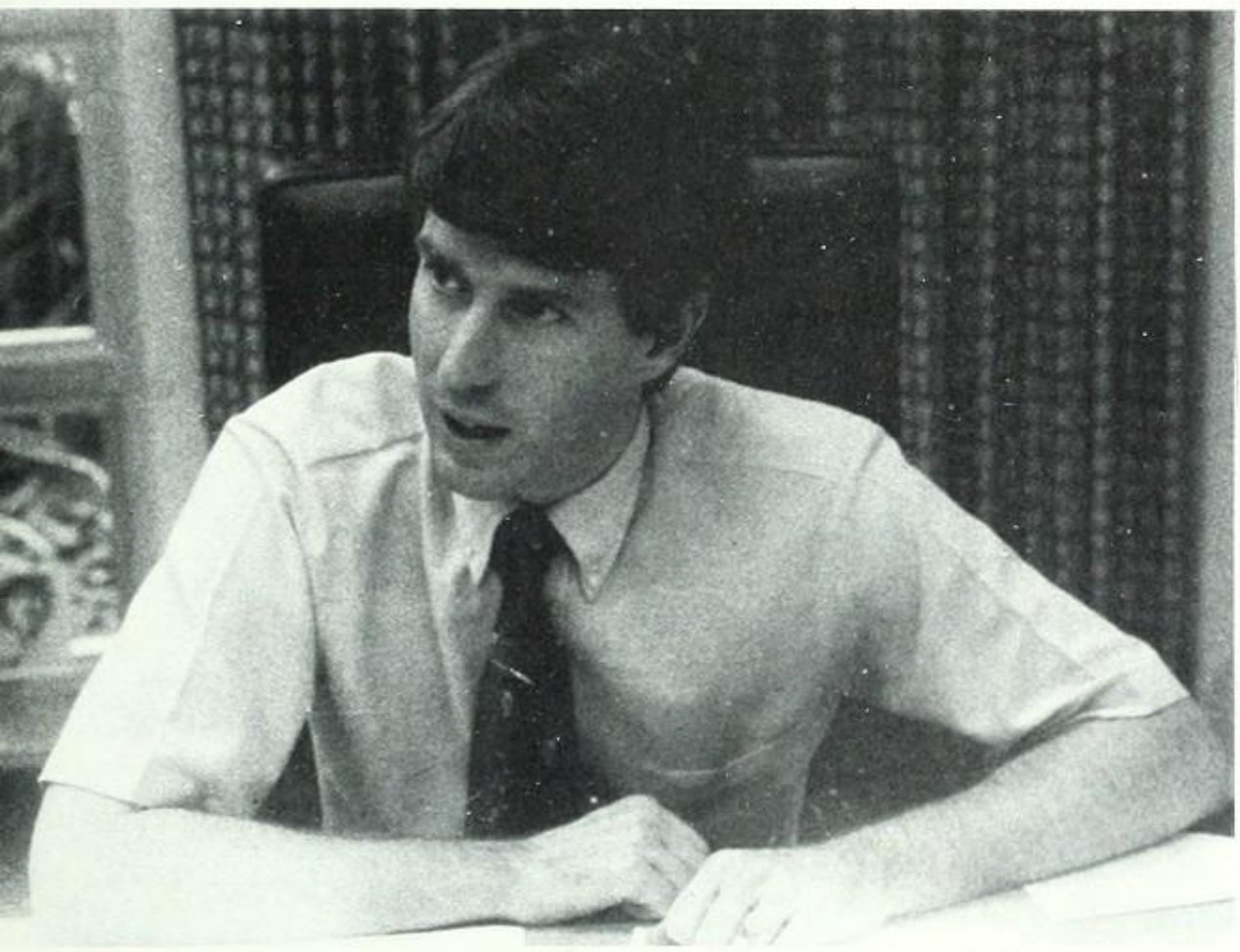
FRANK MAGUSIN
Head of Lower School
B.A. Pomona
M.Ed. Harvard
Six Years

ARTHUR GIBSON
Assistant Head of Upper School
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Columbia
Five Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Family
Singer/Group — Neil Diamond
Predilection — Chorus Line.



JOSEPH P. OZAWA
Dean of Students
A.B. Harvard
M.A.T. Harvard
Ph.D Candidate U.S.C.
Four Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Serpico and Rockford Files
Pet Name — A cat named Mouse
Singer/Group — Stevie Wonder and Earth, Wind and Fire
Predilection — Woody Allen, brewer's yeast, Hatha yoga and Grover of Sesame Street

CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD
Headmaster
B.A. Oxford
M.A. Oxford
Ed.M Harvard
Eight Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Upstairs, Downstairs
Group — Beatles
Predilection — A Harvard team in the play-offs
Are you involved in any school activity? — Yes!

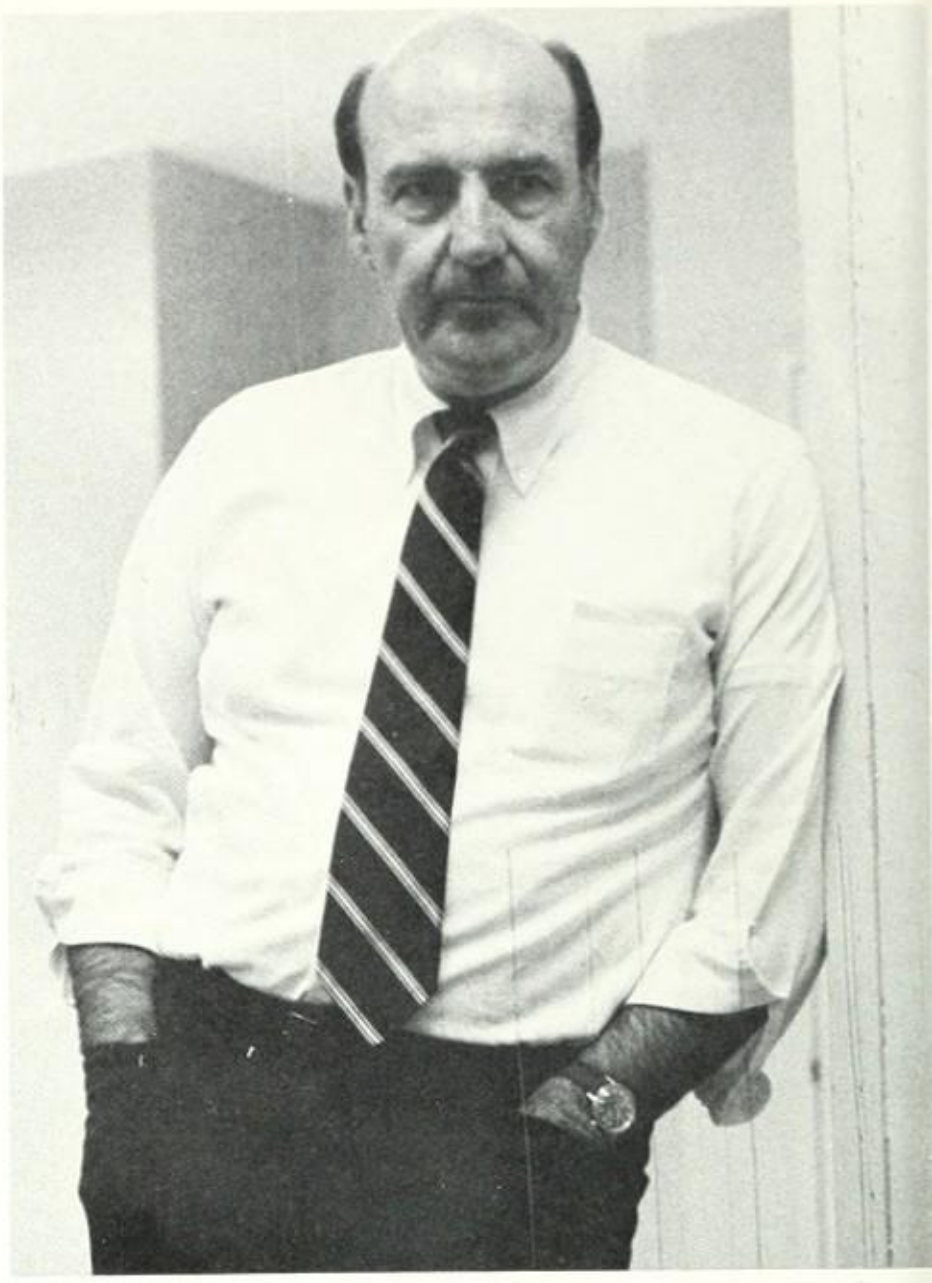


NATHANIEL G. HUGHES
Assistant to Headmaster
B.E. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-Nine Years

JAMES C. LEDYARD
Head of Upper School
A.B. Princeton
M.A. Stanford
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — American Bandstand
Pet Name — Rudolph Valentino
Group — The Monkies
Predilection — Peanut Butter

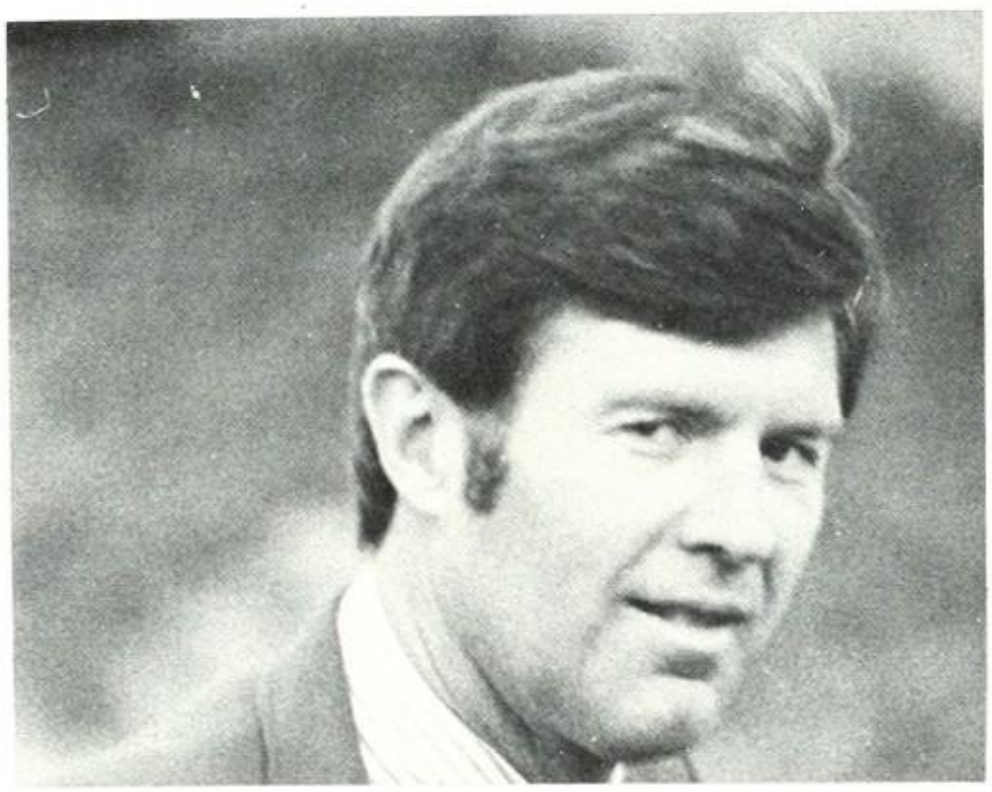
ELLIOT McGREW

Head of Admissions and College Placement
B.A. Washington and Jefferson
M.A. Connecticut
Ph.D. Minnesota
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — The Muppets and 60 Minutes
Singer/Group — Judy Collins, 5th Dimension, Carpenters and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.



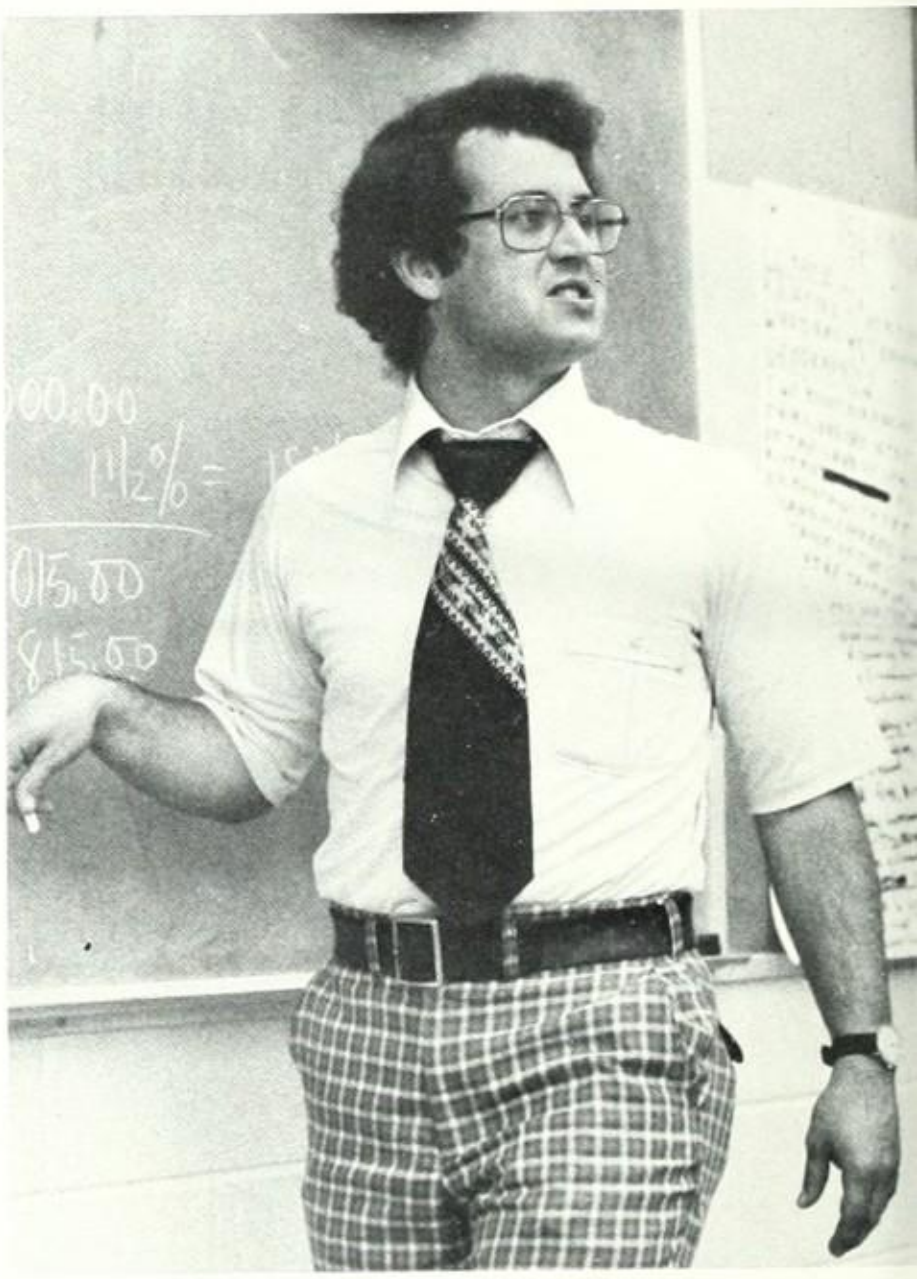
WALTER V. STEWART

Director of Athletics
B.S.E. Michigan
M.A. Michigan
Favorite T.V. Show — Any Sports Program



DAN T. McFADDEN

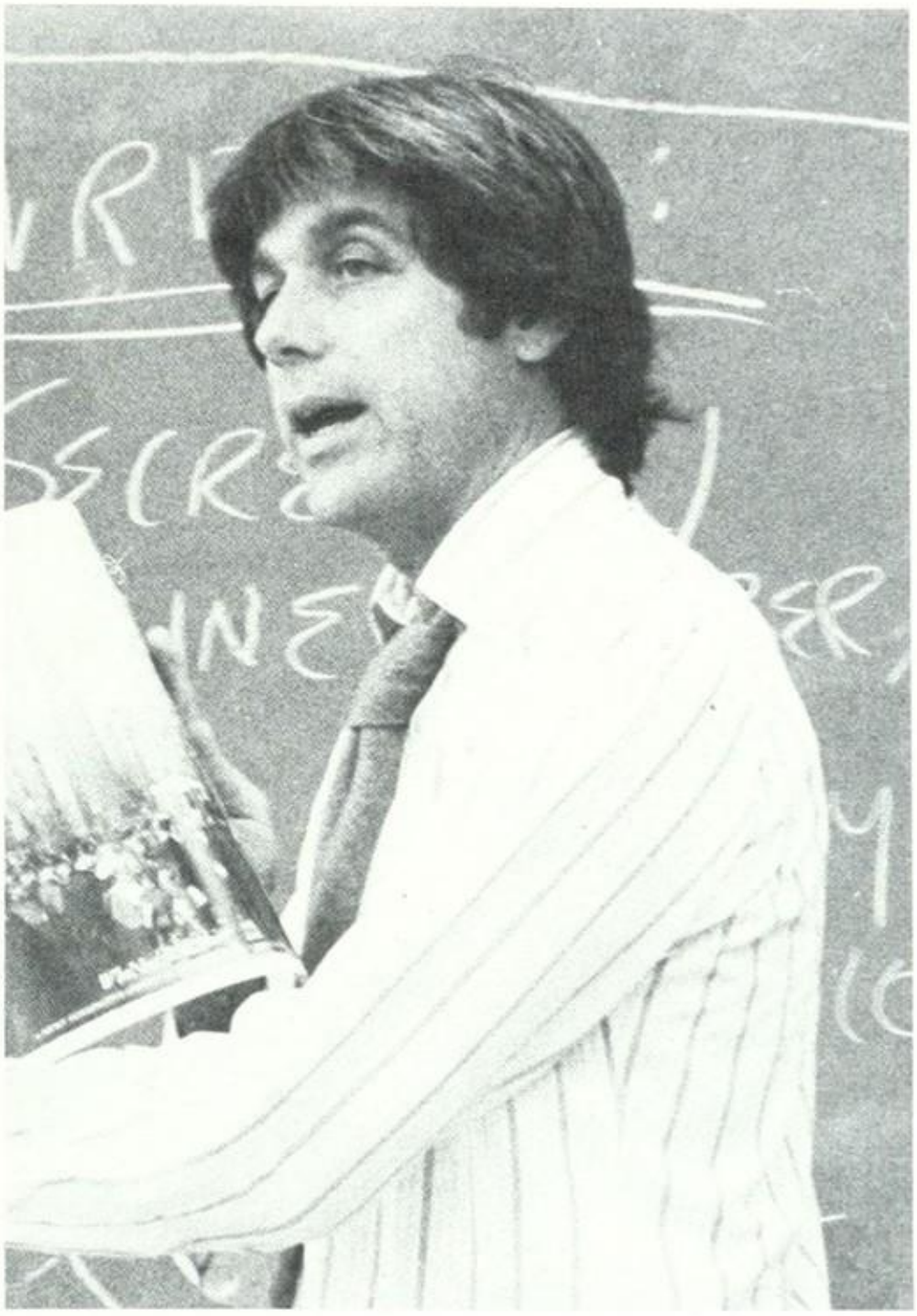
Director of Business and Finance
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Wharton
Ten Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Star Trek
Singer — Ella Fitzgerald



RAYMOND MICHAUD

Assistant Head of Lower School
B.A. University of San Francisco
M.A. Calif. Lutheran College
Six Years

THE REVEREND CANON JOHN GILL
Chaplain and Senior Social Studies Teacher
B.A. Cal. State San Diego
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-five Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Masterpiece Theater
Pet Name — "Toad"
Group — King's College Choristers
Predilection — Rainy Days

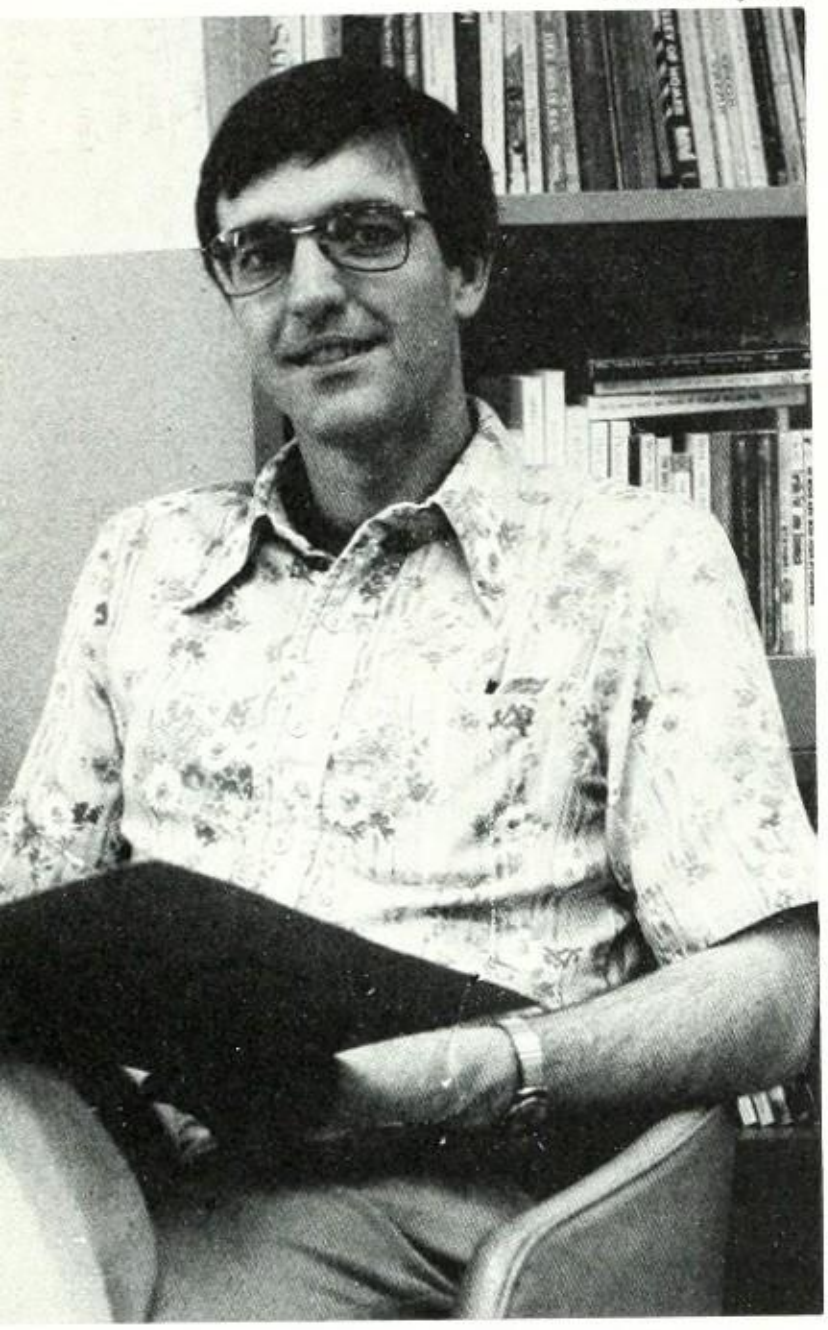


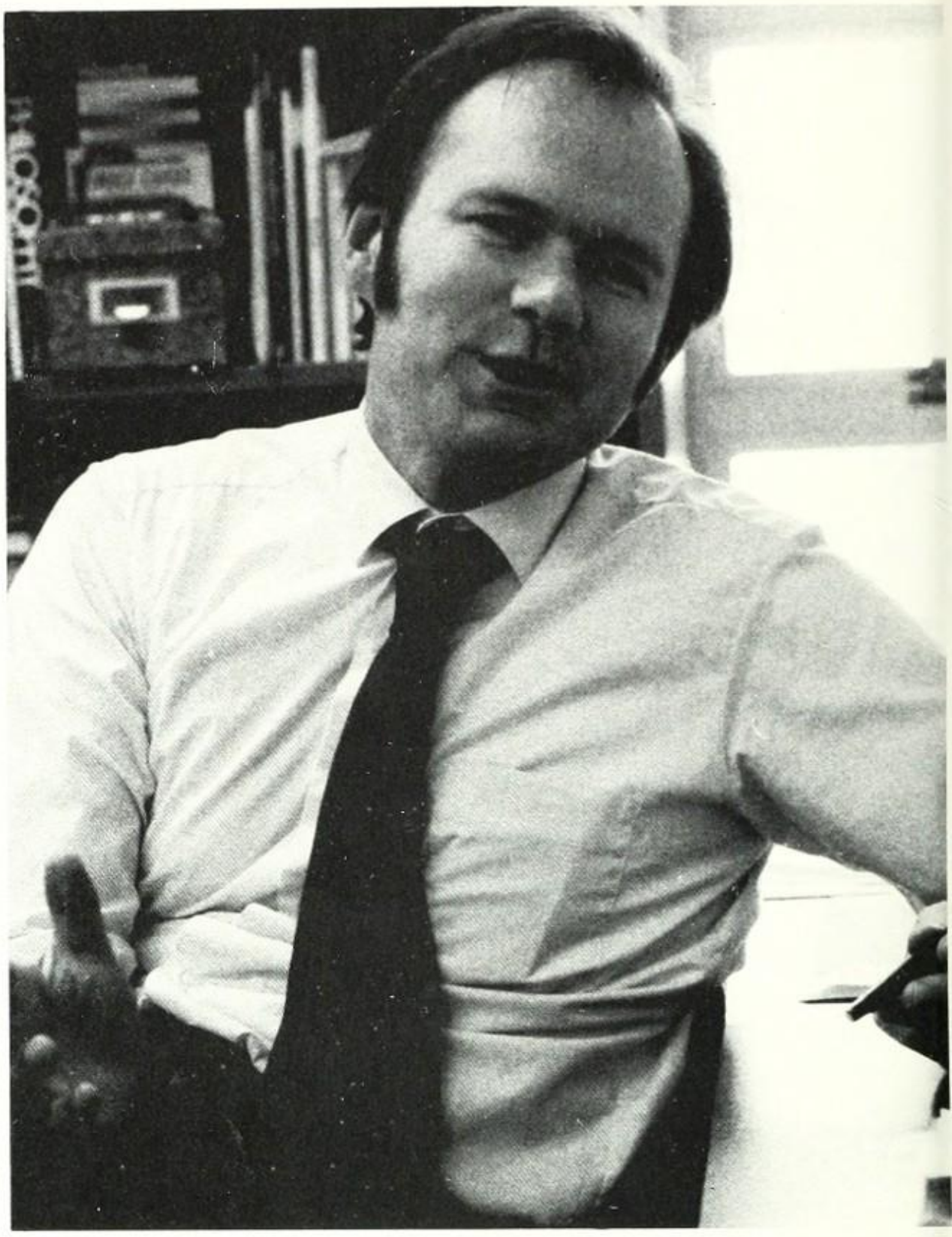
EDMUND H. BINGHAM
Director of Development
A.B. Georgetown
One Year
Favorite: T.V. Show — Don't have one

PHILIP WIEHE
Assistant Chaplain
B.A. Johns Hopkins
M. Div. Yale Divinity School
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Kojak
Pet Name — Smiley the Clam
Singer — James Brown
Predilection — "My wife Sarah," Jesus Christ

ROBERT B. ARCHER

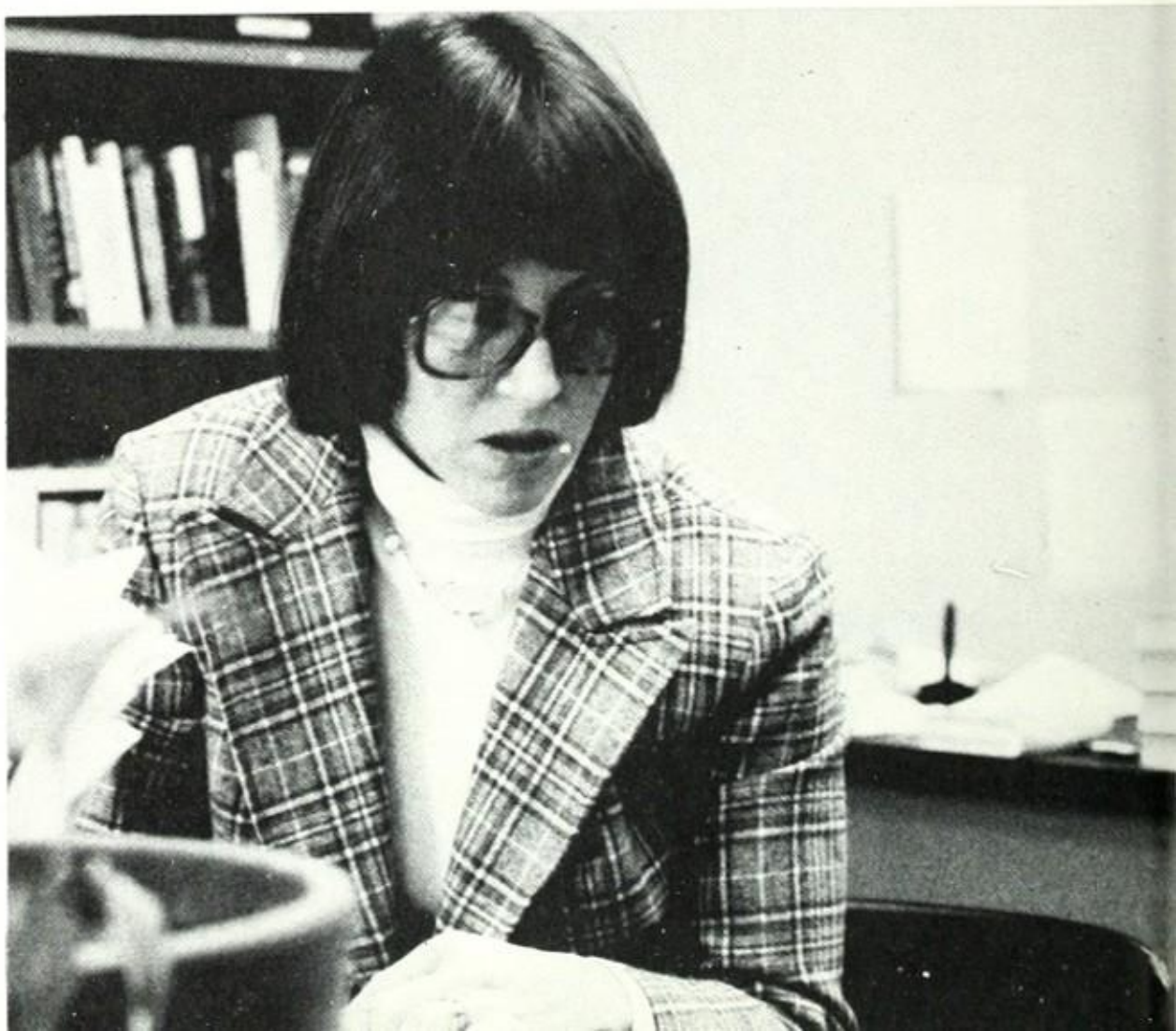
Department Chairman
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A., Phd. U.S.C.
Nine Years
Favorite:
TV Show — PALLISERS
Pet Name — Boots
Singer — Emmy Lou Harris
Predilection: A clear idea about an important subject.





PHILIP HOLMES

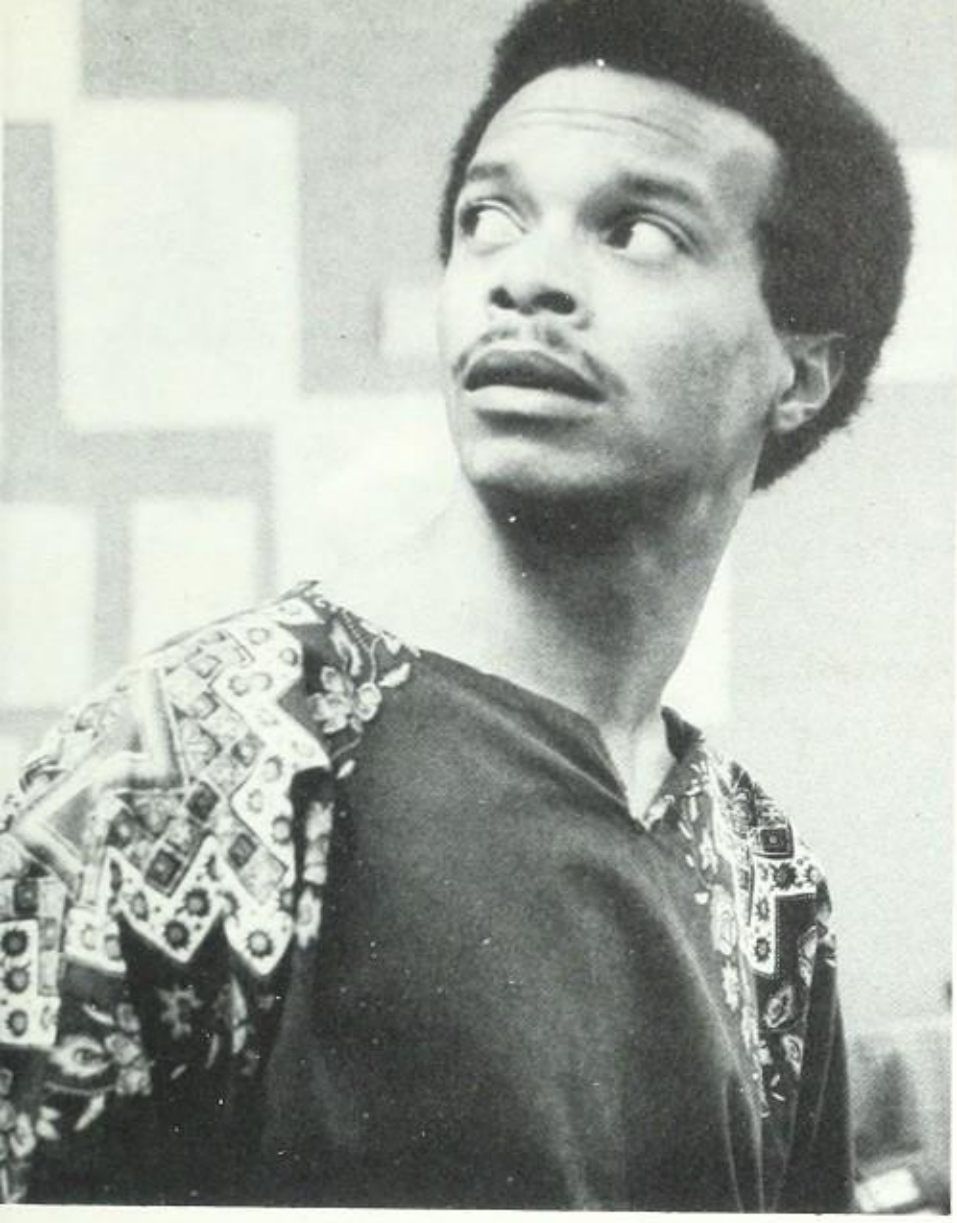
B.A., U.S.C.
M.A. Duke
Ten Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Theater in America
Pet Name — Alexander, Audrey
Singer — Ray Charles
Predilection: Shakespeare, The Scroobious Pip



KATHERINE MOORE

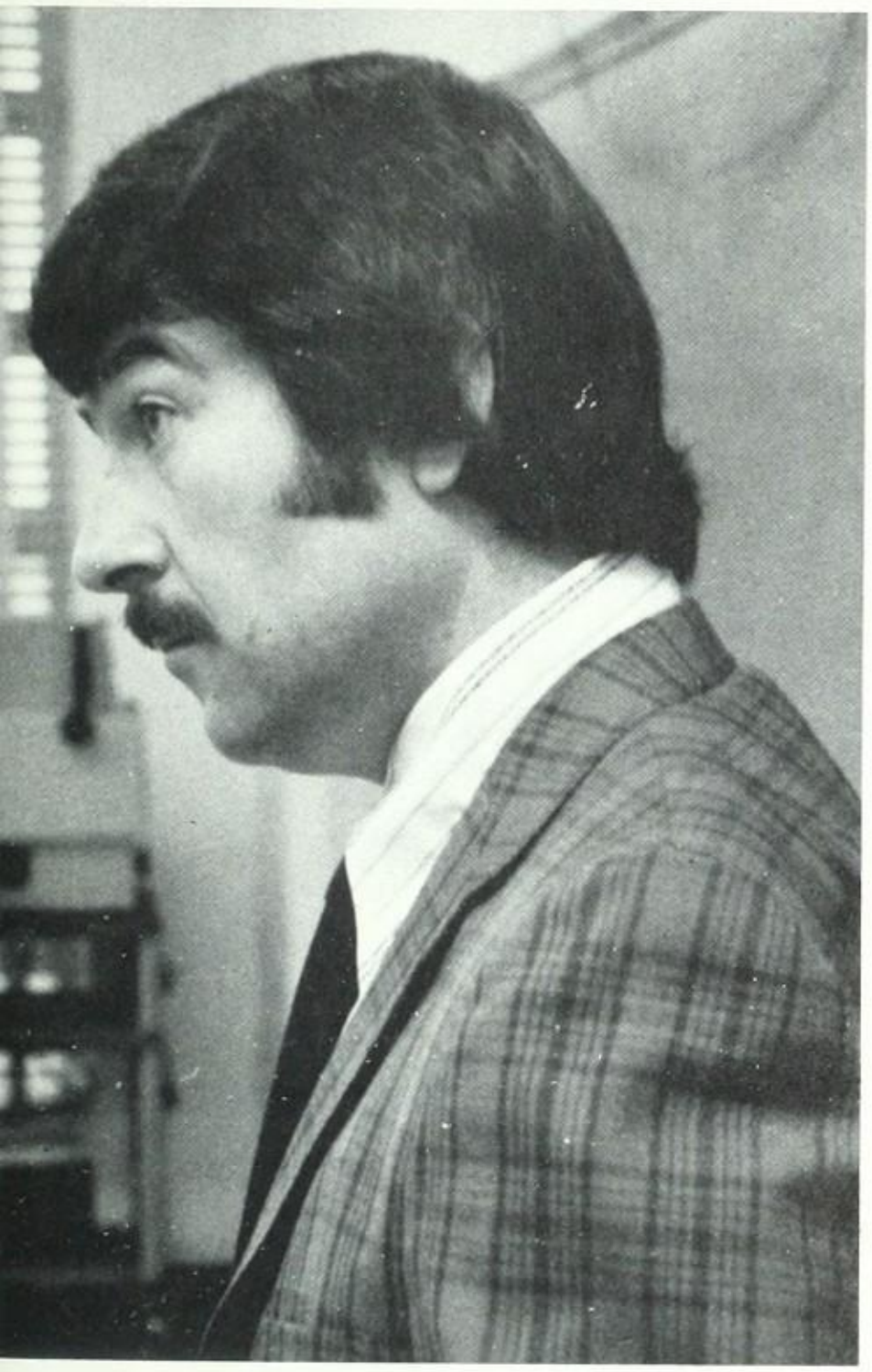
B.A. Wellesley
M.A. Stanford Univ.
Seven Years
Predilection: The success and growing up of my students; sharp pencils and thick blank pads of paper to fill; talking about books with friends; watching my kid grow up; working with good people; chocolate chip cookies.

ENGLISH



JOHN WEST
B.A. Maclester
M.Ed. Loyola
Two Years
Favorite:
Pet Name — Pegusus
Singer — Barbara Streisand and Roberta Flack
Predilection — Good Rythms and Pulsating Bodies.

BEVERLY WARDLAW
A.B. Whitter
M.A. Riverside
Two Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Masterpiece Theater
Singer — Linda Ronstant
Predilection — Brahms' Violin Concerts and The Advent of Spring



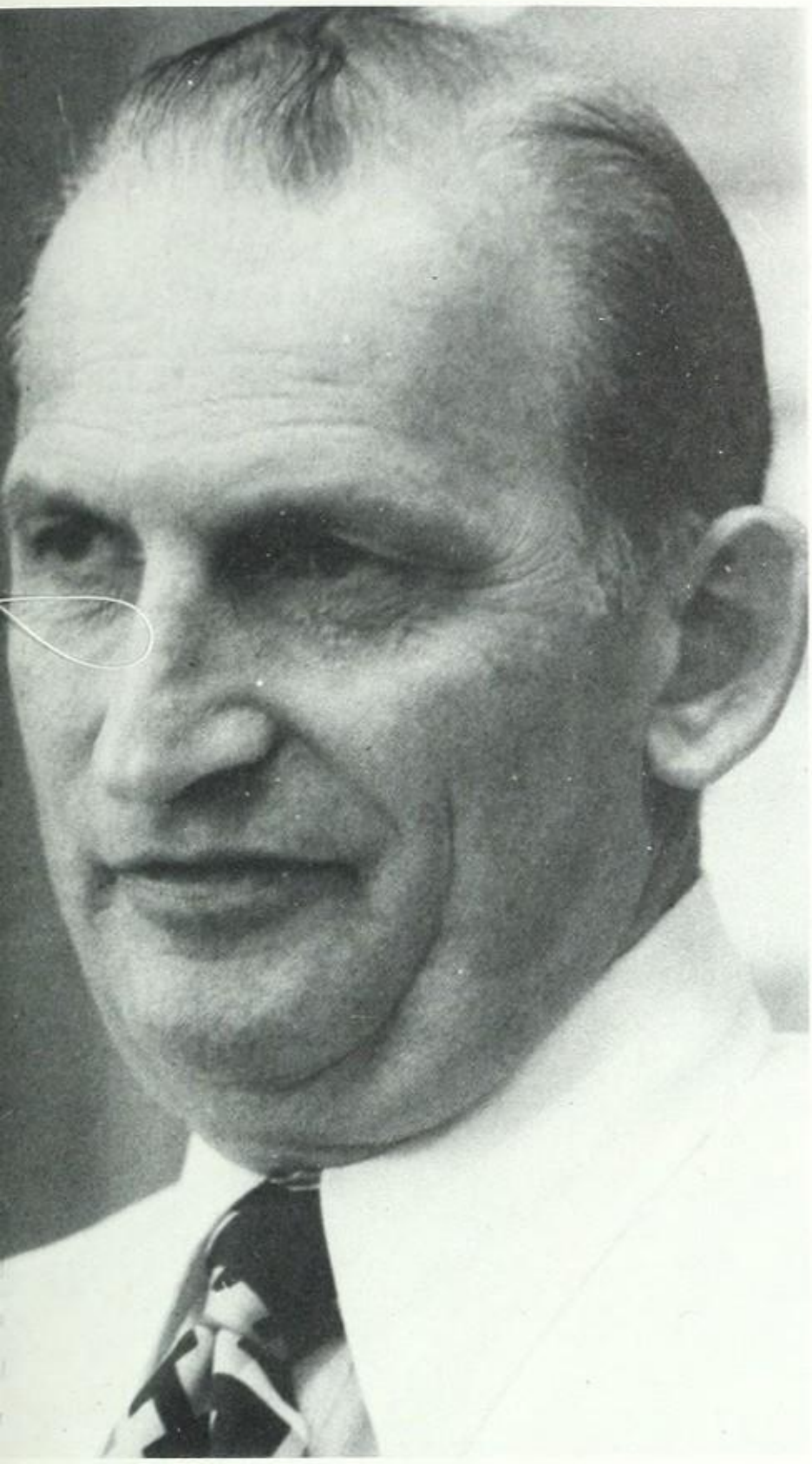
T. PATRICK HILL
B.D. Pontifical Lateran
B.A., M.A., Dip. Ed. Cambridge
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — The Flintstones
Group — The Boston Pops
Predilection: Gevrey-Chamberstin 1947

JOY DISKIN
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. C.S., Los Angeles
Four Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — M.A.S.H.
Group — Beatles

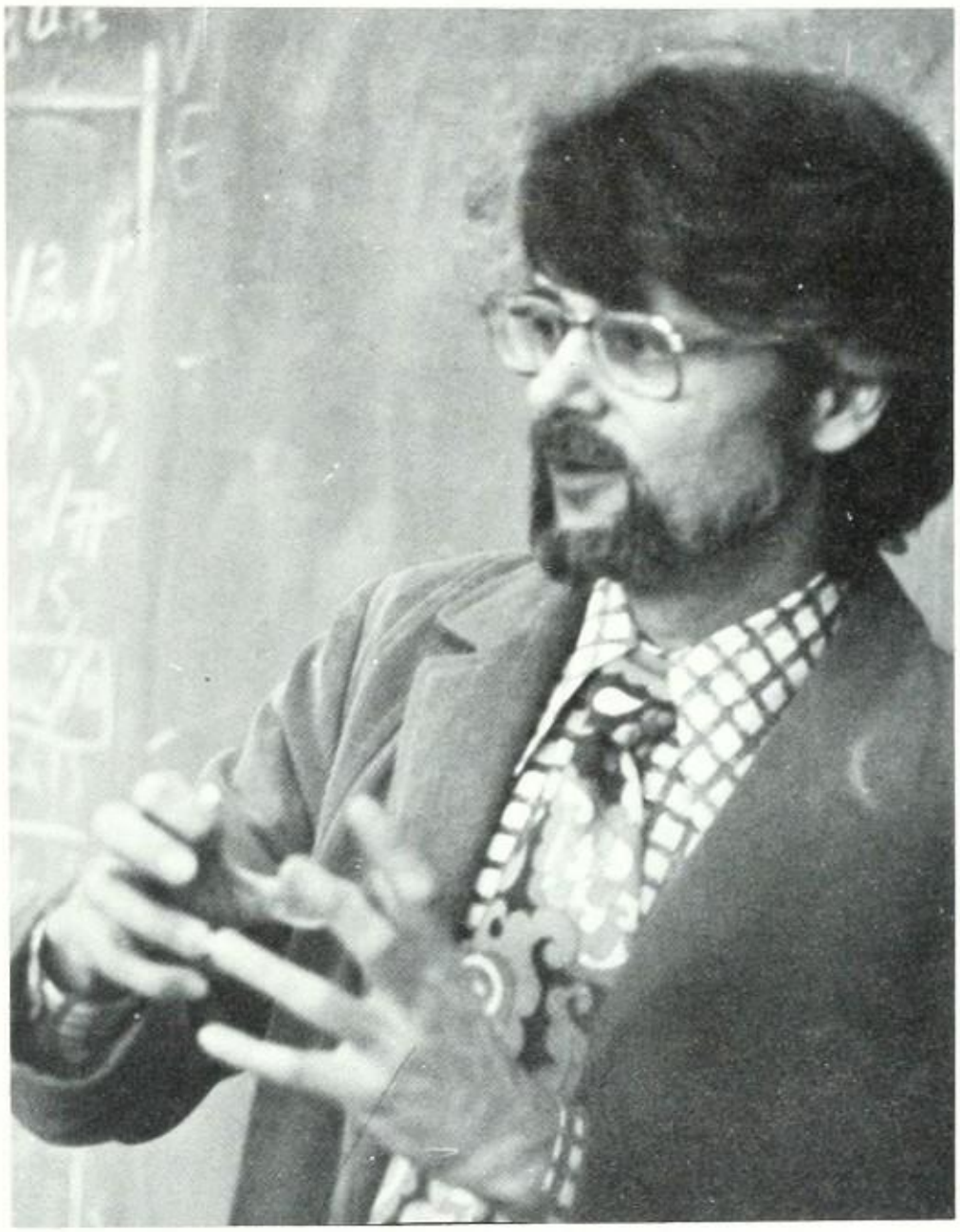
HOPE BOYD
B.A. Pennsylvania
M.A. Maryland
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Lord Peter Wimsey Series and Monty Python
Singer — John Hooker
Predilection — Wanda Landowski Jamming.

FRANCES MILLER
Librarian
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Seven years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — M.A.S.H., 60 Minutes, Football Games
Group — Doobie Brothers
Predilection: Musical Comedy, Horseback Riding, Mystery Stories

SCIENCE



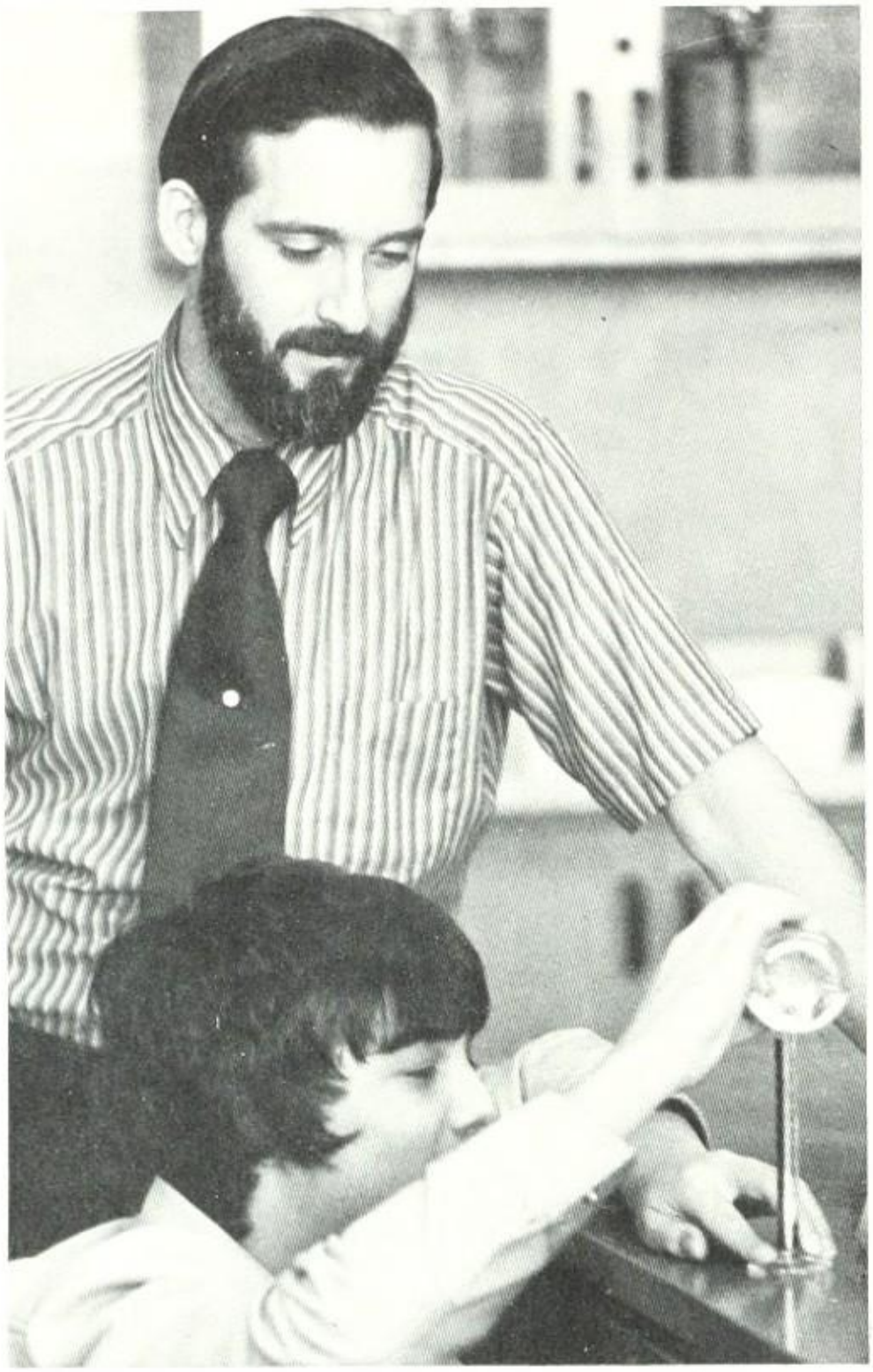
MERVIN H. MILLER
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Thirty-five Years
Favorite T.V. Show — 60 Minutes



JOHN P. CLARK
Department Chairman
B.A., U.C. Riverside
Fifteen Years

DR. MAURICE DUNSTER
Participant in Eaton-Harvard faculty exchange

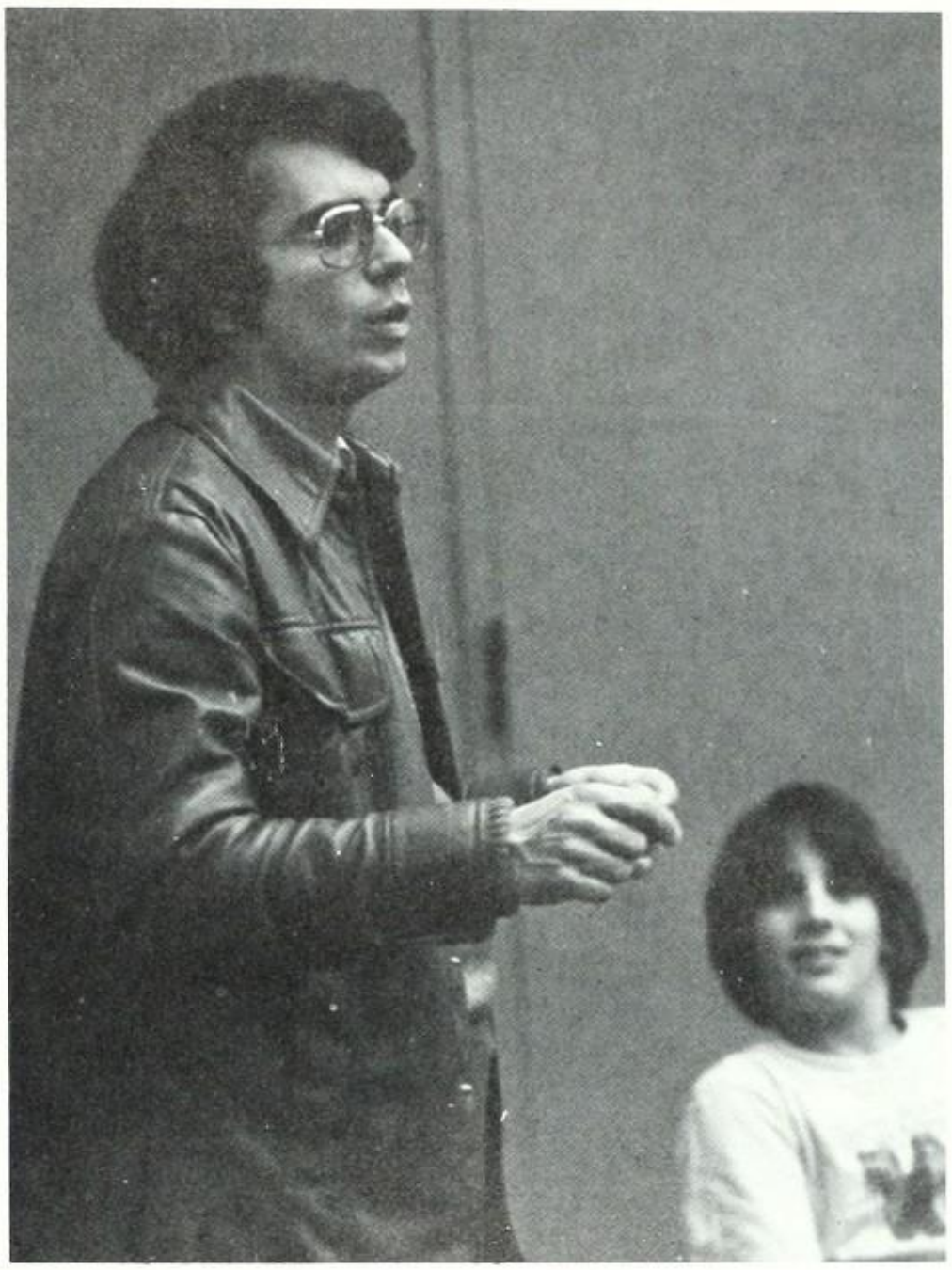
SUSAN PERRY
B.A. Adelphi
M.A. Columbia
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — M.A.S.H.
Pet Name — Dog
Singer — Kate Smith
Predilection: Harvard Battery Elminator

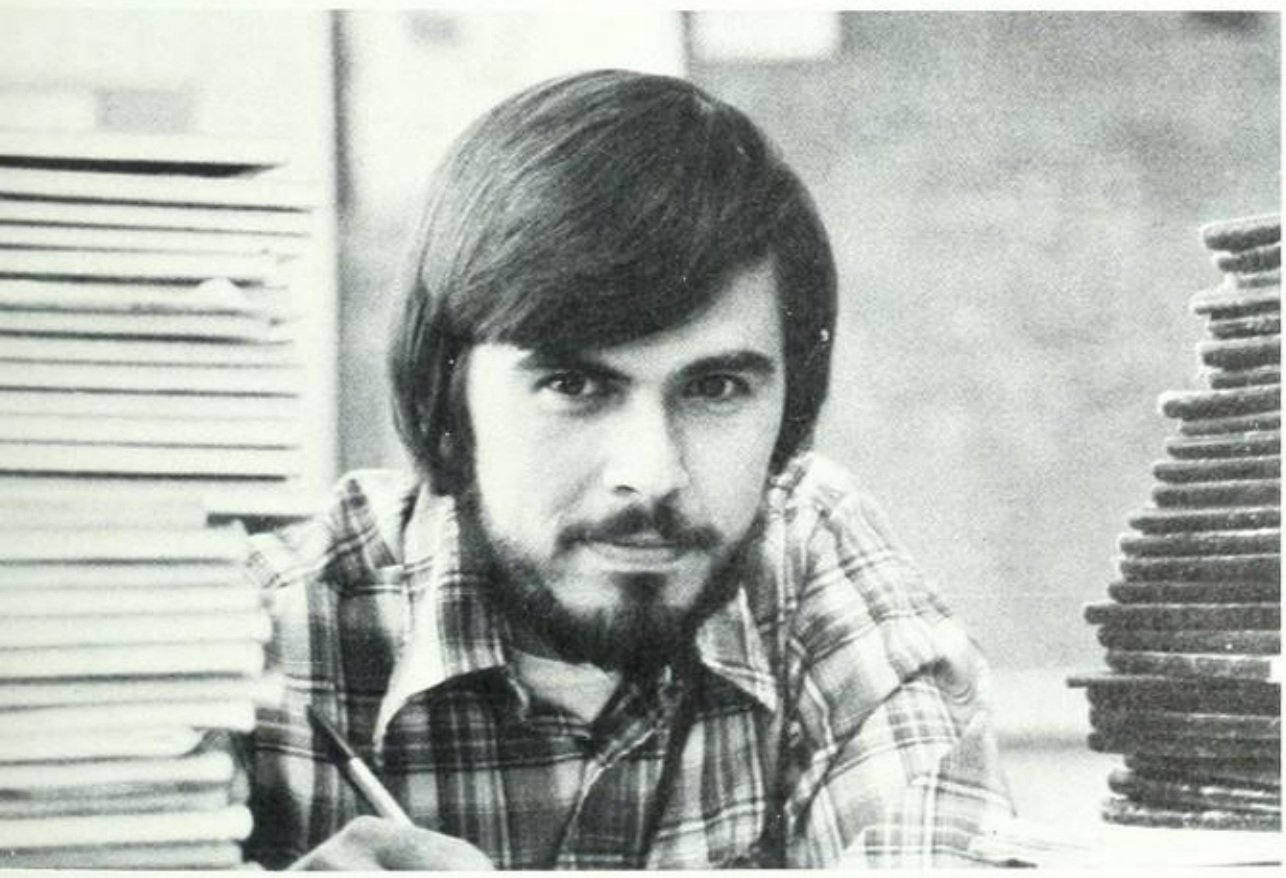


RICHARD HUMPHREY
B.S. U.C.L.A.
M. Div. Fuller Seminary
M.S. Rensellaer
Nine Years
Predilection: Wine, Women, and Song

HOPE STANLEY
B.A. Occidental College
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — M.A.S.H.
Pet Name — Harold (female cat)
Predilection: A clear blue sky and tall pine trees; a smile from a three year old

RICHARD NAU
B.A. University of Nebraska
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — The Adventures of Augie March
Pet Names — Zero, Seven
Singer — Joan Baez
Predilection: To read a zip code directory after a heavy lunch.





JAMES B. KOSLOW
B.A. Hiram College
M.S. Boston University
Seven Years

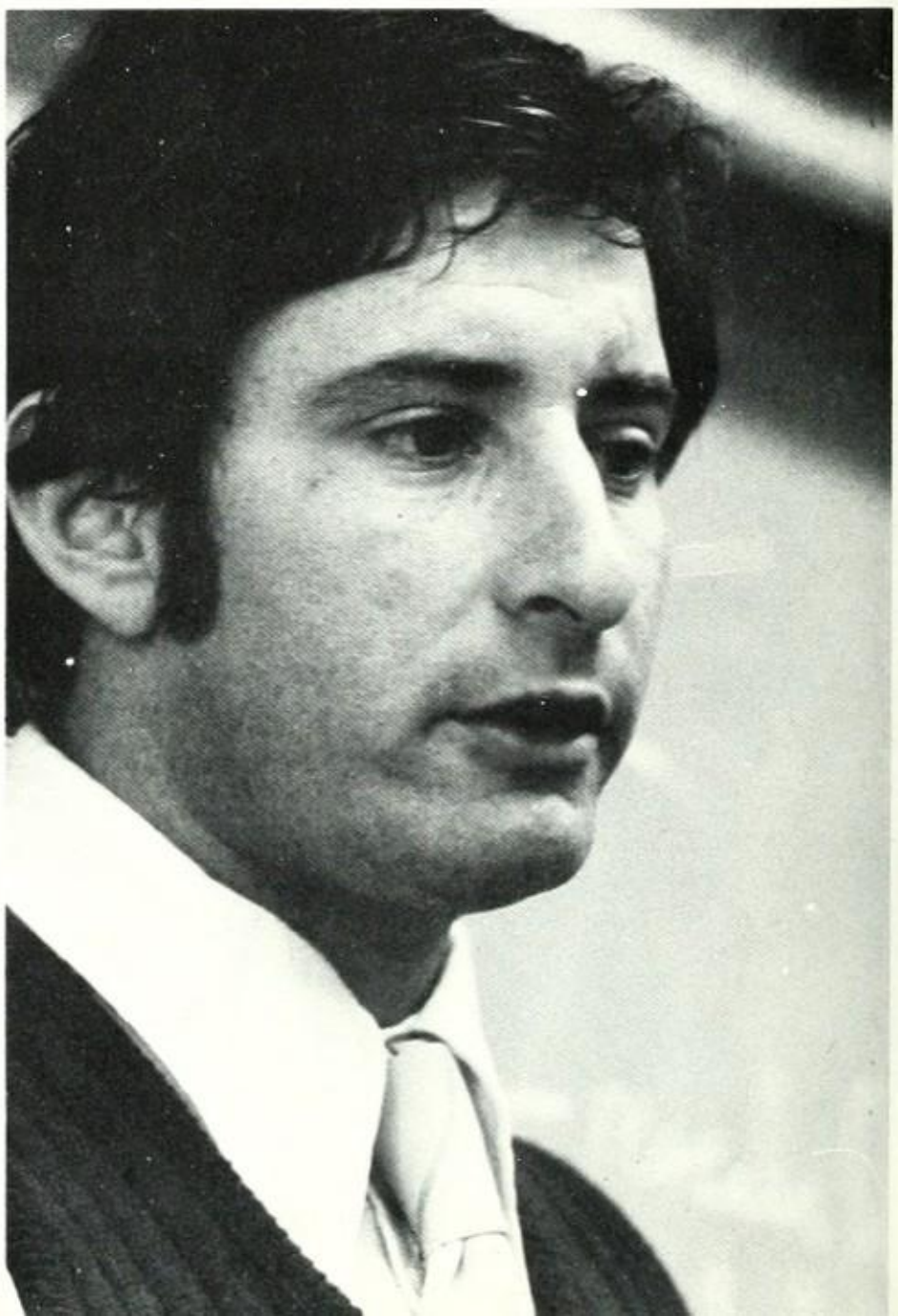
JAMES MILAVEC
B.S.Ed. Ohio State
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Special Movies
Pet Names — Kitten, Triton
Singer — John Denver
Predilection: Mountaineering, Traveling, Hiking

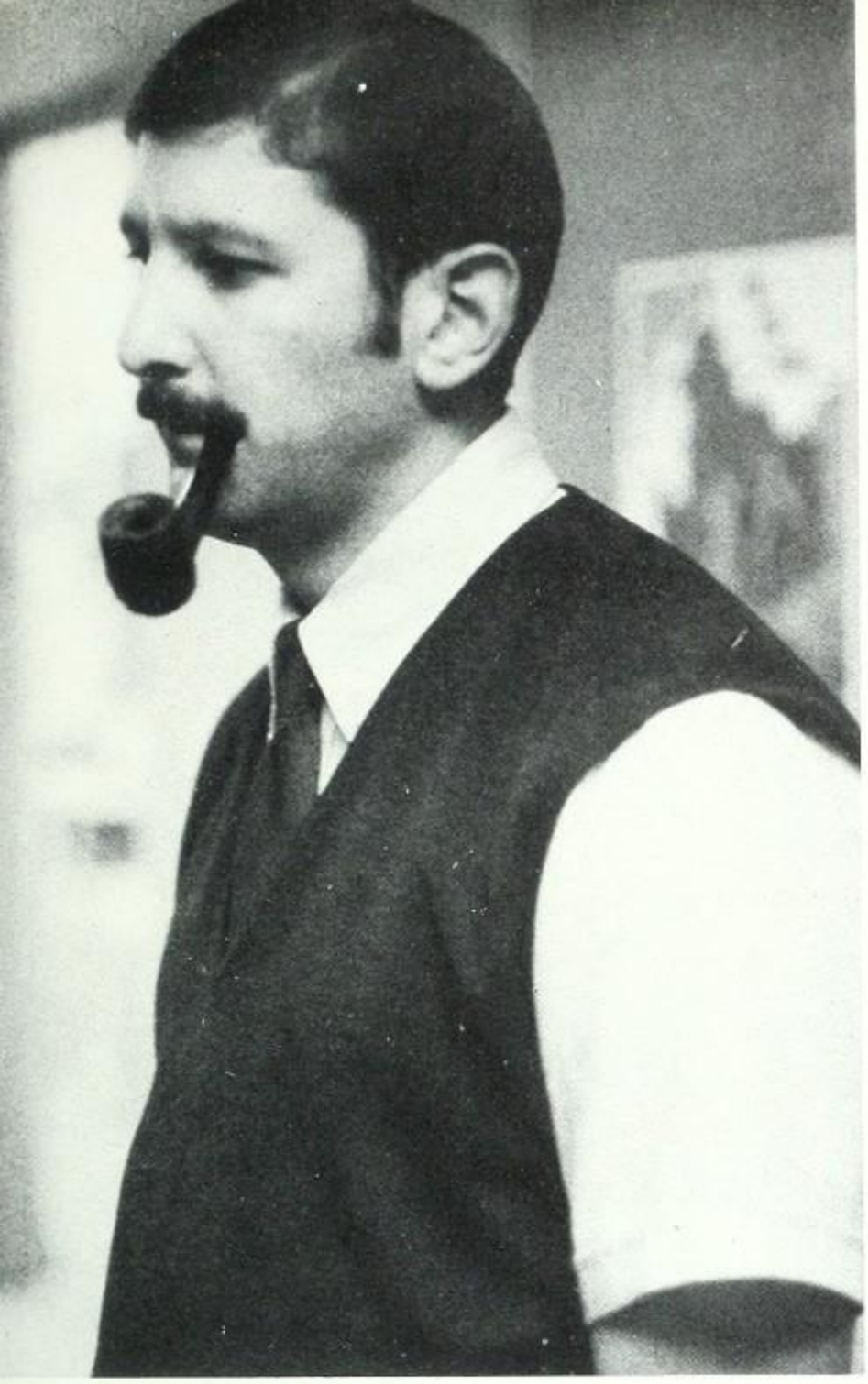
ANDREA REBEK
Administration Assistant for Public Relations
A.B. U.C.L.A.
M.A. Vermont
Three Years
Favorite: T.V. Show — "I don't own a T.V."
Predilection — No Comment

MARCIA L. T. WATSON
A.B. Berkeley
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — "Don't have a T.V."
Pet Name — "Don't have a pet."
Group — Boz Scaggs
Predilection — Fashion, Interior Design, Music, Photography, Dance and Swimming

WILLIAM DICKEY
Class Advisor/Assistant Director of College Placement
B.A. Princeton
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Four Years
Favorite: T.V. Show — Sesame Street
Predilection — Soul Music

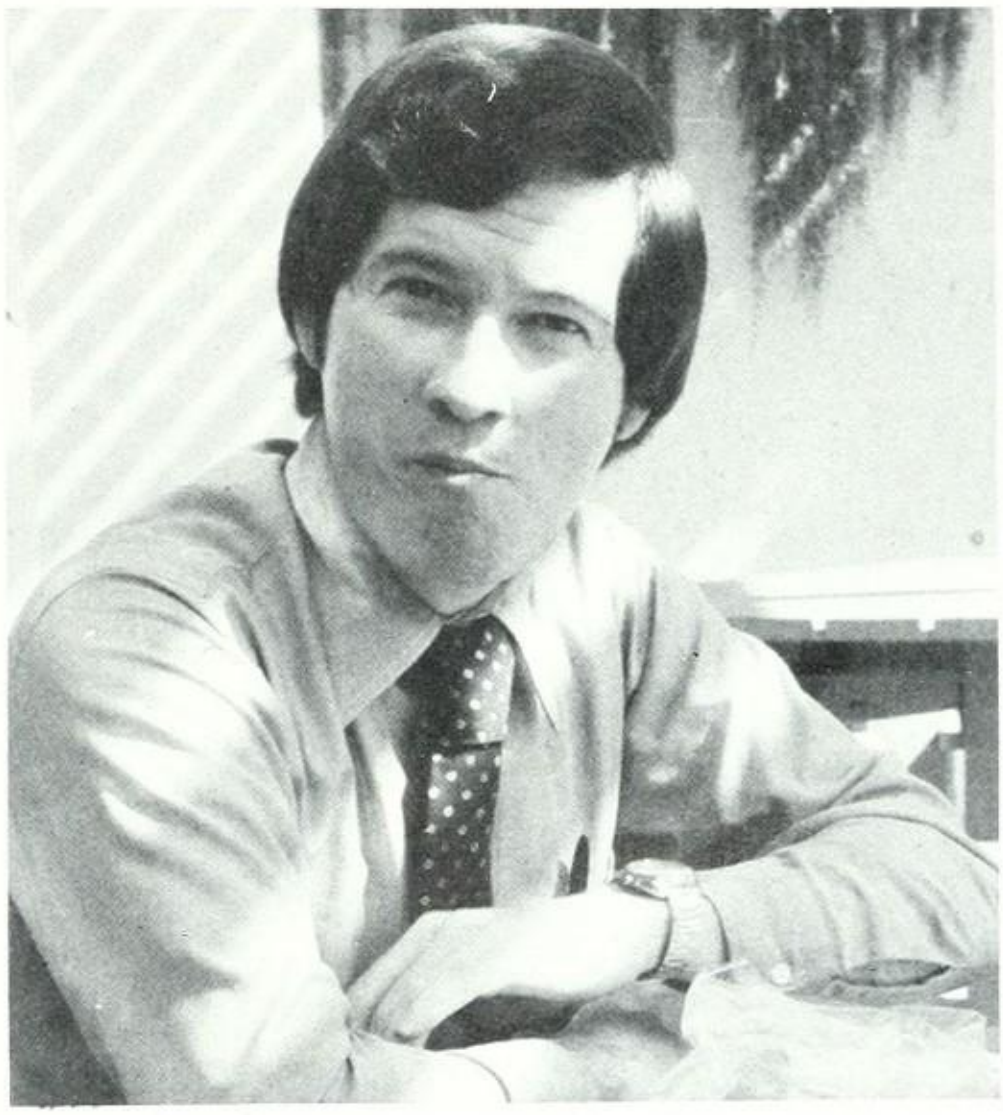
JAMES E. ACKERMAN
B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. Cambridge Kings College
Four Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Sesame Street
Singer/Group — Joni Mitchell
Predilection — Learning, Teaching, Doing

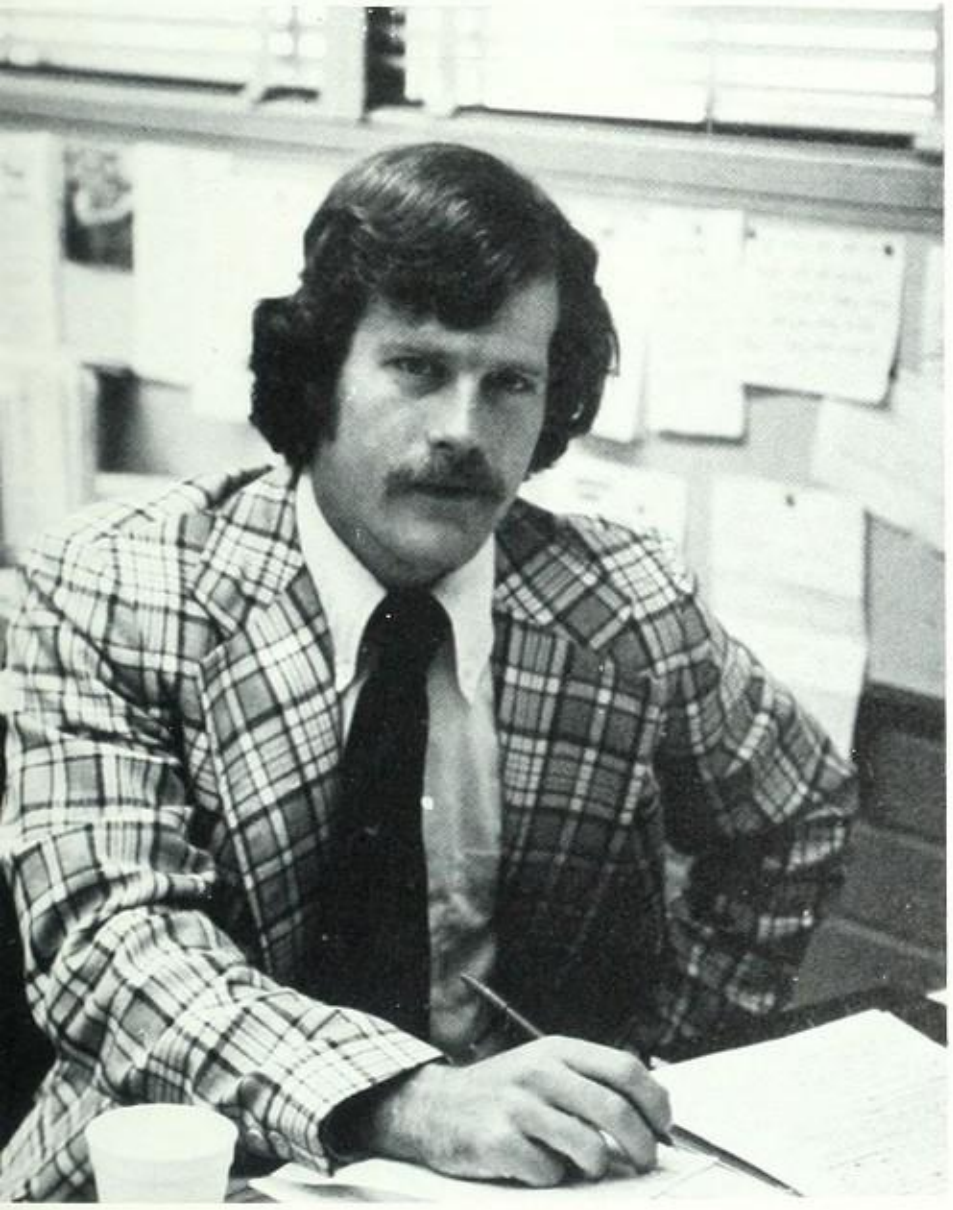




SOCIAL STUDIES

PHILIP H. BERK
Department Chairman
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. Indiana University
Seven Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Washington Week in Review
Pets — Pigs
Group — D'oly Carte Opera Co.
Predilection — Polsbies
Anything else we ought to know about? The major causes of the War of 1812.

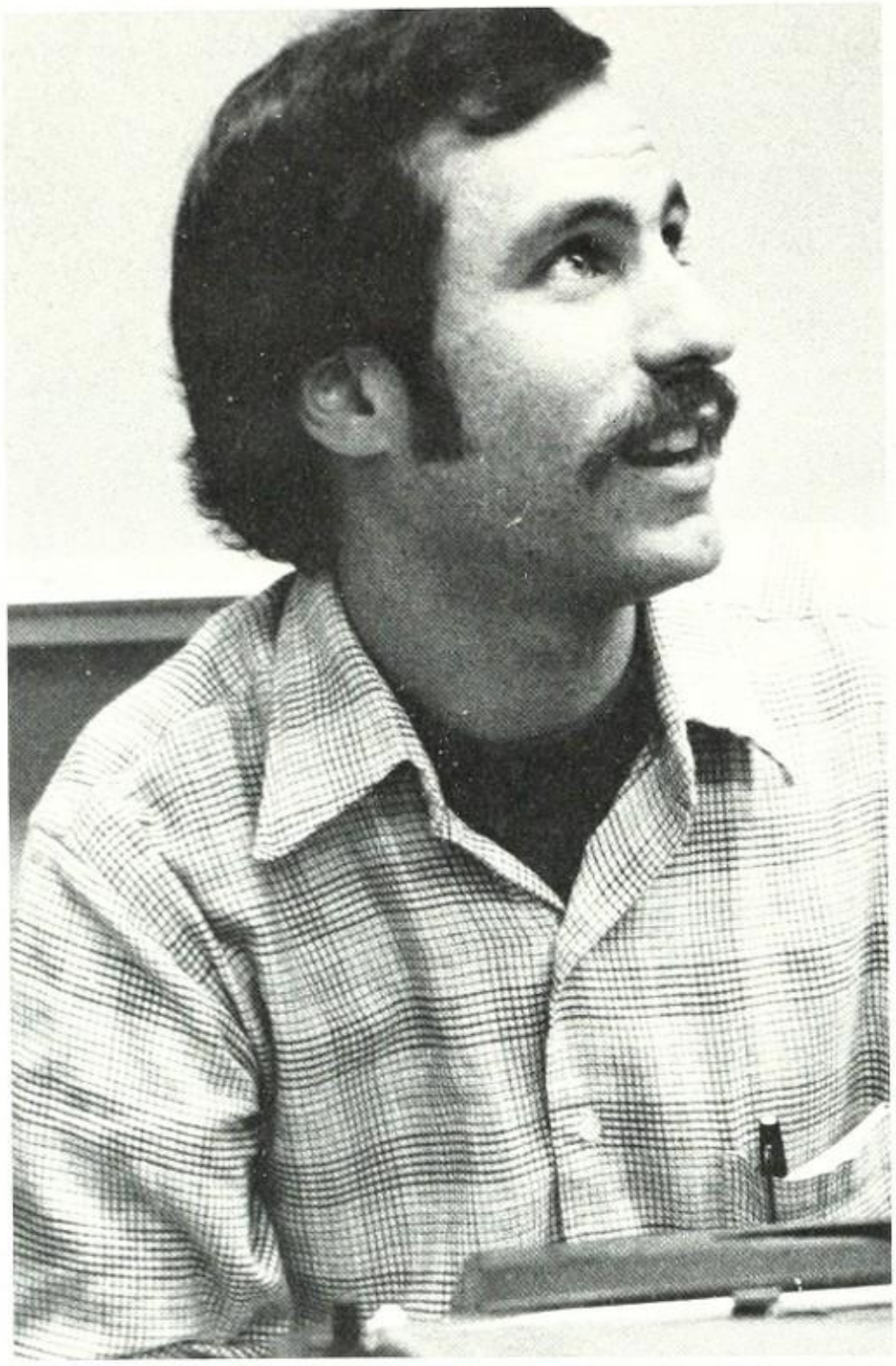


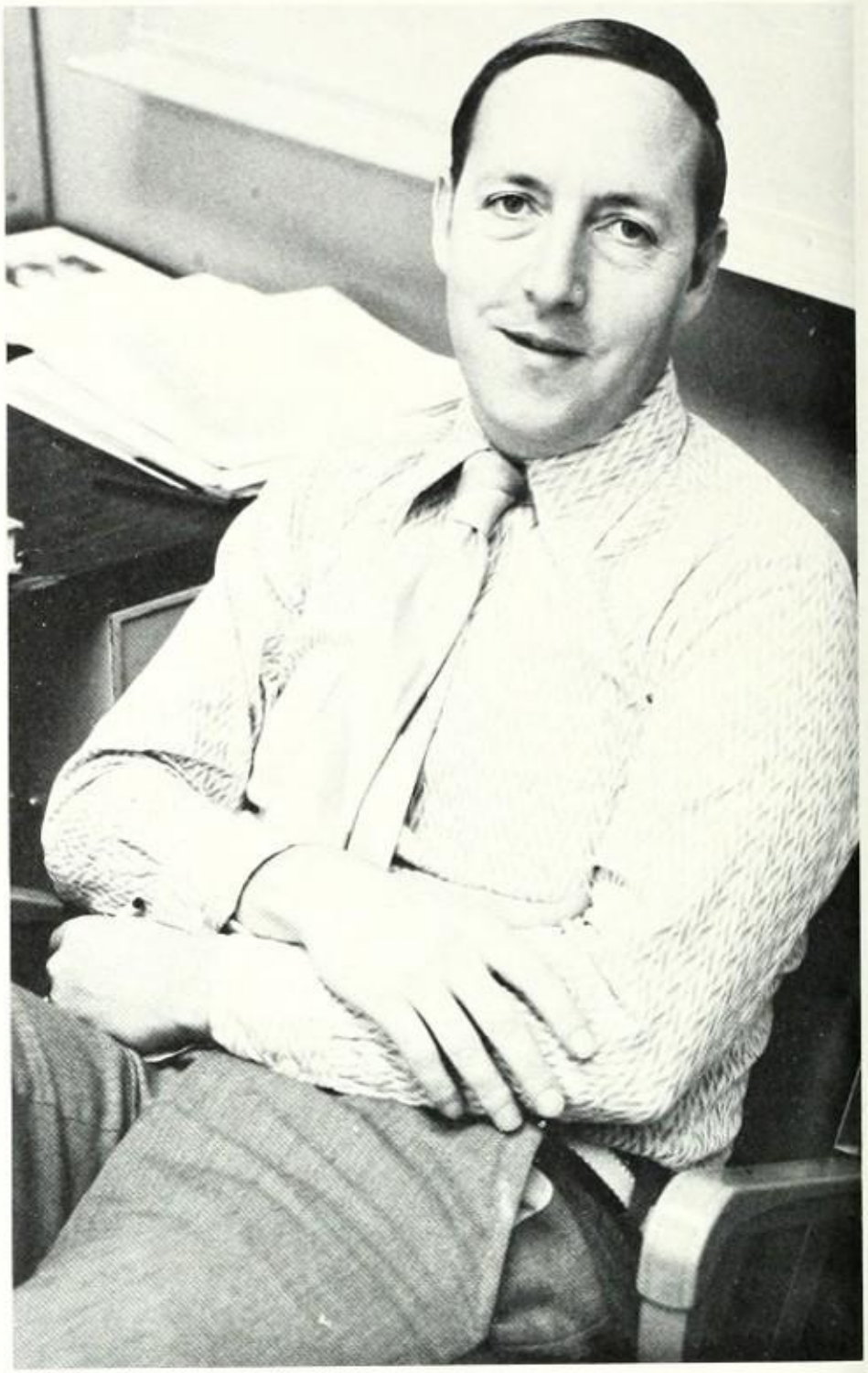


JOHN R. JOHNSON
A.B. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Ph.D. U.C.L.A.
One Year
Favorite: T.V. Show — 60 Minutes and Midget Sumo Wrestlers
Group — Concert of Europe

ED MARKS
B.A. Virginia
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Monty Python
Pet Name — Monty Python
Singer/Group — Bernie Swarty (Bob Dylan)
Predilection — Watching the Knicks in Madison Square Garden.

MATHEMATICS

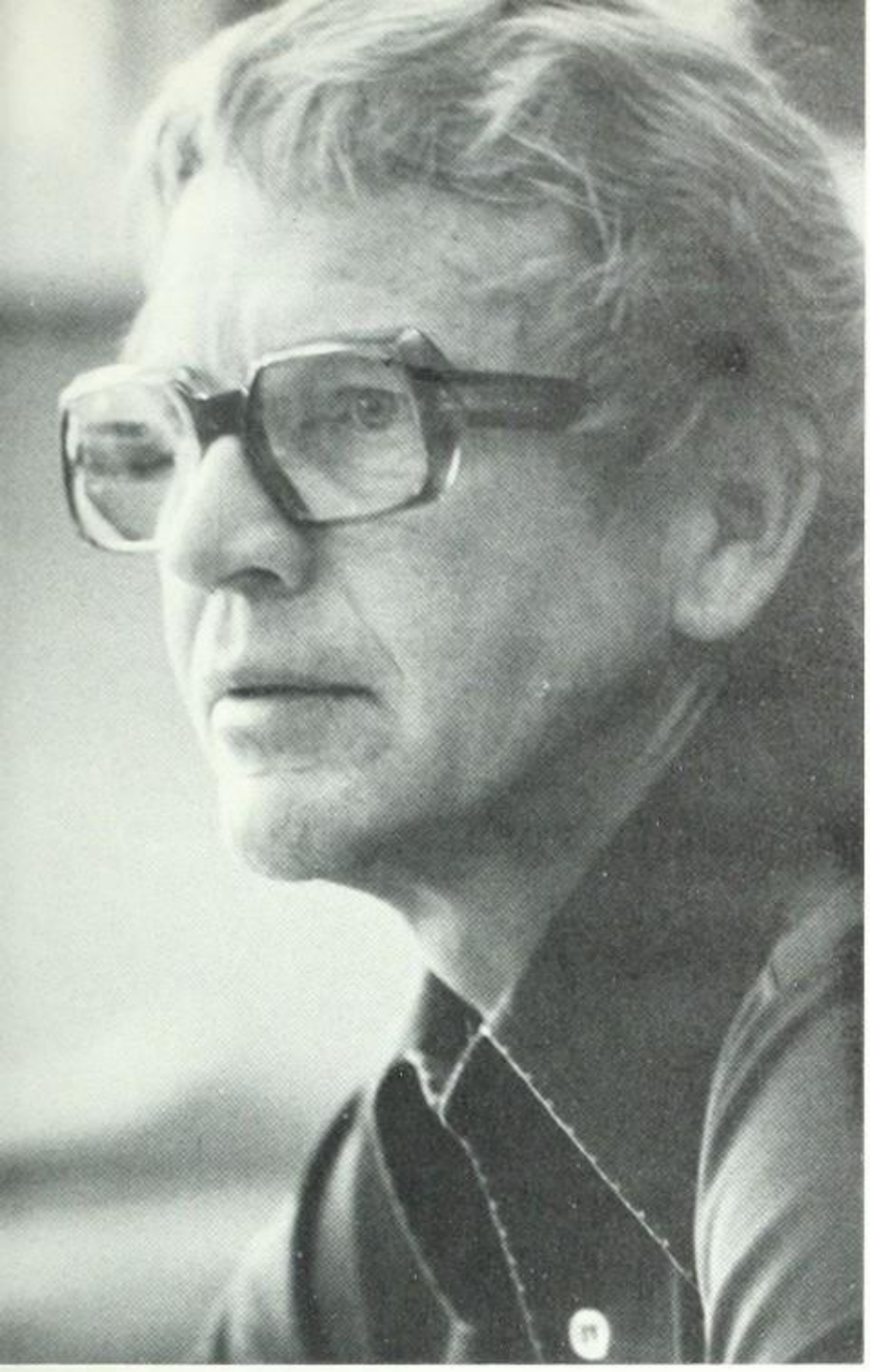




RICHARD SISLEY
Department Chairman
M.S. Northridge
One Year

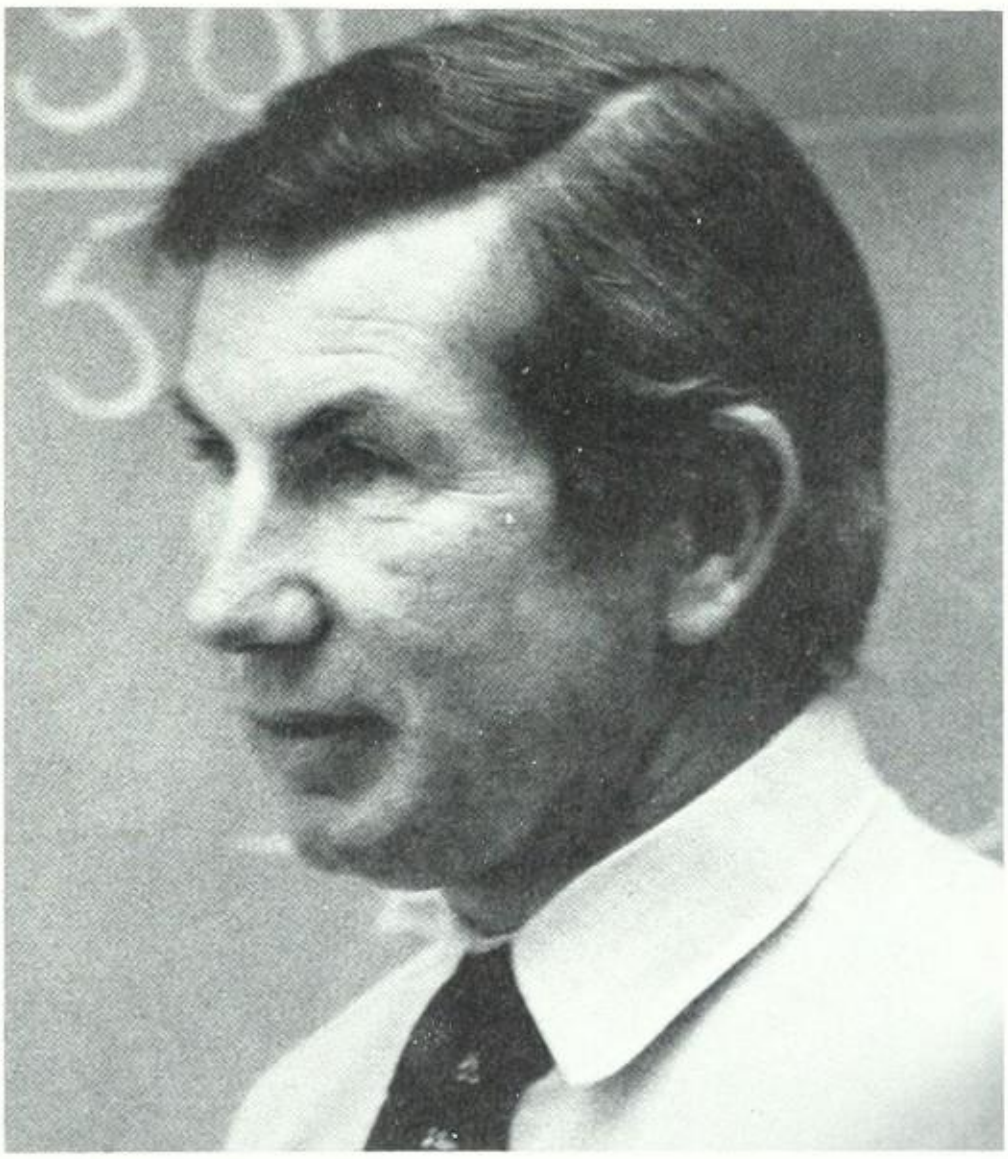
JEFF COHEN
B.A., U.C. Berkeley
M.A.T., U.C.L.A.
Three Years
Favorite Music: Beethoven
Predilection: People, Mountains

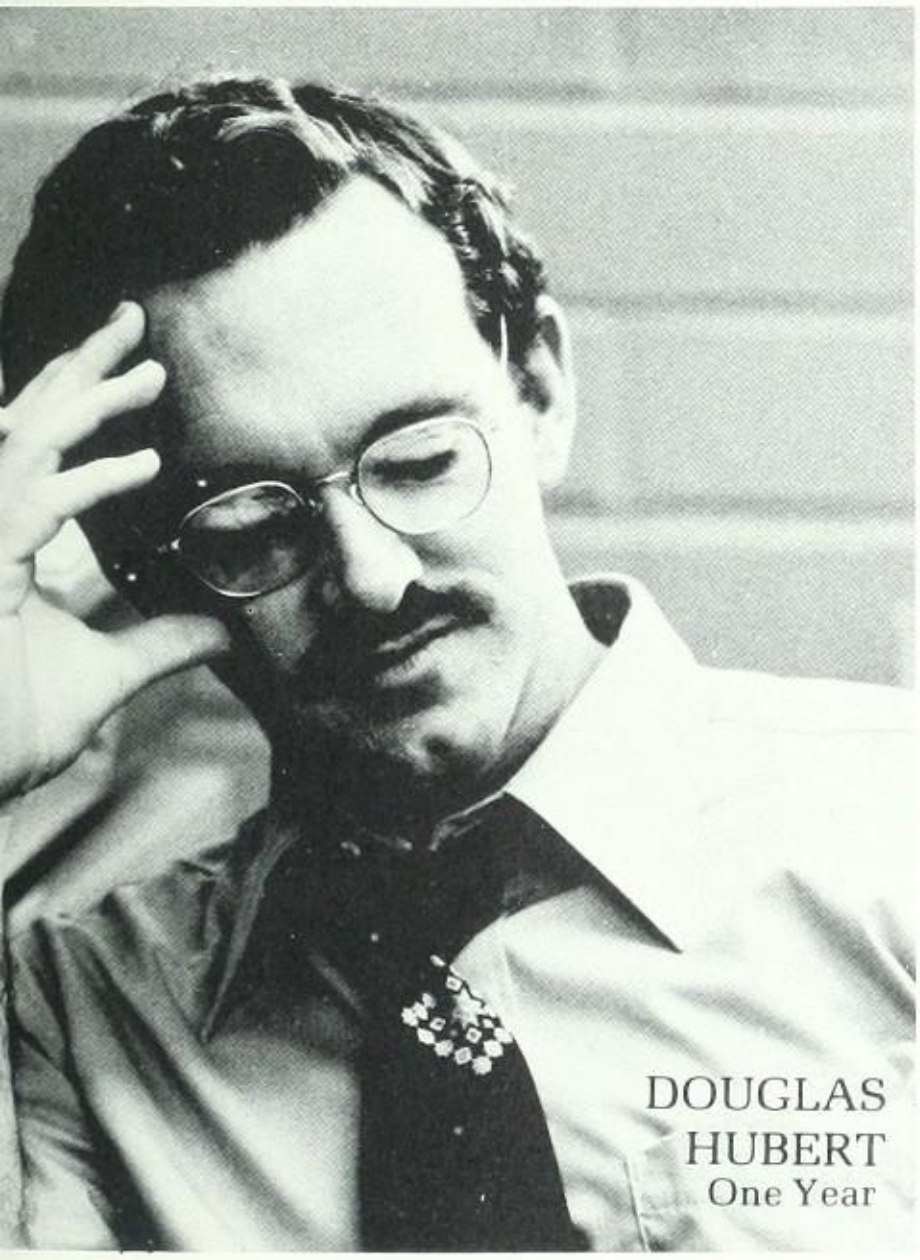
JAMES S. WINETROBE
B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. U.S.C.
M.S.E.D. U.S.C.
Five Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Nova (Channel 28)
Pet Name — Cro-Magnon
Group — Rolling Stones
Predilection: A rare burst of logic from a human being.



STURE RADSTROM
Folkslollarare, Upsala
Fifteen Years

DEBRA PERKINS
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Two Years
Favorite:
Pet Names — Blossom, Thunder
Singer — Neil Diamond
Predilection: Sunny days — sailing, camping, swimming.



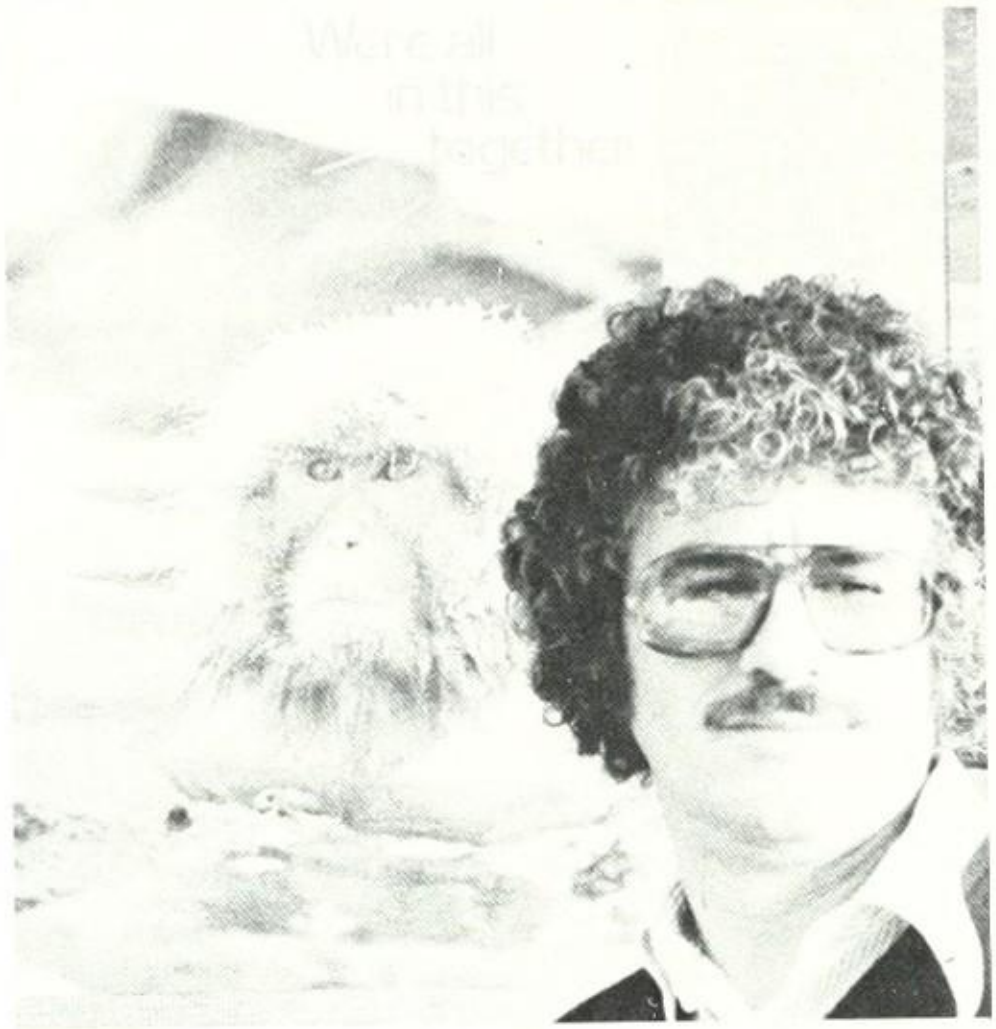


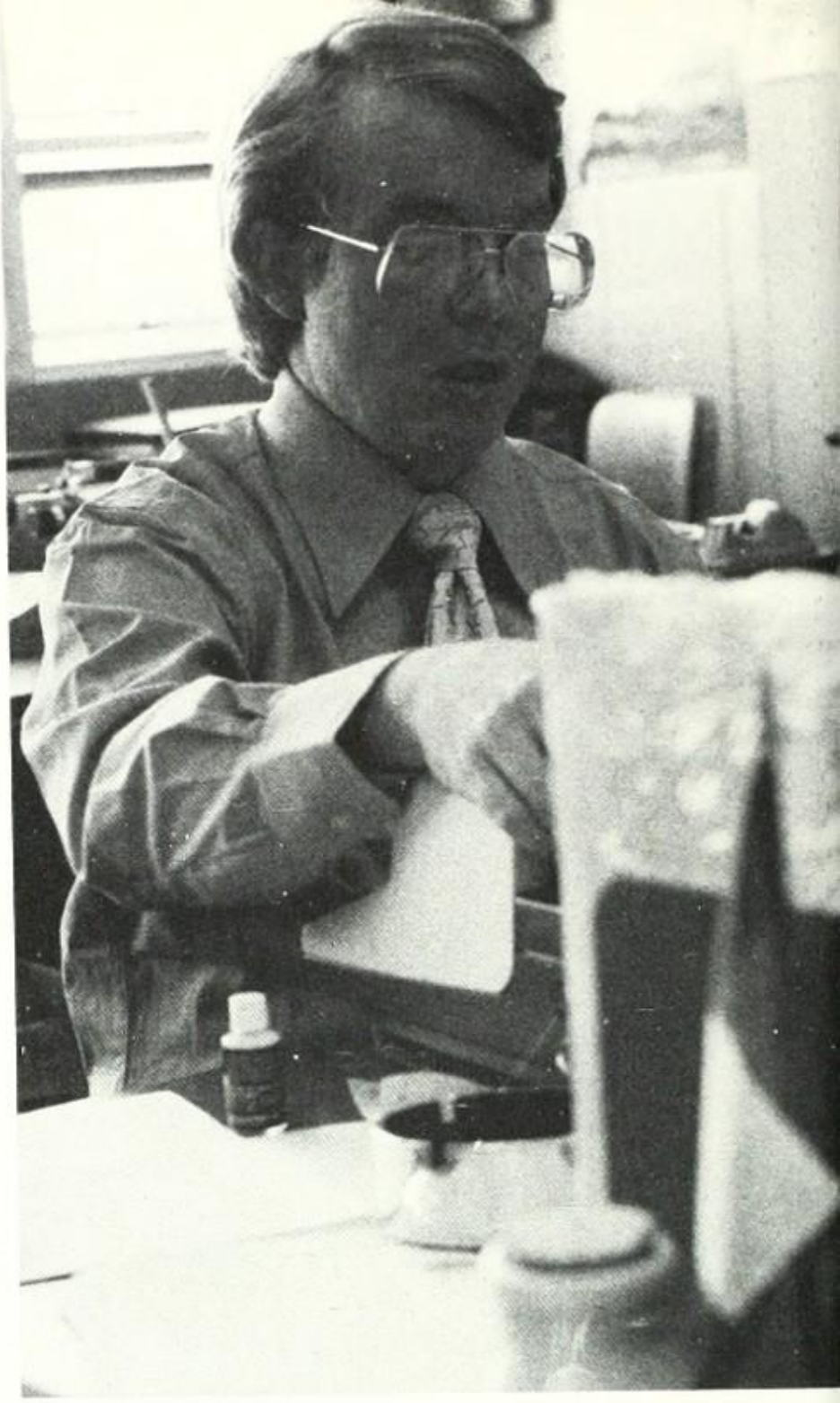
DOUGLAS
HUBERT
One Year

GEORGE B. ROBERTS
B.Sc. Leeds
M.A., C.S., Northridge
Twelve Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — CBS News
Group — Julliard Quartet

JON M. SMITH

B.A. Albion
M.A. Middlebury
2e Degre, Sarbonne
Five Years
Favorite:
TV Show — Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman
Pet Name — CACA
Singer — Andrea Marcovici
Predilection: Creme de Marron



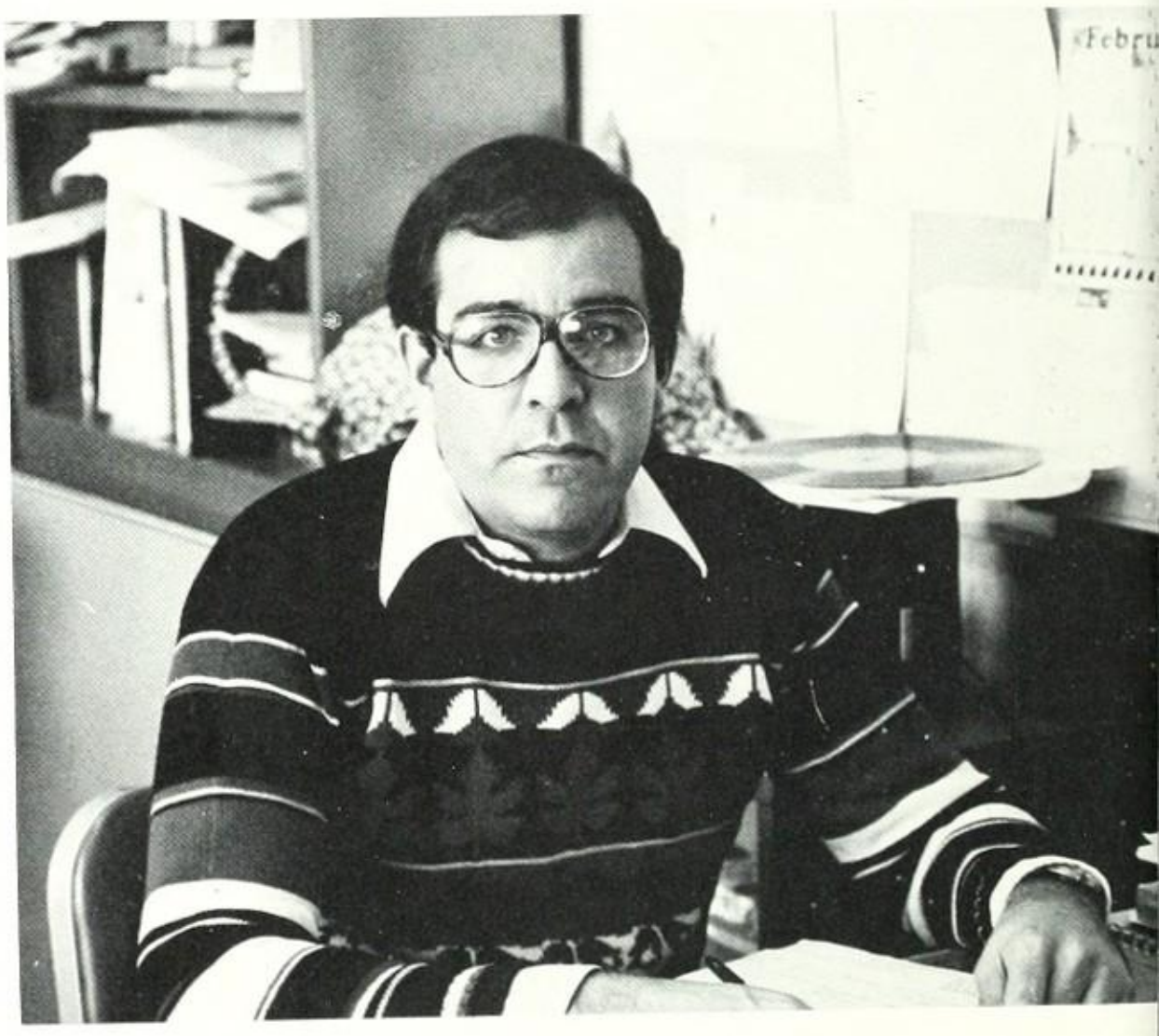


ROGELIO MARTINEZ

B.A., H. H. Maristes
I.P.F. Sorbonne
Nine Years
Predilection: A good book

PABLO C. RECINO

B.A. University of Miami
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Psychic Phenomena: The World Beyond
Pet Name — Muchacho
Singer — Jane Olivor, David Bowie
Group — Led Zeppelin
Predilection: Sailing, Photography, Music
Anything else? — I was born in La Habana, Cuba and moved here in 1960.



FOREIGN LANGUAGE

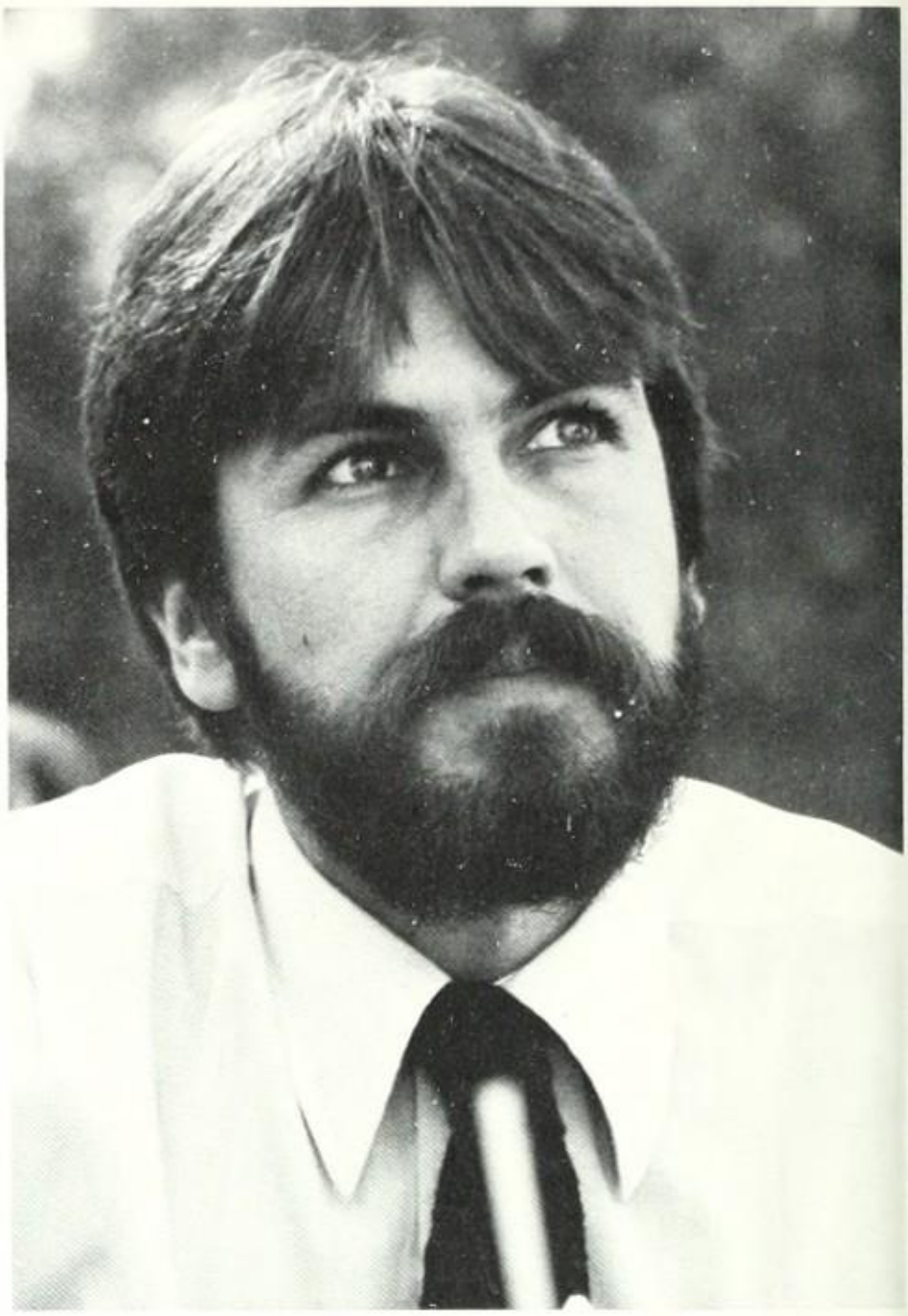
PILAR MANRUBIA
Assistant Teacher
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Multipython
Pet Name — Chindasvinto
Group — Beatles
Predilection — Music
Anything else we ought to know about? tantas cosas

DAVID FLORIAN
Department Chairman
B.A. Case Western Reserve
M.A. Stanford
Six Years
Favorite Singer: John Denver
Predilection: To conjugate verbs backwards in the subjunctive mood in my spare moments; To stand on my head in a corner with my nose pressed against the baseboard.

TIMOTHY CORCORAN
Director of Community Service Projects
B.A. University of arizona
Seven Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — 60 Minutes
Singer/Group — Bob Dylan
Predilection: Talent and Competence

ROMAN C. BRYSHA

B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.S.C.
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Sixty Minutes
Singer — David Bowie
Group — The Bee Gees
Predilection: Good food, the beach, beautiful women.



MAXIMO T. PAVON

B.A. University of Madrid
M.A. Puget Sound
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Roots
Singer — Neil Diamond
Predilection: To play flawless tennis.

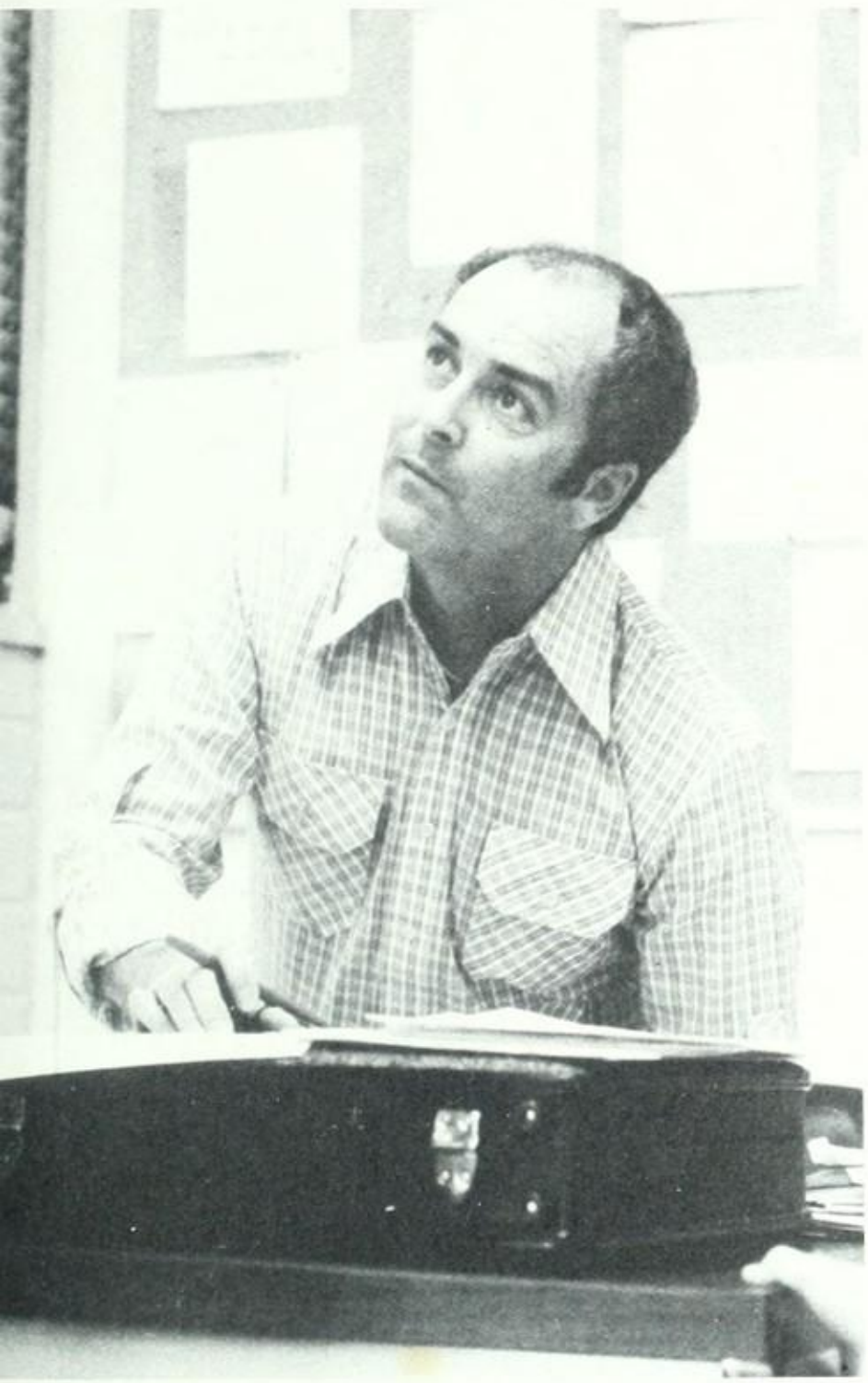
JOHN GRAZIANO

B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. U.S.C.
Five Years
Predilection: Traveling and Photographs

FINE ARTS

CARL WILSON
Department Chairman
B.A. Redlands
M.R.E. Union Theological Seminary
Seven Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — "Blank Screen"
Pet Name — Pestiforus
Predilection — Experiencing elegance and quality in motorcars and watching the red squirrels outside the art room window.

DARRYL JONES
Choral Music
B.M., M. M. Oklahoma
One Year
Favorite T.V. Show — The Waltons



TEDD D. WOODS
Forensics
B.A. San Diego State
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Nine Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Prefer programs on KCET
Group — Andrews Sisters
Predilection — Harvard Mystery Theater and Brilliant O.O. or a final round won at the nationals in debate.

SUSAN DIETZ

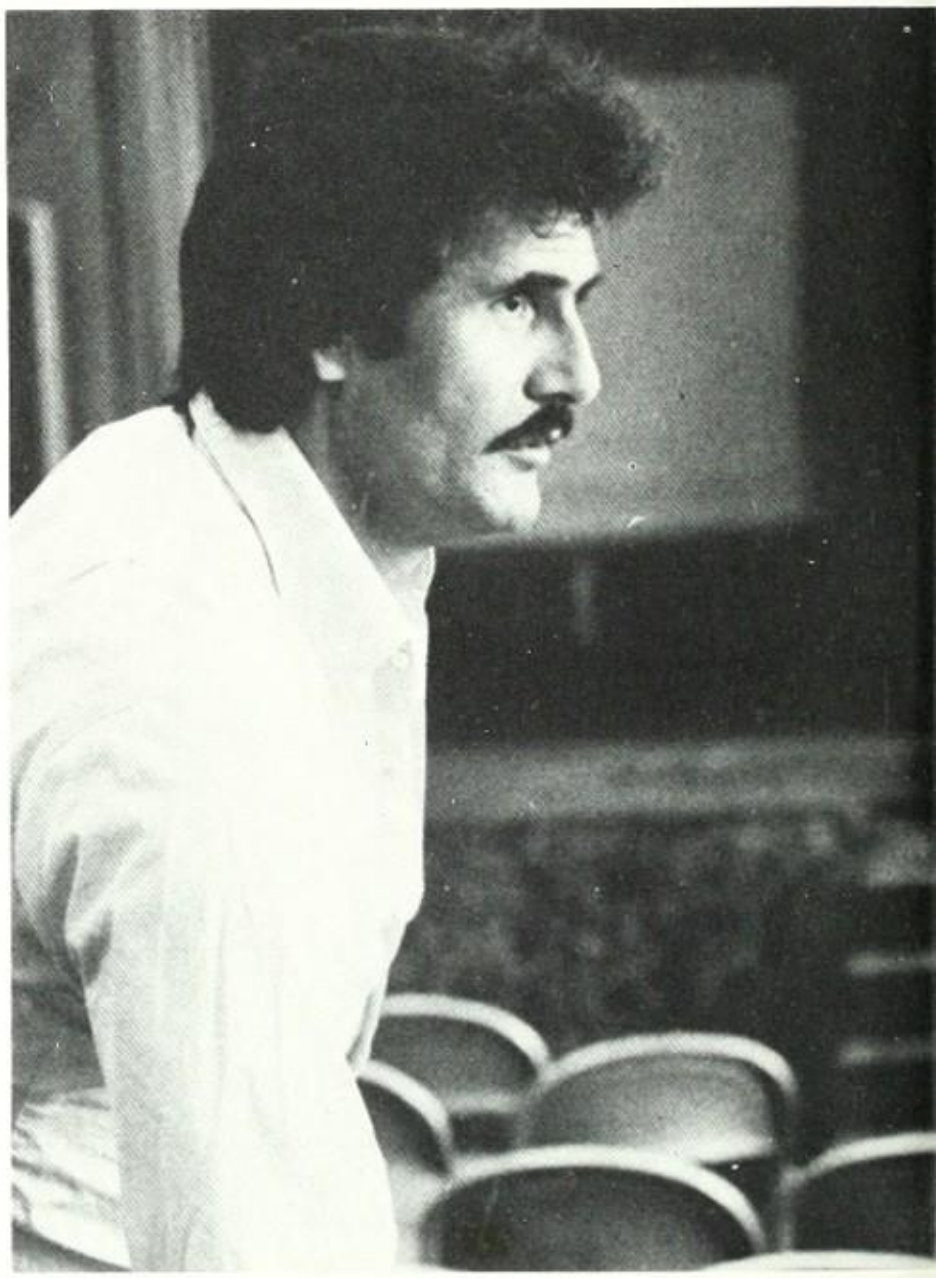
Drama
B.A. Cornell
M.A., Ph.D. Pennsylvania
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman
Pet Name — James, Gregory, and Arnold
Singer — Billy Joel
Predilection — The sound of applause!

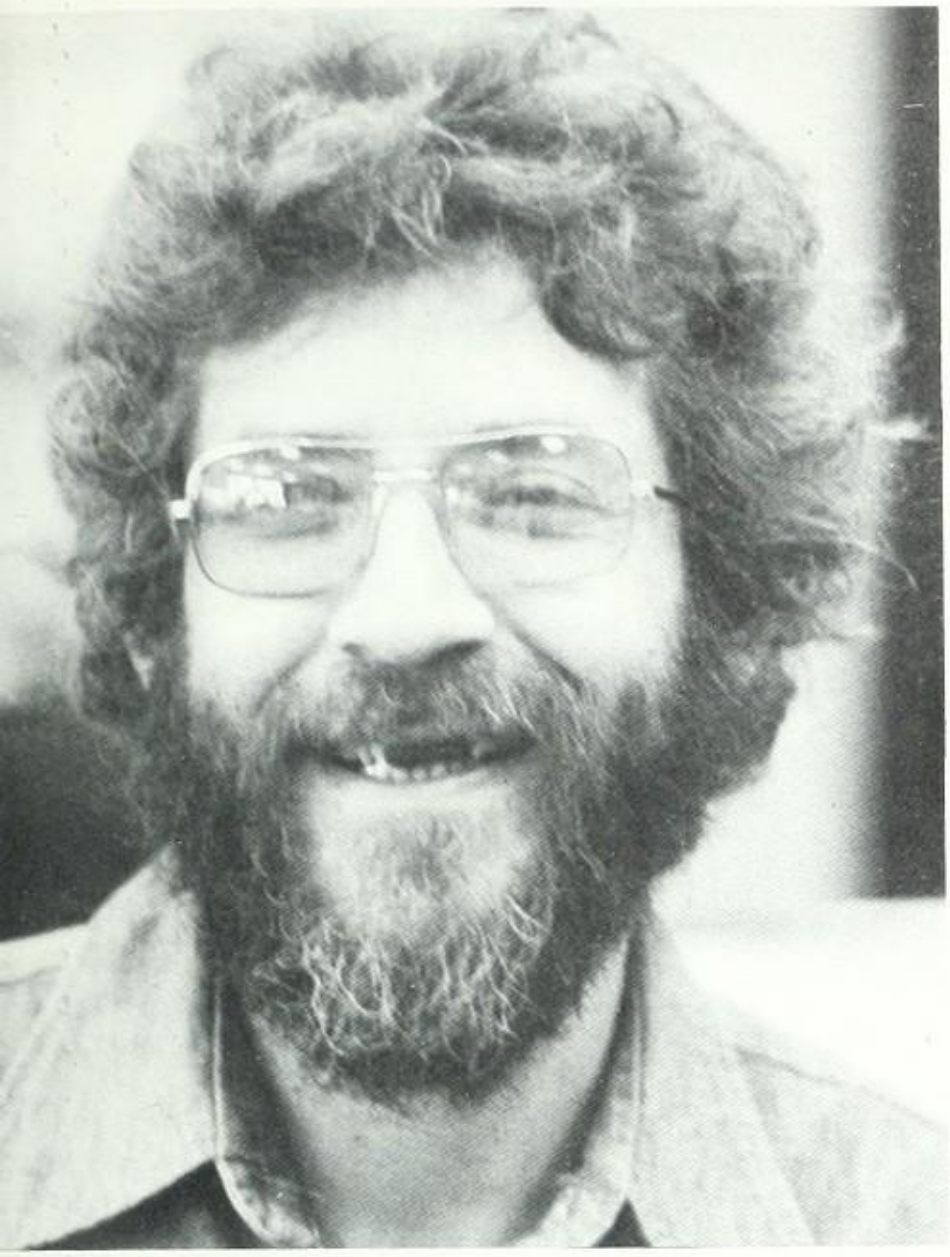
ANTHONY MILLER

Television
B.F.A., M.F.A. Arizona
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — The Shows I Make!
Singer — Cat Stevens
Predilection — Directing T.V. or Motion Pictures

GEORGE GANCHEV

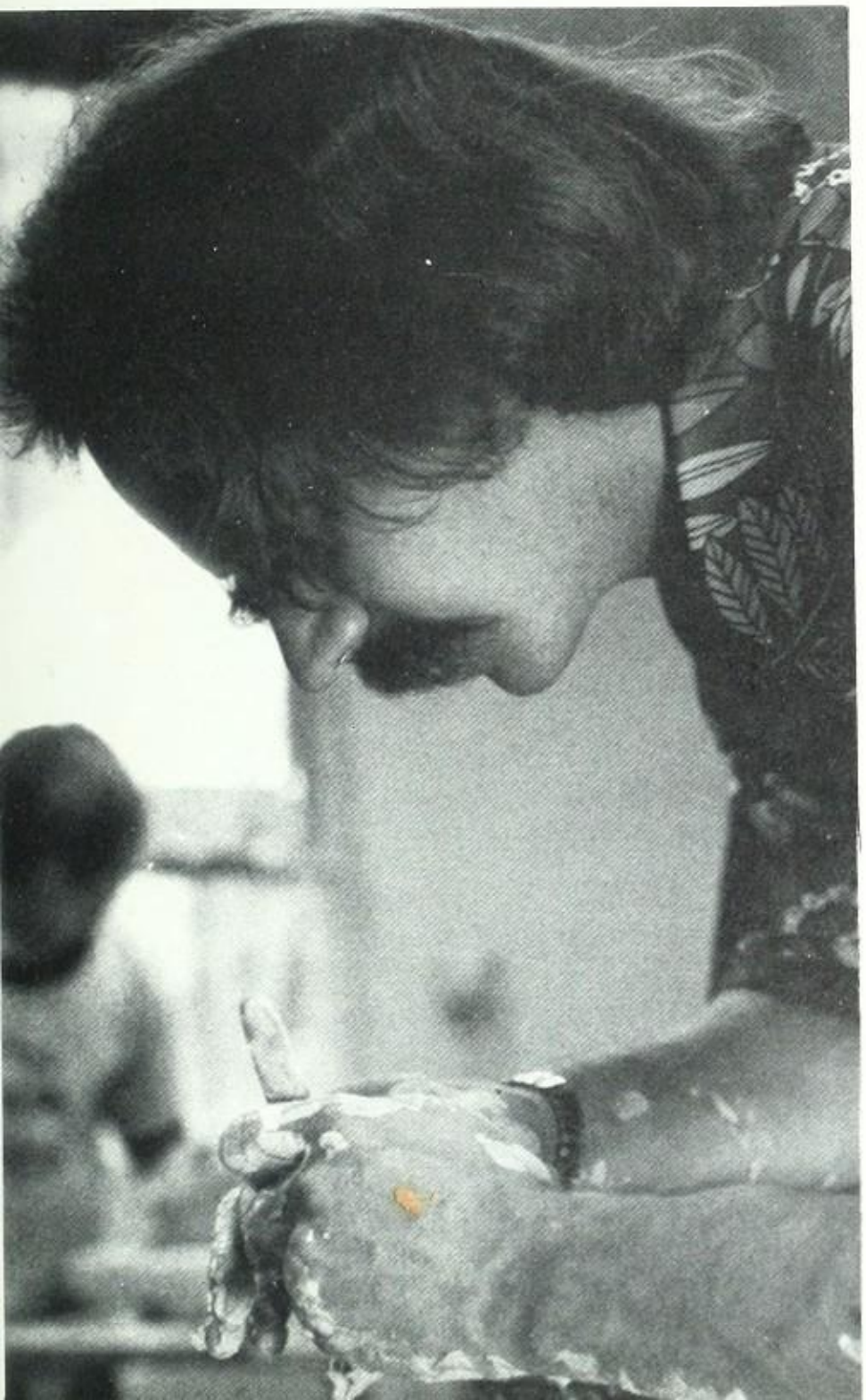
Honorary Proffessor British Academy of Fencing
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Any Jazz Show
Pet Name — Bagatir
Singer — Carol King
Predilection — Good Conversation





JEROME N. MARGOLIS

Head of Music Department
B.M. Philadelphia Conservatory
B.M.ed., M.A. Philadelphia Musical Academy
Seven Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Special Movies
Pet Name — Axelrod, Cage
Singer — Joe Cocker, Ike and Tina Turner
Predilection — Honesty, Humor, Truth, Kindness, Beauty, Talent, Warmth, Quiet, Ann . . .
Anything else we ought to know about? — I was kidnapped by a band of gypsies when I was an infant and raised in the castle of Cothen hidden from the world. I am the rightful heir to the throne of Luxemburg and have a blue birthmark to prove it; but it is in a place I cannot show.



JEANNE GRANDILLI

Film
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.F.A. U.C.L.A.
One Year
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Stems
Pet Name — Spot
Group — Purple Grape

JOHN LUEBTOW

Ceramics
B.A. California Lutheran
M.A., M.F.A. U.C.L.A.
Six Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — George of the Jungle, Tom Slick, Super Chicken
Singer — Bob Dylan
Predilection — The concepts of the visual aesthetics of form as exemplified by certain Feminine members of our society.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

LORRAINE STELLHORN
Five Years
Favorite:
Pet Name — Wolfgang and Damanta
Singer — Olivia Newton John.
Predilection — Tercesasti

MARCI BREWER
B.S. P.E. Colorado

DIANE MATHEWS
Three Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Starsky and Hutch — especially "Starsky"
Singers — Neil Diamond and Johnny Mathis (which ages me)
Predilection — Motorcycles (dirt) and much more!!!

LAURIE SCHWARTZ

EVELYN DAVISON

JUDY MOONEY

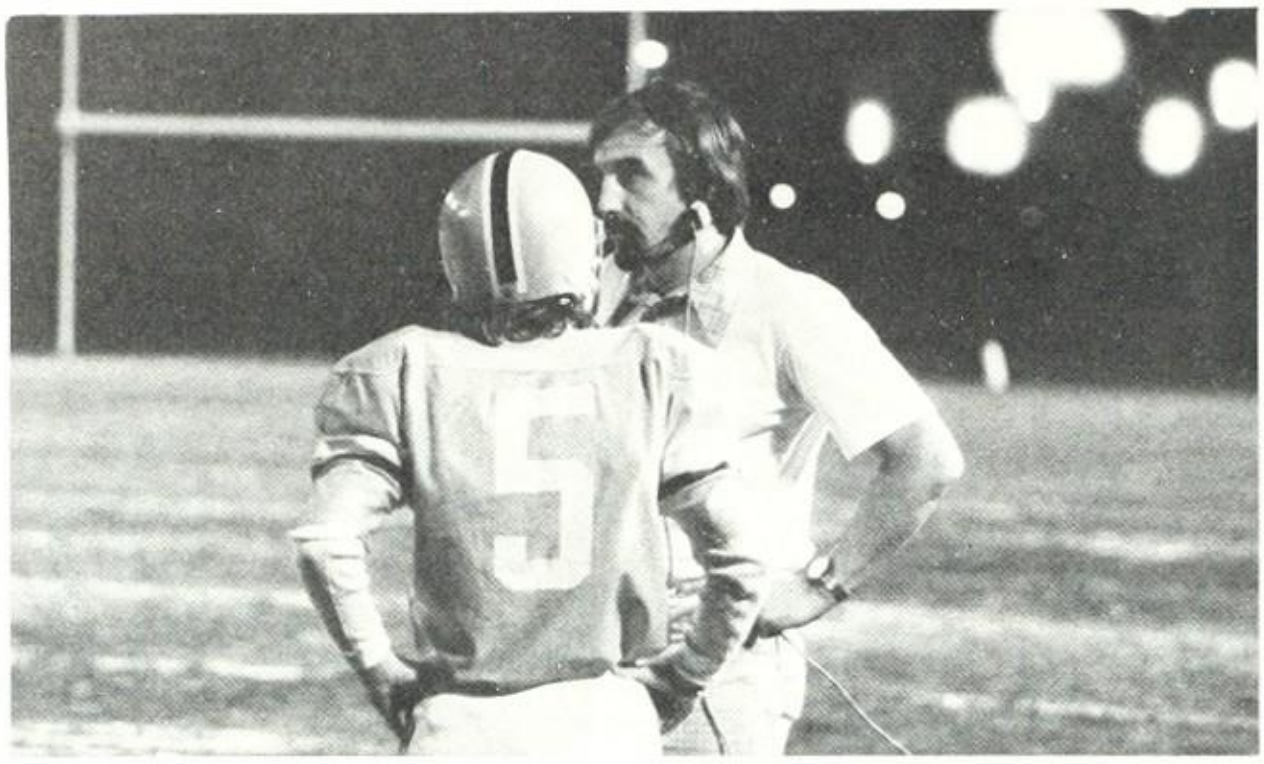
LOUISE ASAY
Nine Years
Feed "Jaws" in the Seaver aquarium.

JOAN RYAN
U.C.L.A.
Eighteen Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — "Upstairs Downstairs"
Pet — My husband of 38 years
Singer — Mac Davis
Predilection — Everything — it is a great life.

VIRGINIA PICKRELL
Ten Years
A.B. Columbia

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

GARY THRAN
B.A. Azusa Pacific
Four Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — "Good Nite America"
Pet Name — Spoofer
Group — Rolling Stones
Predilection — Mountains without People!

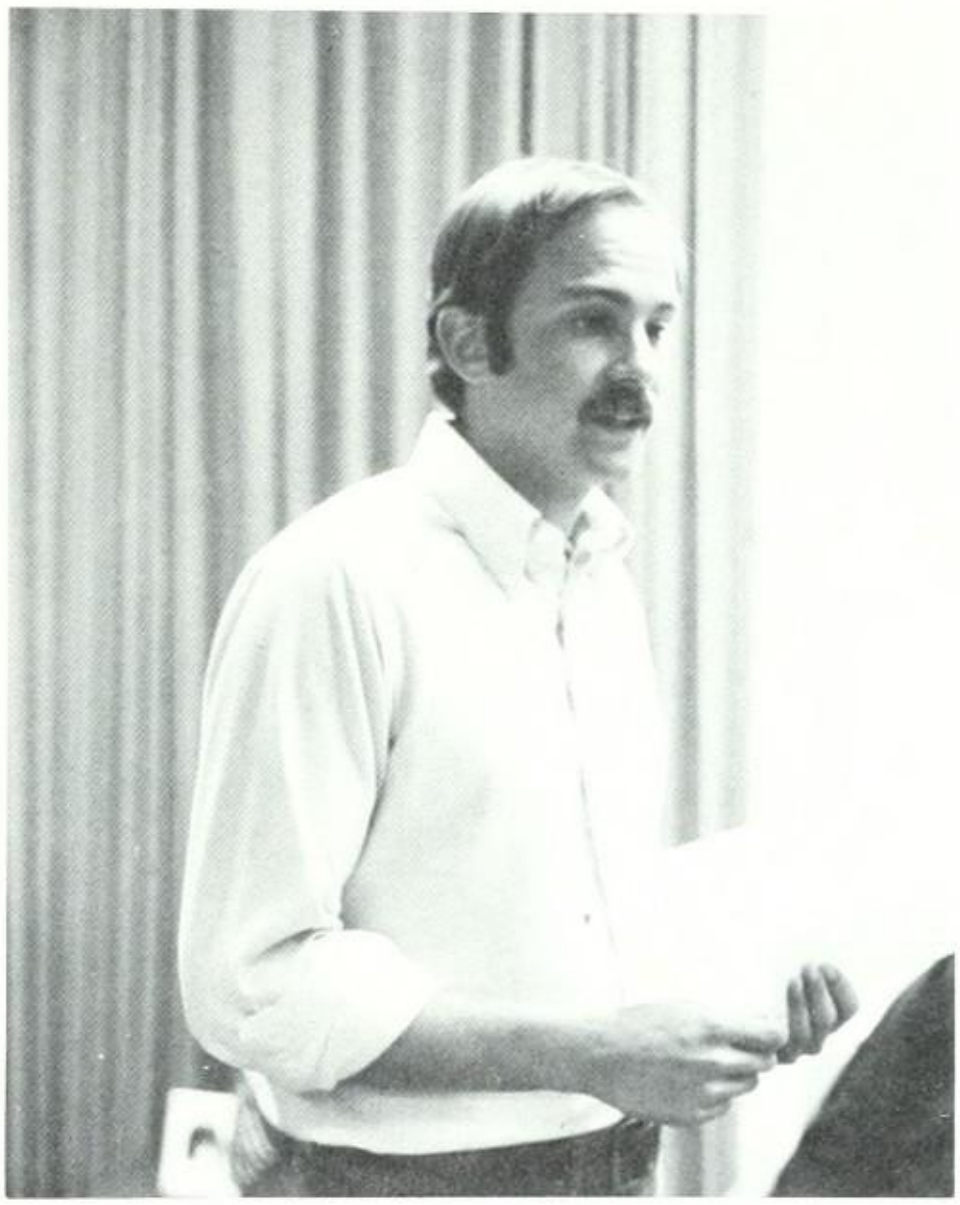


ROGER
PACHECO
Two Years

GUY GINGELL
B.A., C.S. Northridge
Five Years
Favorite:
T.V. Show — Fantasy Island
Group — America and Eagles
Predilection — Sport and Recreation

DENNIS JOSEPH DUVA
B.S. Springfield
M.A. Stanford
One Year
Favorite
T.V. Show — Sixty Minutes
Pet Name — Chief
Singer — Neil Young
Predilection — Foxy Ladies!

ANN DESHLER
Typing
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Four Years
Favorite:
TV Show — Johnny Carson Show
Pet Names — Phydeaux, Muphynn
Group — Maynard Ferguson's Band
Predilection — Music

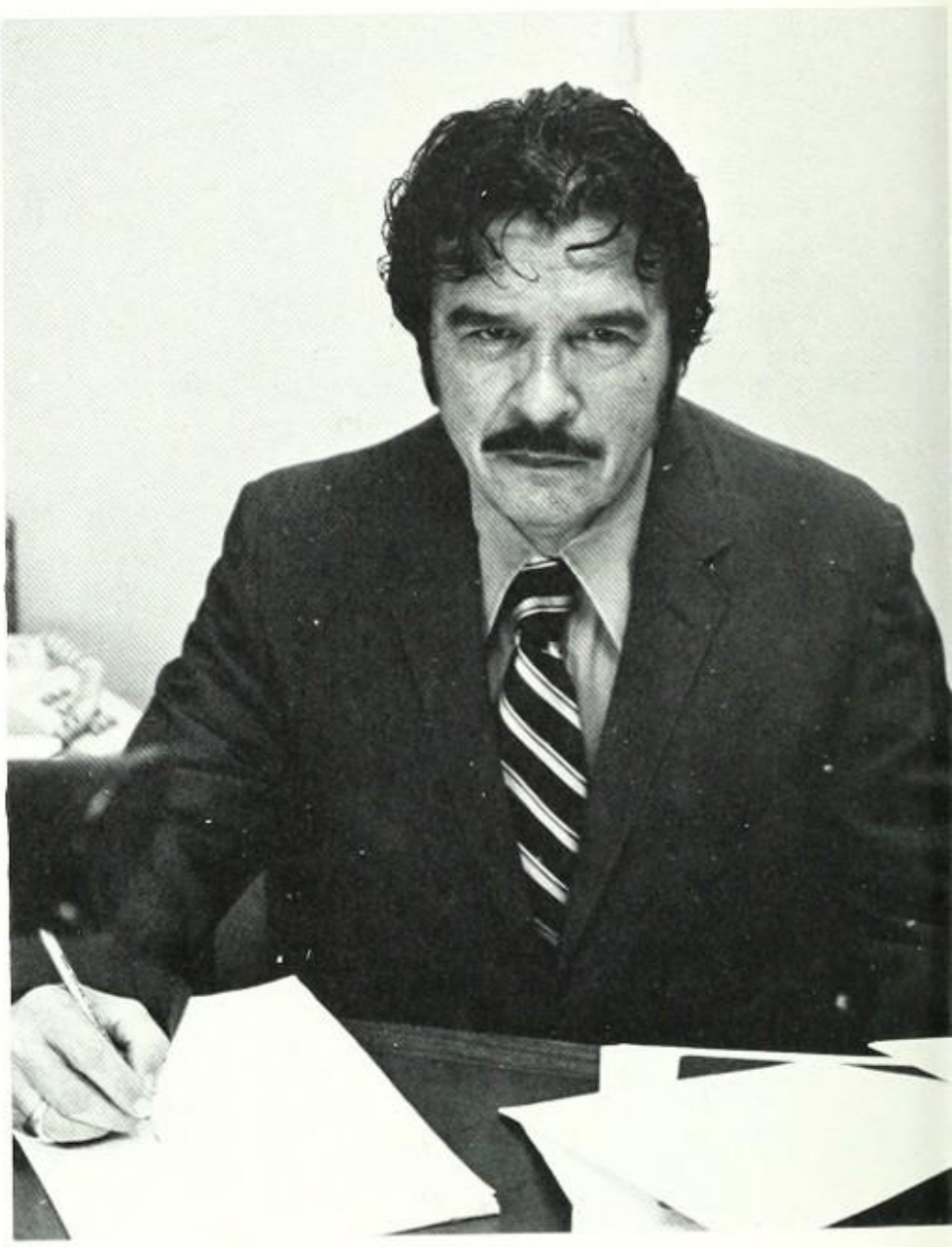


FRANK NEWMAN
Psychology
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. C.S.U.L.A.
Ph.D. Candidate U.S.C.

TOM SETKOSKI
Bus Driver

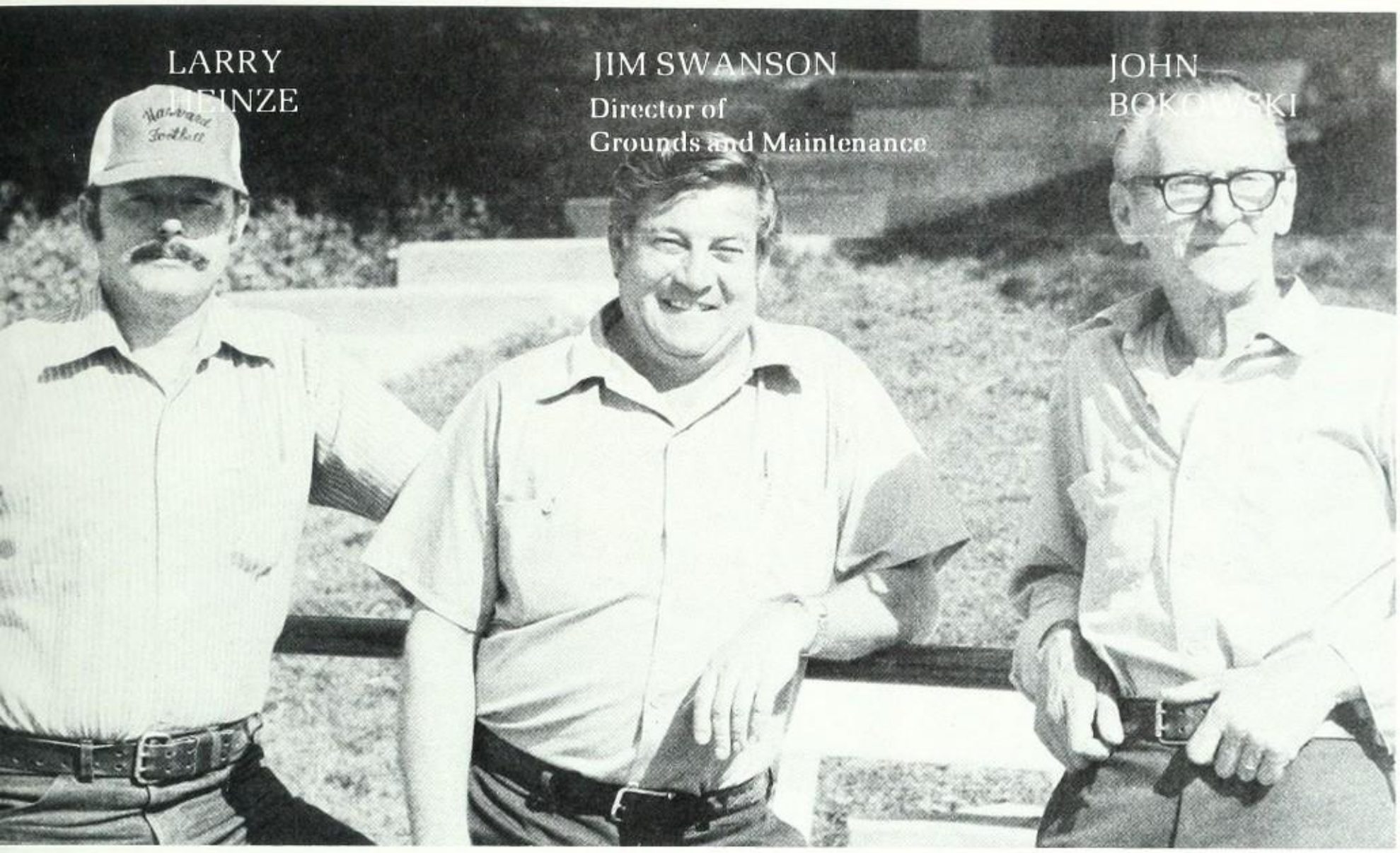
FAYE SITCH
Director Student Store
Twenty-seven Years

IRIS CUNIBERTI
Two Years



FRANK ALVAREZ
Accountant

BUSINESS OFFICE



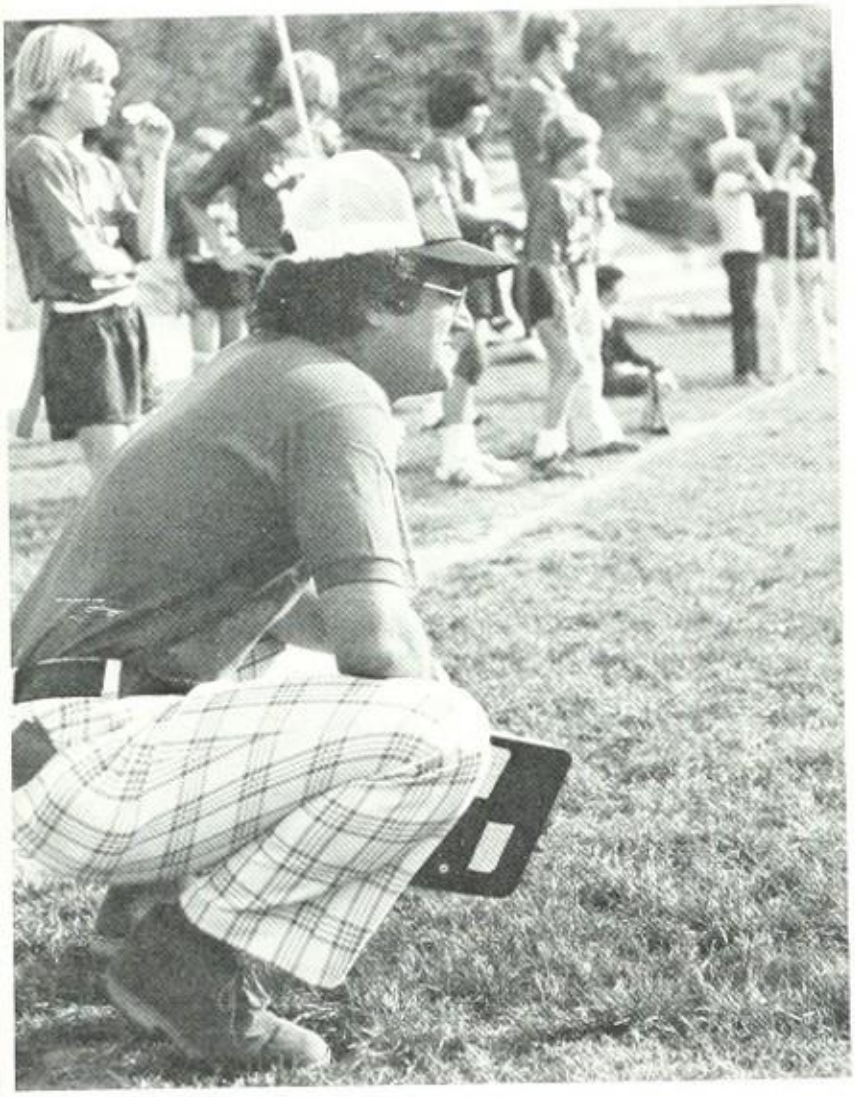
RUSSEL GOODMAN
Computer Consultant
One Year

RICARDO VALDEZ

MAINTENANCE

LOWER SCHOOL SPORTS

The purpose of the Lower School Athletic Program is two-fold. It gives a chance for the participants to compete in interscholastic sports and it further prepares the players for high school athletics. This year the teams enjoyed phenomenal success in basketball, football, tennis, soccer, and track. The teams showed great teamwork and desire in winning over 75% of their games.



RECORDS

Soccer
6-0-1
Football
Reds: 6-1
Whites: 5-2

8th GRADE FOOTBALL

Front row: Sickle, Keller, Berkey Keene, Maxwell, Bullis, Thompson, Bliss, Cohn. Middle row: Cook, Christianson, Revere, Burr, Martin, Penzell, Dodge, Schneider, Winchin, Chapman. Back row: Mann, Newman, Symonds, Rangell, Warner, Inch, Factor, Sangmeister, Brady.

8th GRADE BASKETBALL

"REDS"; Front row, right to left: Sunkin, Billet, Onodera, Cohn, Warner. Back row: Thompson, Sibley, Grimm, Newman, Pofsky, Christianson.

BASKETBALL
RECORDS

Red Team: (League Champs)	10-0
White Team:	4-6

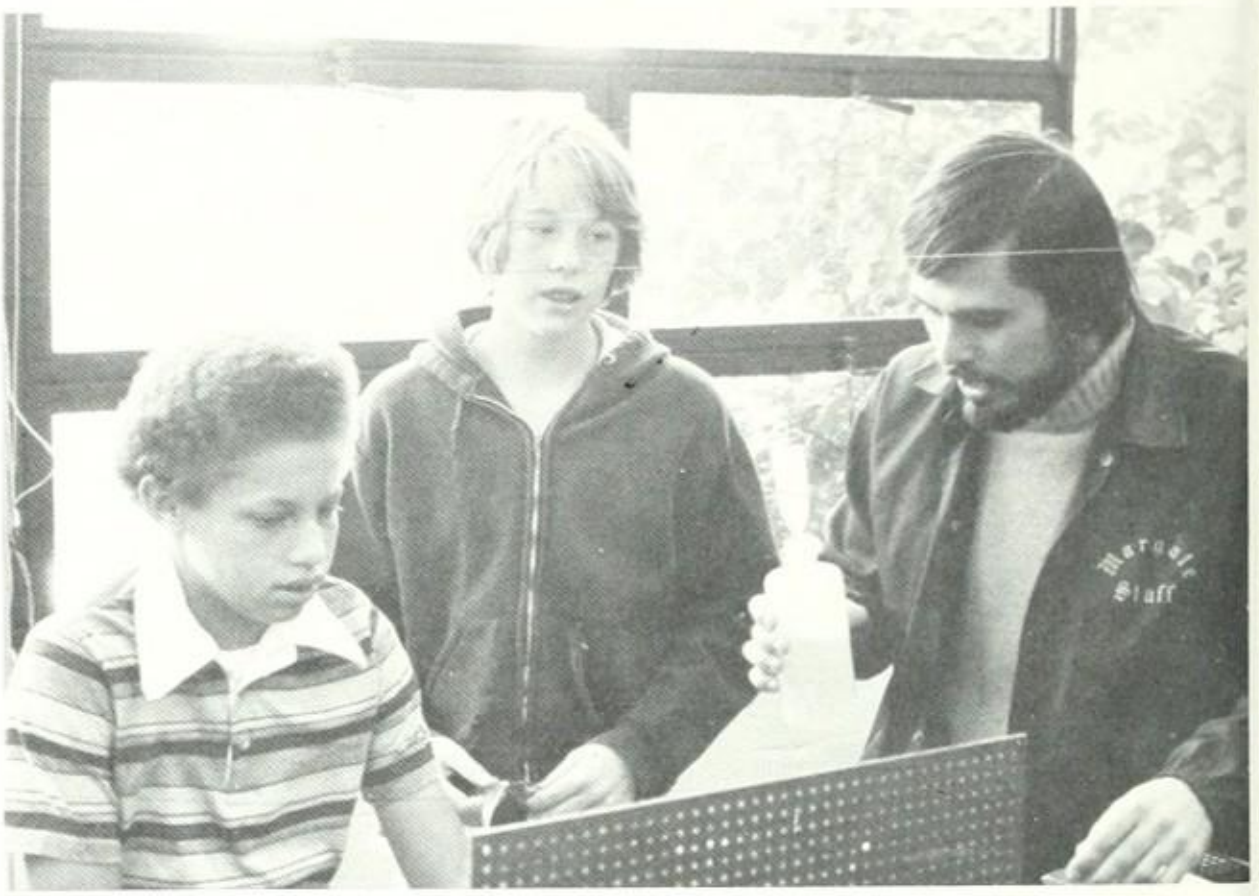
Clockwise from top: The League Champions, Red Team. Herman watches the ball carom off the rim: Fried ready for the rebound: The White Team: Fligelman looks for the open man: Grimm extends to snatch a high pass inside: Pofsky leads a quick break: Pofsky crosses a perfect pass to Billet who continues on for an unattested lay-up: Effertz sends the ball to Sibley.

"WHITES": Front row, left to right: Robinson, Herman, Weisman, Fried, Fligelman. Back row: Effertz, Jaffe, Phillips, Inch, Kirshner, Brady.

EIGHTH GRADE

Clockwise from top right: Charlie Blanc, Jim Huggins, and Mike Minchin make it up front; it's no WONDER!; Erik Hogen and Brysoniak Bryson warm up on their recorders; Bruce Franklin covers the phone for Mrs. Mathews.

Clockwise from top left: Simon "Midget" Fill; John Schneider, Steve Linick, and Hughes Morton take to the wall; Jon Kayyem, Tal Herman, Bill Bowmer and Schuyler Dewell finish off Jon Lewis; Kevin Coskey relaxes with Robert Myers between classes.



Clockwise from top left: Tal Herman, Mitch Adler and "Durwood" Sherwood trying to figure out what to do before it's too late; Mrs. Wardlaw helps Howard Sunkin, Hughes Morton, Paul Porteous and Greg Burr with their radio play script; "Sib" Sibley and John Thompson with "Doc" Milarec; Mr. Marks talks with the soccer team; Tal Herman slays John Lewis once again.

Scott Adair
Mitchell Adler
William Ahmanson
James Akimoto

Louis Anderman
Peter Bachrach
John Berkey
Steve Berman

Matthew Billet
Charles Blanc
Howard Bliss
John Boswell
William Bowmer

Scott Brady
Paul Bryson
Michael Bullis
Gregory Burr
Scott Burris

Lawrence Chaffin
Scott Cook

James Chapman
Christophe Cornubert

James Christianson
Kevin Cosky

Jeffrey Christianson
Schuyler Dewell

Richard Cohn
Matthew Dodge

Jeffrey Colin
William Effertz

Andrew Factor
John Garcia

Stuart Farber
Kai Griffin

Simon Fill
Trevor Grimm

Jeffery Fligelman
Robert Helperin

Bruce Franklin
Tal Herman

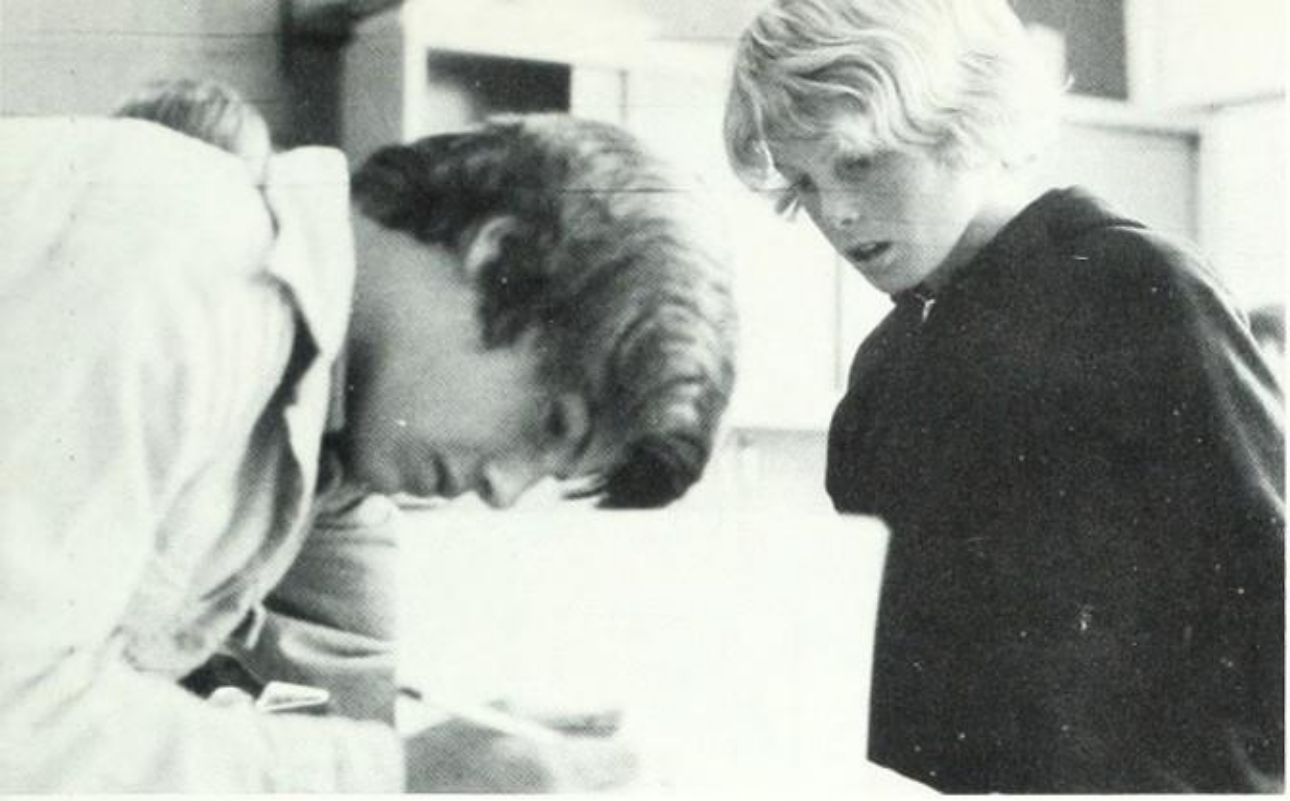
David Fried
Robert Herrick

Erik Hogen
James Huggins
Richard Hupp
Steven Inch
Peter Inman

Mitchell Jackson
Jack Jaffe
Jon Kayyem
Bruce Keene
John Keller

William Kinder
Jeffrey King
Scott Kirschner
Michael Landa

Reid Lewellen
Jonathan Lewis
Mark Lilly
Peter Linde



Clockwise from top left: "Beefman" Newman and Hughes Morton trading answers in the lab; Make way for Scott Cook; Matt Billet watches John Thompson try to hit the post man; Bruce Keene, Howard Sunkin, "Puff" Pofsky, Greg Stuart and Kai Griffin as official bench warmers; Peter Linde and Andy Neuschatz strike a noble pose.

Clockwise from top left: Sap, Yalo and Brysoniak in a civilized discussion group; Jeff Colin, Scott Cook and Willie Mann take over Mrs. Mathews desk; Geoff Nudell accompanies Danny Lipshutz on the recorder; J. J. Simons big as life; Kent Yalowitz with a friend.

Steve Linick
Garrett Maass
Gregory Maass
William Mann

Kevin Martin
Christian Mastor
Douglas Mathews
William Maxwell

Robert Myers
Cecil Onodera

Andrew Neuschatz
Thomas Park

Rowe Michels
Richard Newman
Seth Penzell
Jeffrey Pofsky

Ronald Miller
Wendell Niles
George Phillips
Paul Porteous

Michael Minchin
Geoffrey Nudell
Harry Piken
Paulo Rangel

Hughes Morton
Jens Oetiker
Brad Podosin
Edward Rayden-

David Revere
Adam Reynolds

Andrew Robinson
Kent Russell
John Sangmeister
Gregory Sapinsley
Axel Schine

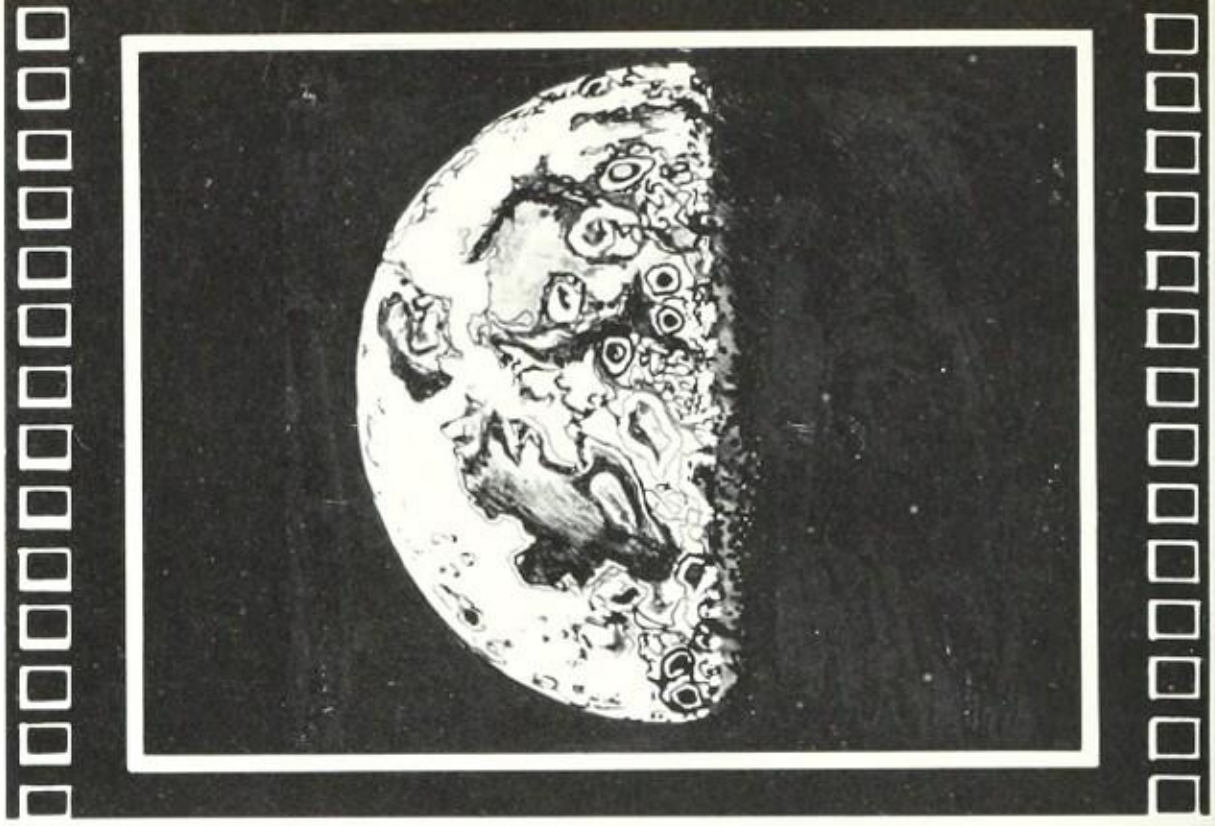
John Schneider
Benjamin Sherwood
Erin Sibley
Steven Sickle
Bradley Silberling

Jonathan Simons
Michael Singh
Steven Smith
Gregory Stuart
Howard Sunkin

Michael Supowitz
Andrew Taylor
Peter Teng
John Thompson
Eric Toll

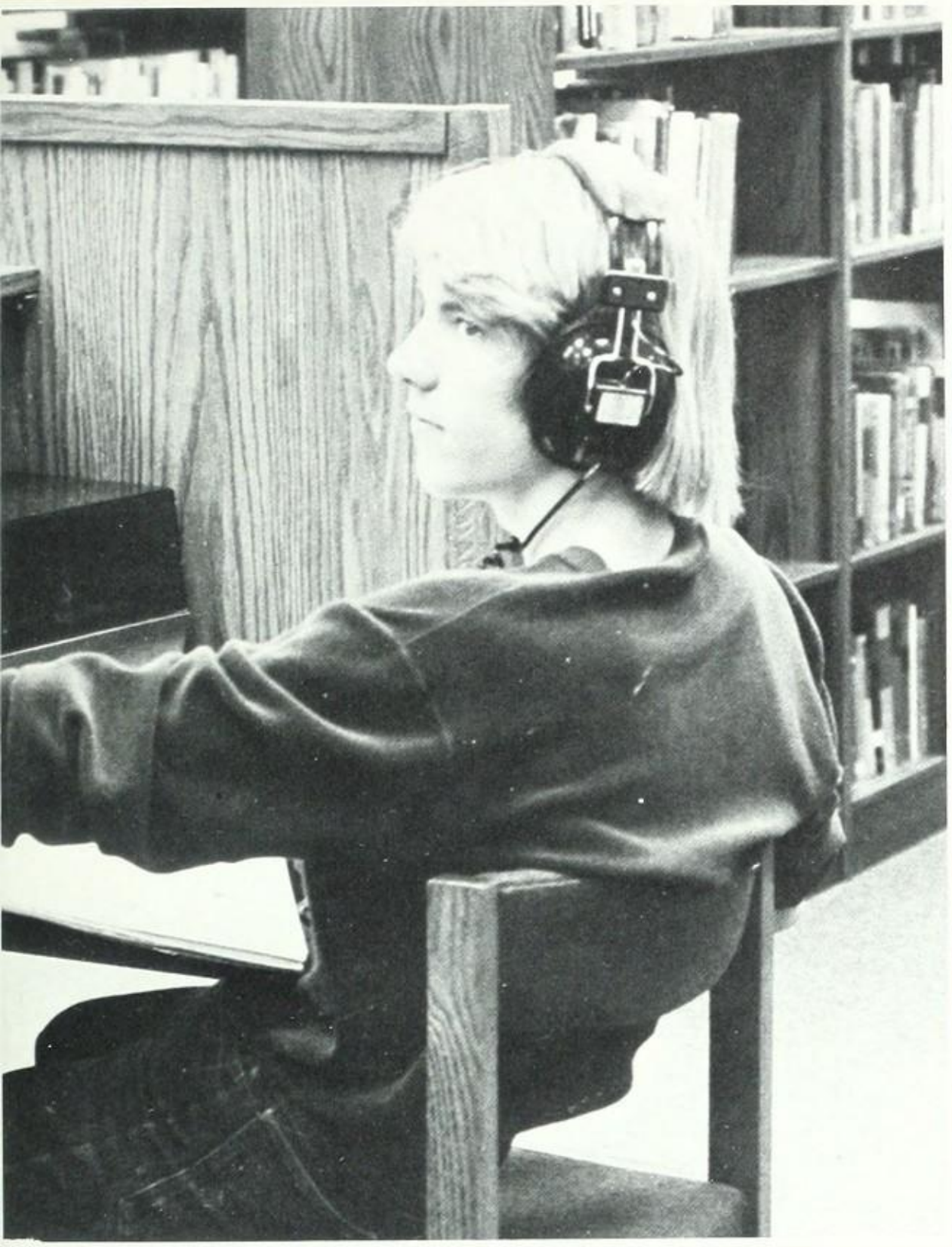
Kevin Warner
Gregory Weisman
James Wong
Brad Wyman
Kent Yalowitz

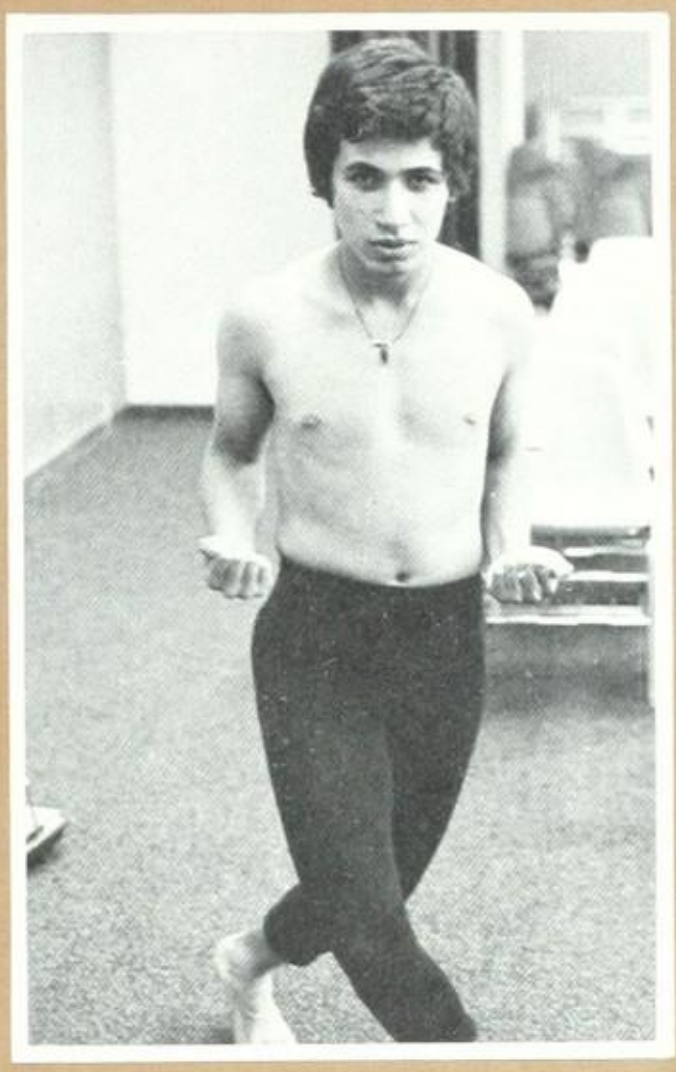
Clockwise from top left: Two 7th graders invade 8th grade section; "Stork" Krischner ready to jump; Scott Adair at ease; Jeff Colin with lab partner, "Wham Bam" Wyman; Ready for action in the P.E. lineup.



"Sing a song of 12th grade, the class that goes beserk,
Four and twenty seniors, who never do their work!"
"Hey Thaddeus, will you quit singing. I'm trying to concentrate!"
"A thousand pardons your excellency. What are you doing? Arranging the pictures?"
"No . . . numbering the pages."
"Gee Charles, maybe you'd like a calculater to help you out."
"Very funny. Tell me, do you think we can come up with a few parallels between 8th and 12th grade? They're both half moons you know."
"Well, one similarity immediately comes to mind. The 8th graders are on the brink of a transition. They're about to be thrown into the Upper school. By the same token, the 12th graders are about to be thrust into the world of college."
"That's pretty good. Look, I'm trying to come up with a few lines on the Senior year. Give me some adjectives."
"Let's see . . . anxious . . . lazy . . . curious . . . searching . . . lazy . . . independent . . . boring . . . wild . . . lazy. That's about it in a nutshell."
"A class like that has certainly seen a lot, huh? I mean, teachers have come and gone. Students have entered and graduated. A new cafeteria staff has taken over every year."
"You're right, but there's no time for nostalgia now Charles. We've got to wrap this book up."
"It's finished! Our cycle of the moons turned out to be semi-accurate. I mean, the comparisons are not exactly perfect — but then, after all those S.A.T. analogy tests, we've been conditioned to stretch things a little. Anyway, all the pages have been spliced together. In short, we've done it!"
"All it took was a little student ingenuity."
"It's almost breakfast time. Coming Thaddeus?"
"Charlie," he says, trying his best to sound like Humphrey Bogart, "I have the feeling this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."
And off they went, into the sunrise.

TWELFTH GRADE





Clockwise: Manager Mike Mellenthin works out with the swimming team. Bill Pasnau at a football game. John Davis and Eddie Poplawski give a lunch-time broadcast. Marc Winters concentrates on Mr. Margolis as he provides rhythm. Randy Markes makes good use of the library. Pedro Elizondo holds a dance position. Just TOO many parties.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

SPANISH HONOR SOCIETY

Left to right: Sibley, D. Griffiths, Mr. Max Pavon, Glasser, Ross, Wiggins, Wentz, Wright, Winters. Not pictured: Inch, Williams, President Kaufmann, Elizondo, Roden, B. Griffith.

WANTED

BUCKLEY BOMB SQUAD

JAPANESE EXCHANGE PROGRAM

Left to right: Jeff Harris, John Mottl, Bob Ahmanson, David Brittain. Not pictured: Stuart Lucas, Charlie Labiner.

HARVARD LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Top, left to right: Mr. Ganchev, Mr. Archer — Roden, Griffiths, Solo.

ECOLOGY CLUB

Top, left to right: Shank, Oeaiker — Axelrod, Rubenstein, Wentz, Kaufman — Chaffin.

LETTERMEN'S CLUB

Top, left to right: Flintoft, T., Fisher, Stephens, Poplawski, Grover, Bertram, Ditman, Weisman, Greenfeld, Blackman, Chumbook, President A. Bercovici — Coach Pacheco, Glasser, Westhem, Bagnard, Lifson, Thabit, Kim, Riach, Swick — Holland, B., Griffiths, Castellano, Heyman, Aberg, Holland, M., Flintoft, G., Kaiser.

CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Parker, Hogen, Fr. Weihe, Bunzel, Tosnazinni, Helperin.

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY

ADELPHIANS: Left to right, front row: Witt, Mathews, Silberling, Sherwood, Parker, Strieber. Middle row: Gleason, Wright, Bender, Seltzer, Ackerman, Josephson, Weisman, Inch Brady. Back row: Fenimore, Swick, Flintoff, Hoffenberg, Barnes, Neville, Taylor, Holland, Reifler.

HARVEST

Left to right: Eric Greenfeld, Jeff Heyman, Peter Hoffenberg, Mrs. Moore. Missing: Steve Cutler, David Lippman, Mike Werner, Mark Lindon.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Top, left to right: Slatkin, Bunzel, N.M., Hoffenberg, Barnes, Moses — N.M., Salmore, Kelly, Aberg, Brunson, Reich — White, Sangmeister, Colin, Heyman, Meehan, Levy.

VIEWPOINT

Back, left to right: Mr. Johnson, Reinhardt, Hoffenberg, Bunzel — Sibley, Stone, Griffiths. Missing: Glasser.

SAMBO'S LUNCH CLUB

Left to right: Jeff Heyman, Paul Williams, Todd Zerin, Tegan West, Dan Greenberg. Disappeared: Jeff Bell, Dave Zaro.

PREFECTS

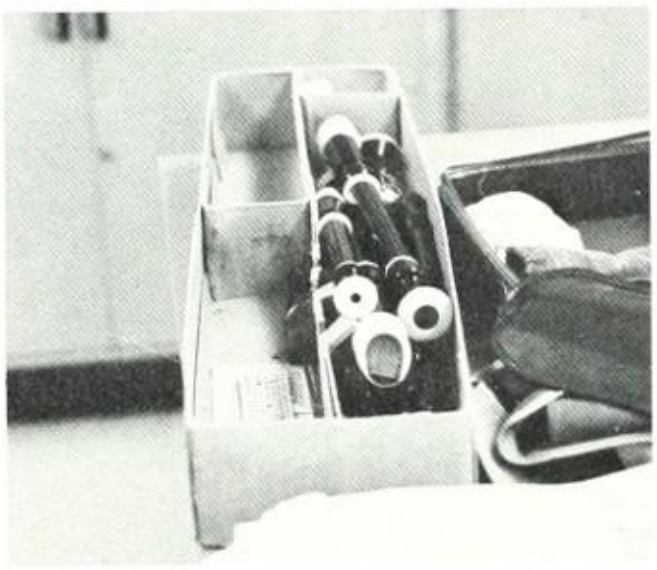
Back, left to right: Kim, Grover, Bagnard — Heyman, Harvie, Miller, Holland — Davis, Zerin, Jones, Janes, Lyons, Moriarty, Bertram, Griffiths, Shafran, Read — Morgan, Aberg.

MATH TEAM

From left to right, front row: Lin, Mr. Sisley, Sanders. Back row: Werner, Cutler, McGovern, Lee.

COLDWATER PIPE LINE

From left to right, front row: Salmore, Kleiner, Hoffenberg, Kaplan, Levy, Berg. Middle row: N.M., Bagnard, Griffiths, Slatkins, Holland, Greenfeld, Wright, Reifler, Beyer, Kim. Back row: Sanders, N. M., Zerin, Andrews, Heyman.

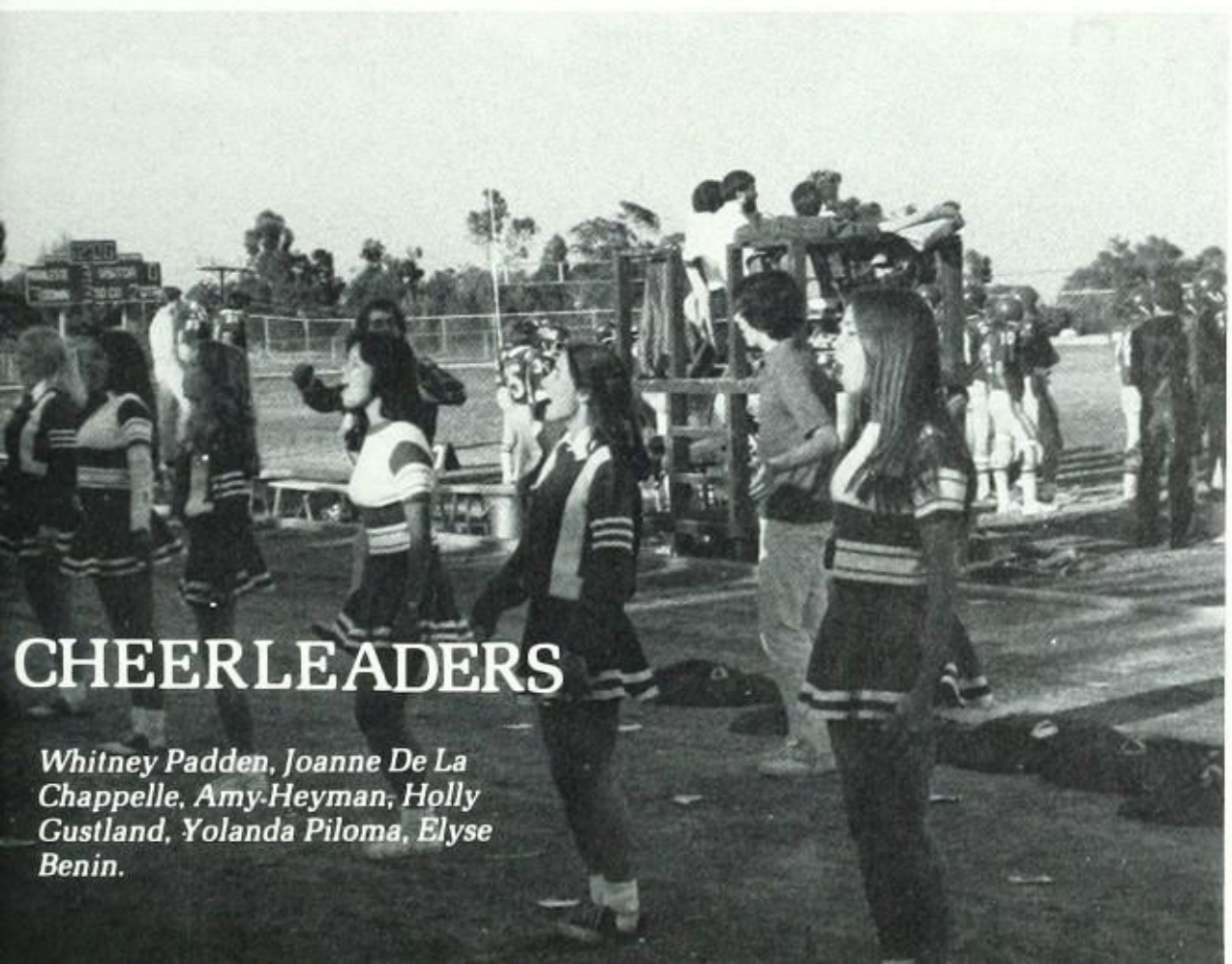


RECORDER CLUB

Left to right, sitting: Nudell, Lipshults, Hogen. Standing: Mr. Jones, Mr. Clark, Fr. Wiehe, Bryson.

MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Ames, Barnum, Bell, Daniels, Davison, DeMarco, Dewell, Fisher, Flanagan, Fredericks, Friel, Goldman, Jungschaffer, McGovern, Moriarty, Nudell, Perry, Potter, Sarnoff, Sternman, Sones, Steinman, Strauss, Taylor, Tognazzini, Ulich, Wiggins, Winters, Mr. Margolis and Mr. Jones.



CHEERLEADERS

Whitney Padden, Joanne De La Chappelle, Amy Heyman, Holly Gustland, Yolanda Piloma, Elyse Benin.

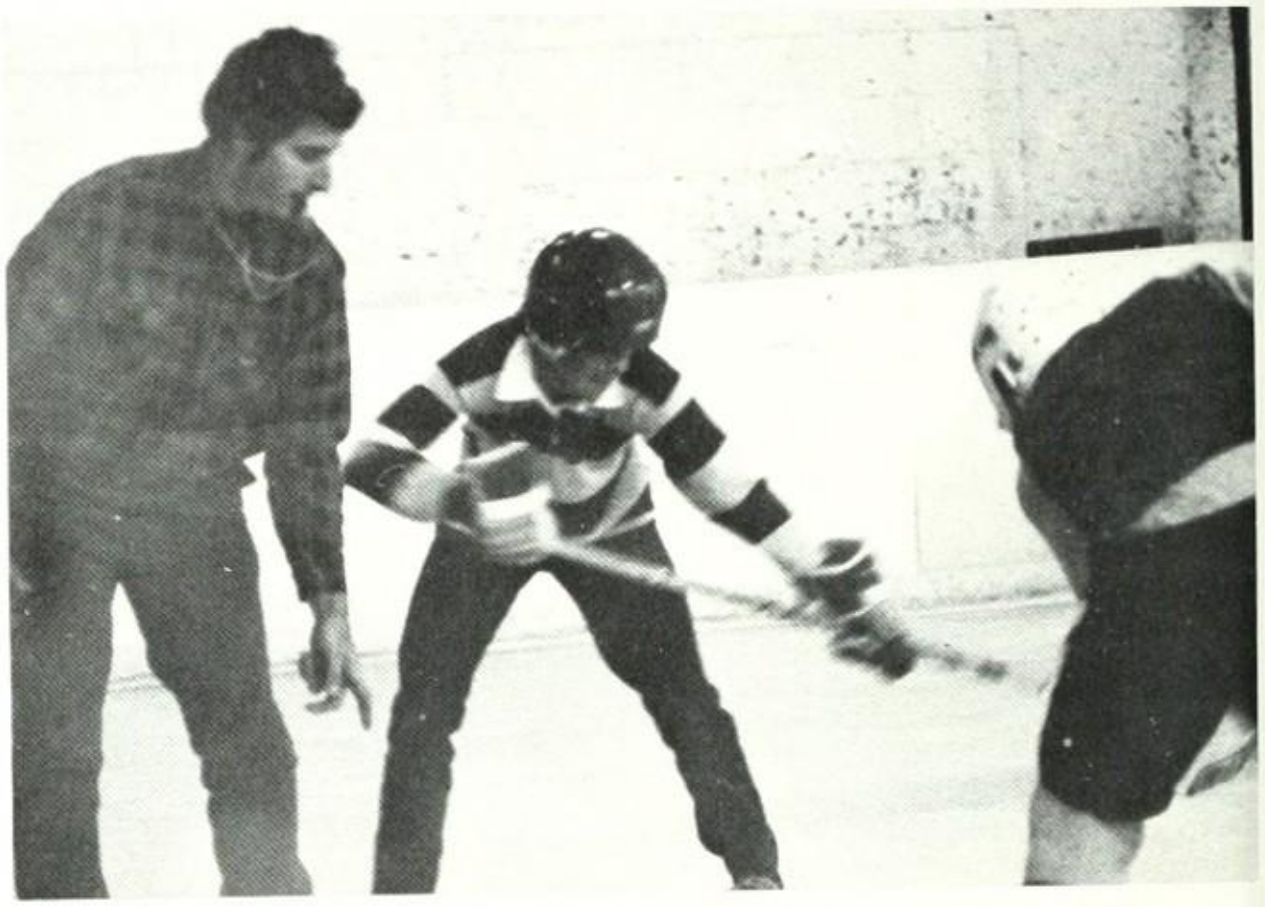
RALLY COMMITTEE

YELL LEADERS

Jeff Heyman, Eddie Poplawski, John Davis, Dean Karny, Lawry Renick, Stuart Lucas, Chauncey Medberry, Todd Zerin.

HOCKEY CLUB

Top, left to right: Mr. Ackerman, Salmore, Heyman, Kim, Horwitz, S., Holland, Hoffenberg, Bertram, Bender — Kay, Mellenthin, Lucas, Josephs, Presidents Griffiths and Aberg, N.M., Fenimore, Volpert, N.M., Levy — Sangmeister, Sobel, Thaler, Onodera, C., Meehan, Mr. Michaud, Bowman, Golding, Boswell, Cook, Onodera, G.



From top to bottom: Cecil Onodera checks Chet Griffiths hard into the boards. David Griffiths wins the face-off from Mark Brady. The Veteran, Mr. Ackerman, takes a blistering shot. Geofery Hughes celebrates a goal while, both Griffiths argue about the decision.

MYSTERY THEATRE

MYSTERY THEATRE: Tegan West and Mike Kaplan.

LOS AMIGOS DE LAS AMERICAS

AMIGOS DE LAS AMERICAS: Including: Mr. Roger Martinez, Miss Pilar Manrubia, Chris Jones, Ed Cazier, David Zaro, John Young, Heidi Rand, Jay Josephs, Jennifer Bogda, Sola Dituri, and George Fenimore.

CAMP KILPATRICK

Top row, left to right: Mellenthin, Reifler, Fr. Wiehe, Aberg, Fenimore, N.M. Bottom: Josephs, Poplawski, Bertram, Griffiths, Crawford, Horwitz, Sanders.

LOWER SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

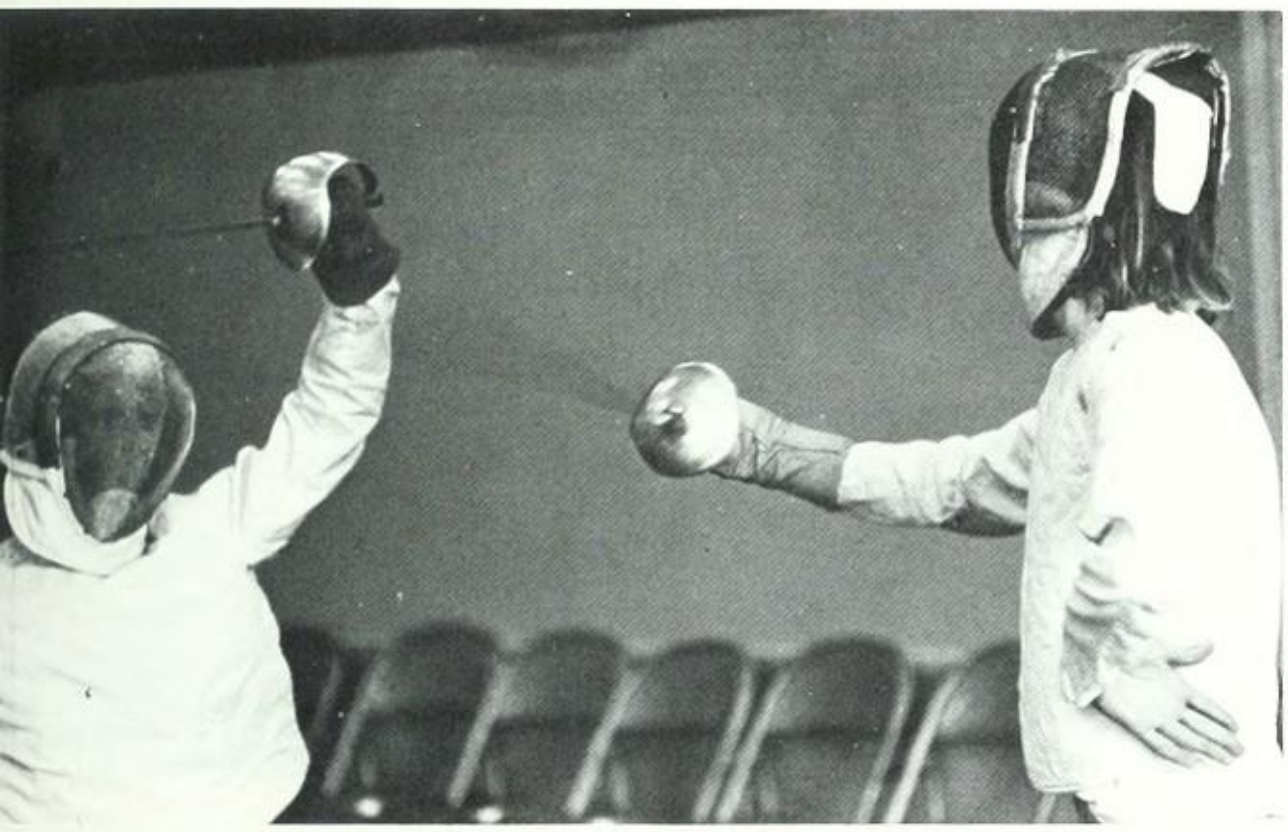
Left to right: Sherwood, Fried, Simons, Kinder.

DIXIE CANYON TUTORIAL

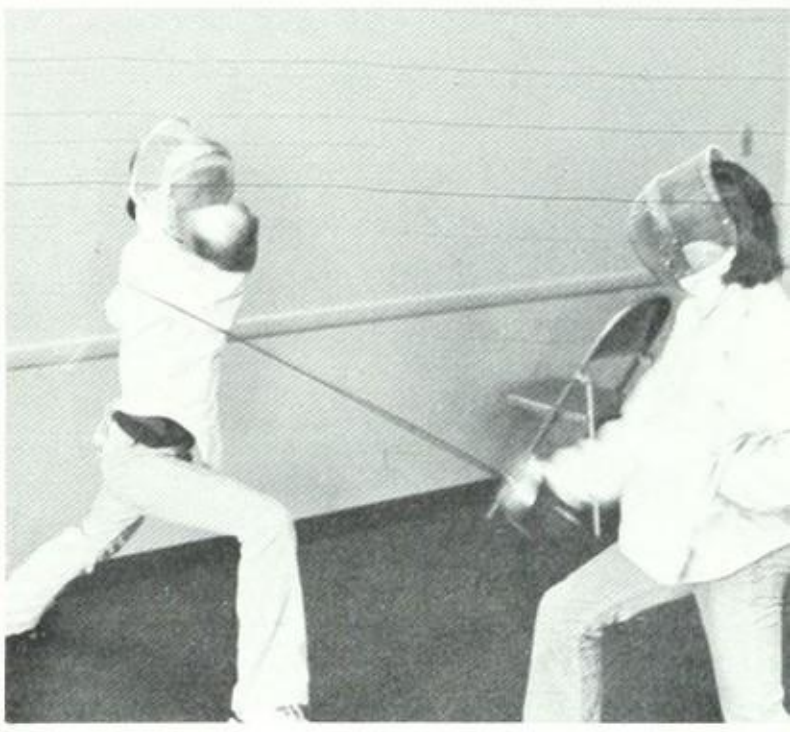
Top to bottom, left to right: Mrs. Boyd, Harvie, Grover, N.M., Braun, Youngdahl, Andrews, Poplawski, Greenberg, Davis, Bagnard, Fisher, Lucas, Kim, Griffiths, Bateman, and some Dixie Canyon "students."

FENCING CLUB

Top, left to right: Howard Bliss, Sherwood, Ames, Griffiths, Roden, Turner, Mr. George Ganchev — Tollefson, Helperin, Polone, Silverman, Hogen — Rafael, Snow. Not pictured: Corley, Nudell, Weinstein, Miller, Revere, Dewell, Sapinsley, Zimmerman, Schine, Hittelman, Bell, Wrinkler, Yorkin, Lee, Griffiths, C., Huggins, Lubic, Eyraud, Reinhardt, Goodman, Zasloff, Schrager, Hepler, Bouchakian.



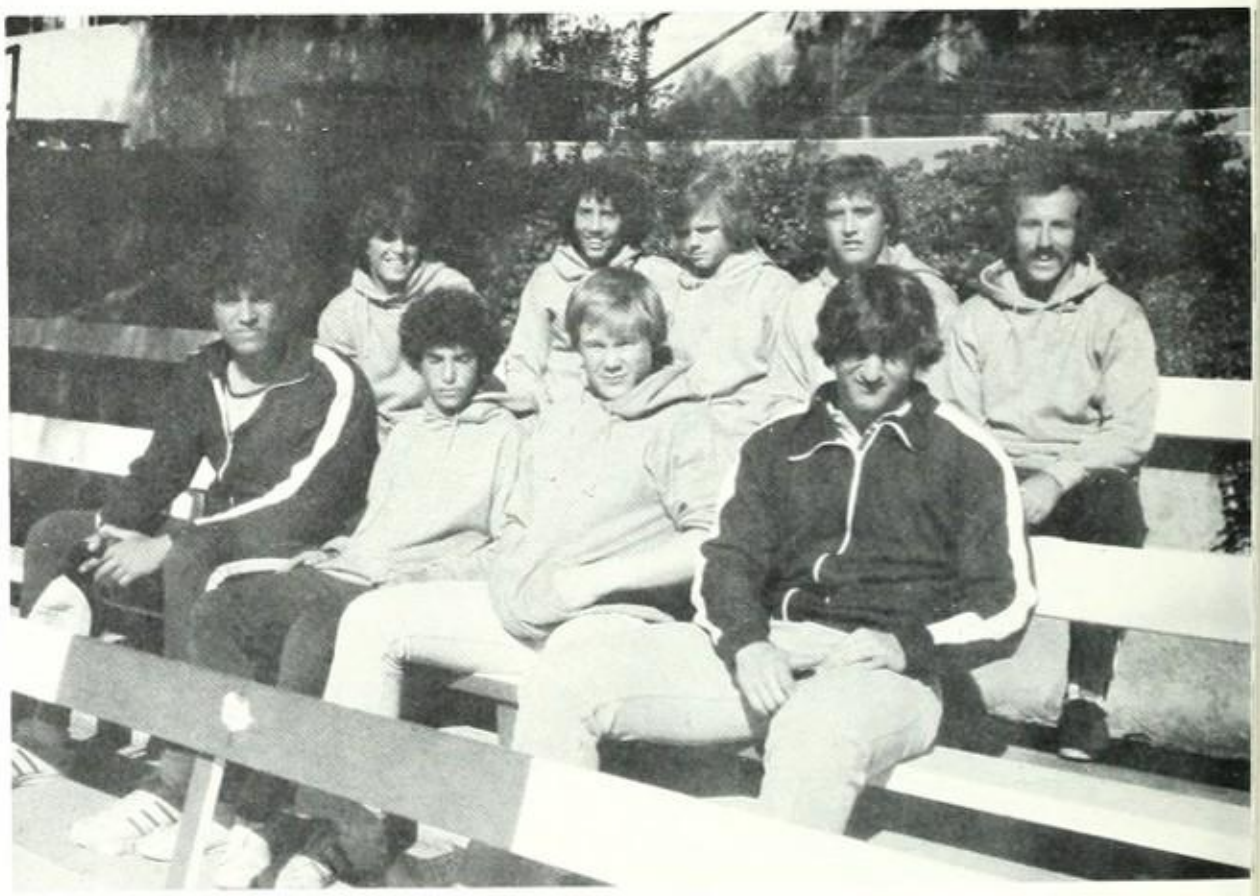
A quick lunge attack.



Fencing is for the individual with a sense for the exotic. Someone who doesn't rely on others to build his confidence. It can be rather lonely behind the mask with no crowds to cheer, no one to rave about your skills. Yet at Harvard interest has grown steadily so that the club, headed by World Professional Champion George Ganchev, boasts over 40 members. In fact, many Harvard fencers have done quite well in outside competition. 1975 saw Mark Reinhardt and Tom Huggins get silver and bronze medals at the L.A. Championships and then at the Pacific Coast Championships at Berkeley. In the finals of the L.A. Junior Tournament, Harvard musketeer David Griffiths defeated National Junior Champion, Bradley Thomas, who also represented the U.S. at the World Youth Championships in Poland. Our most advanced captain, John Ames, reached the finals of a senior invitational tournament, taking fourth place, being one of the youngest ever to do so. Both Dave and John were the backbone of our victory over the U.S.C. team in the L.A. Team Championships.

WRESTLING CLUB

With a few interested wrestlers, Coach Duva initiated the club geared to give the members experience in competition. The team went to a tournament with over ten schools participating, and did remarkably well for the time they devoted to the sport. (An hour practice three days a week.) Two wrestlers who were outstanding were Adam Bercovici and Charlie MacArthur. With Coach Duva's leadership, the Wrestling Club has a bright future.



Top row, left to right: Blum, Singleton, MacArthur, Flintoft, Coach Duva, Bercovici, A., Chasalow, Taylor, Bercovici, D. Missing: Mark Kelsey.

COMPUTER CLUB

From left to right: Young, Toor, Goodman, Tourtellotte, Shank, Eischrich.

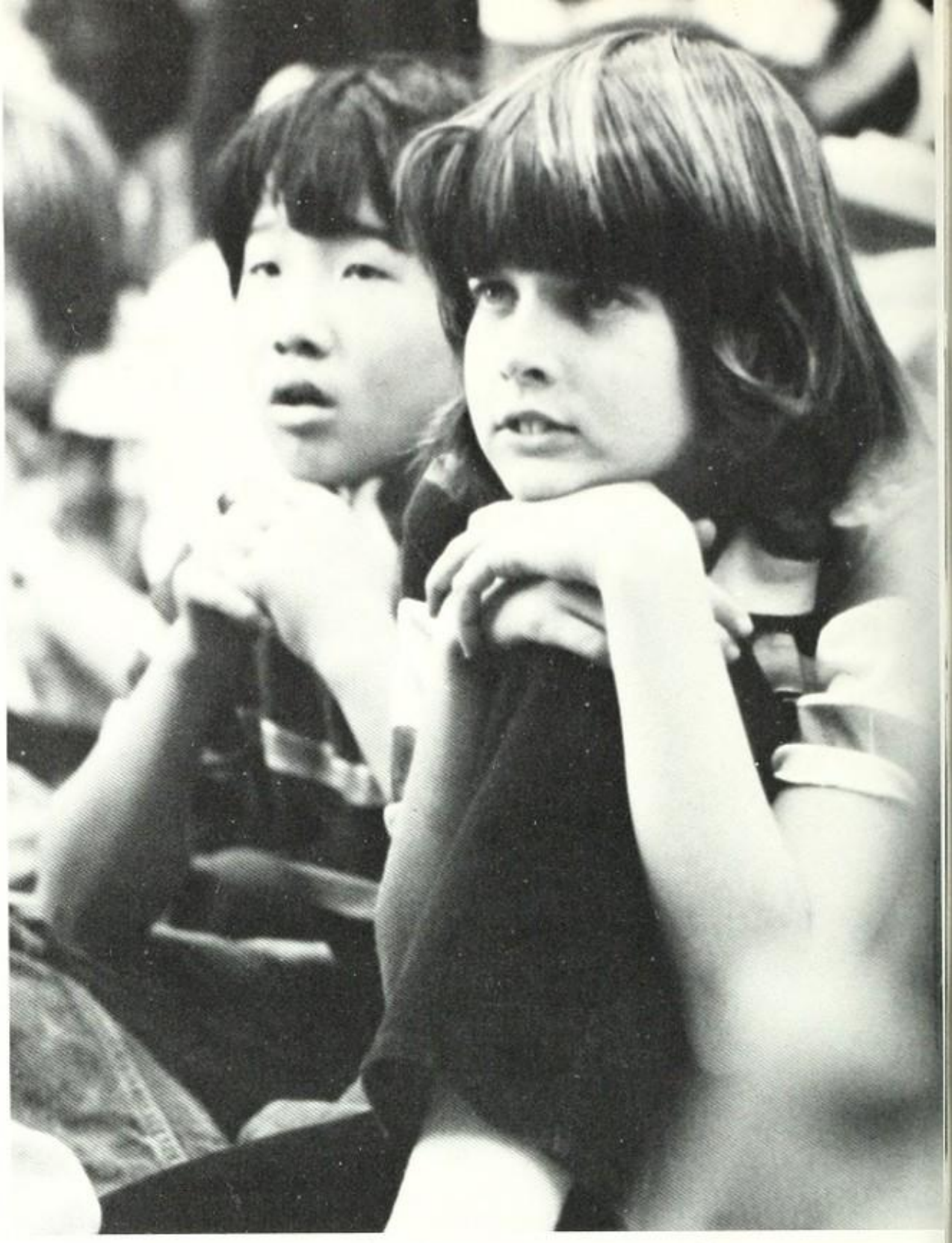
THE CEREBRAL CLUB

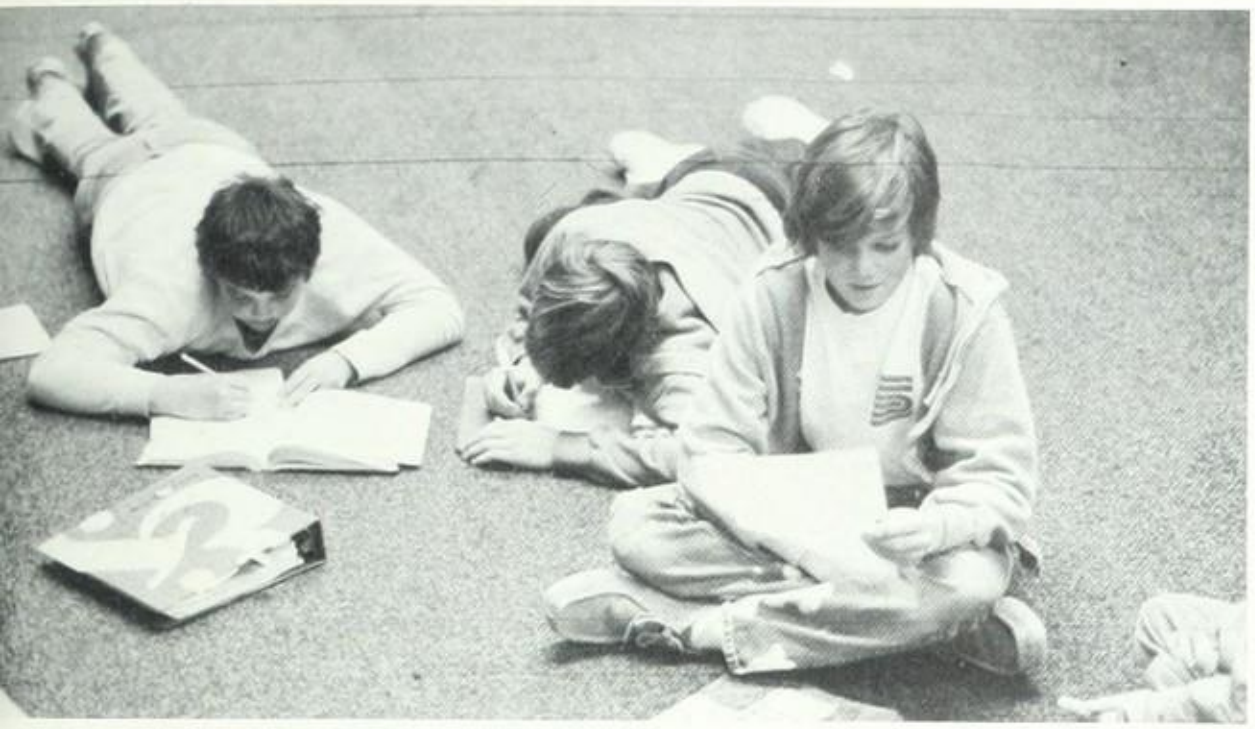
Top, left to right: John Bagnard, Bill Griffiths, Kevin Aberg, Bong Michaud — Victor Fish, Ray Kim, Matt Heyman, Jeff Holland, Mike Bertram.

AQUARIUM CLUB

Left to right: Mr. Koslow, Mike Eveloff, Jens Oetiker, James Chappman.

SEVENTH GRADE





MUNCHKINS

Clockwise from below: Work in the drama lab; Lunch time discussion between Epstein and Norris; Piker, Saphron, Rosen, and Luber demonstrate what is meant by singing in the rain; Luber checks out the stash; Goldfarb and Dodge grade grub with Mrs. Diskin; Martin Fenton, Clb; Jimmy Uyeno and Fred Naff listen intently; Papatheodorou, Bing, and Hearst get down to work; An overenthused Randy Ralston.

Clockwise from right: Seventh graders enjoy their trip to Yosemite; Bobby Chen and Cecil Onodera eat their lunch in the squeeze; Mrs. Mathews suffers from Excedrin headache No. 131, Christianson; Penzell, Garcia, Dodge, Thompson, and Christianson dying from suspense viewing the Mystery Theatre.

Rudolph Alexander
-Whittman
Anthony Bell

John Andrews
John Berne

David Ashcraft
Nicholas Berrisford

Mac Axelrod
Stephen Bing

Christopher Bedrosian
Stephen Bowman

Max Belin
Douglas Brown

Gary Burdorf
Scott Burr
Mark Caputo
Andrew Carothers
Stuart Carroll

Robert Chen
Steven Chessler
Whitley Collins
Steven Cooper
Mark Corley

Alan Daniels
Adam Davidson
Tyler Dodge
Ronald Epstein

Steven Feiner
Martin Fenton
Steven Gee
Christopher Gelber

Eric Gerwer
David Goldfarb
Paul Golding
Jeffrey Harwood

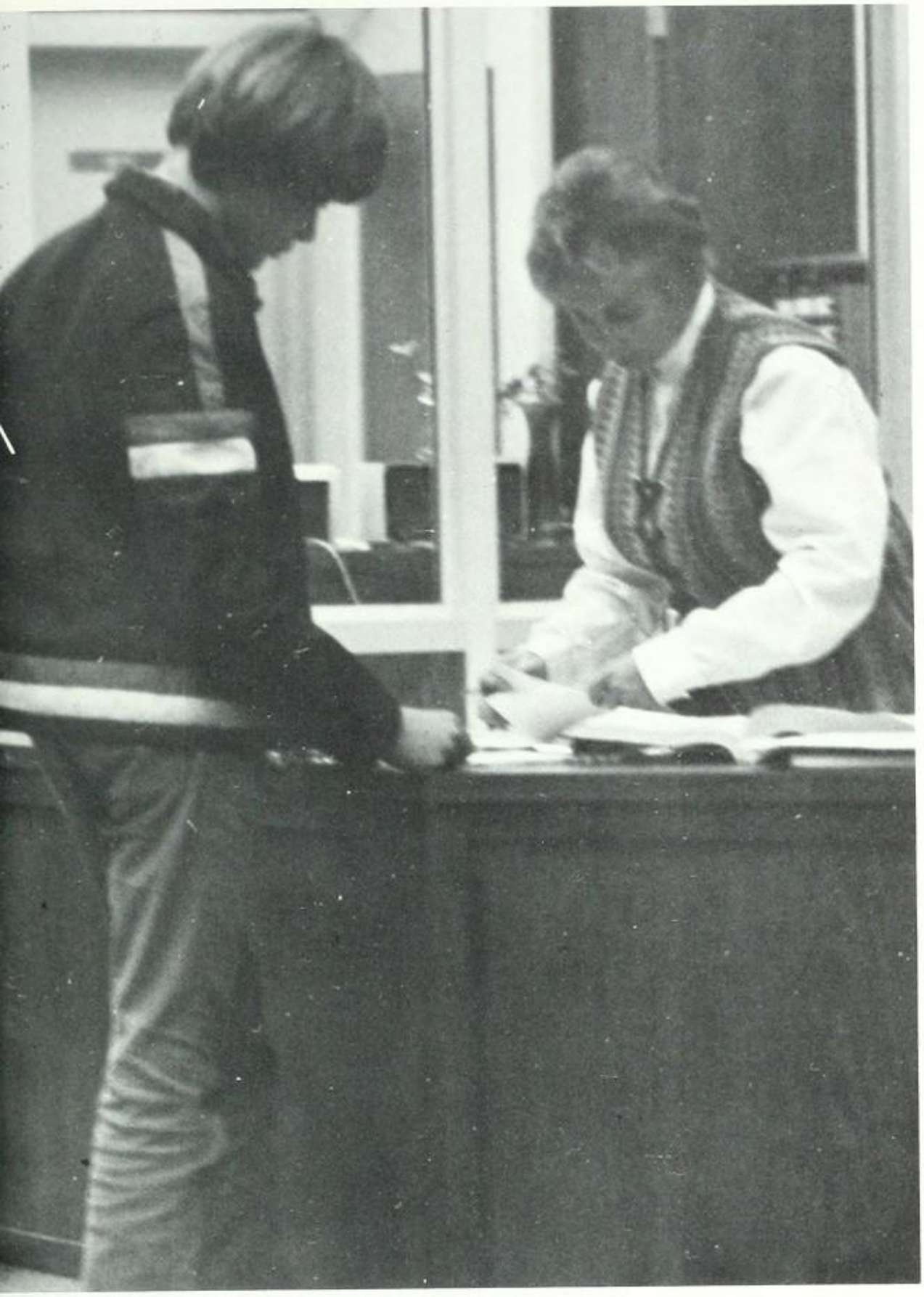
William Herd
Eric Herman
Daniel Herndon
Perry Herst
Jerry Jacobs
Jerome Kamer

Timothy Hayden
Jack Heinzman
Michael Herald
Adam Herd

Lee Karny
Bradley Kearns
David Kessler
William Kessler
Aram Kezirian
Erik King

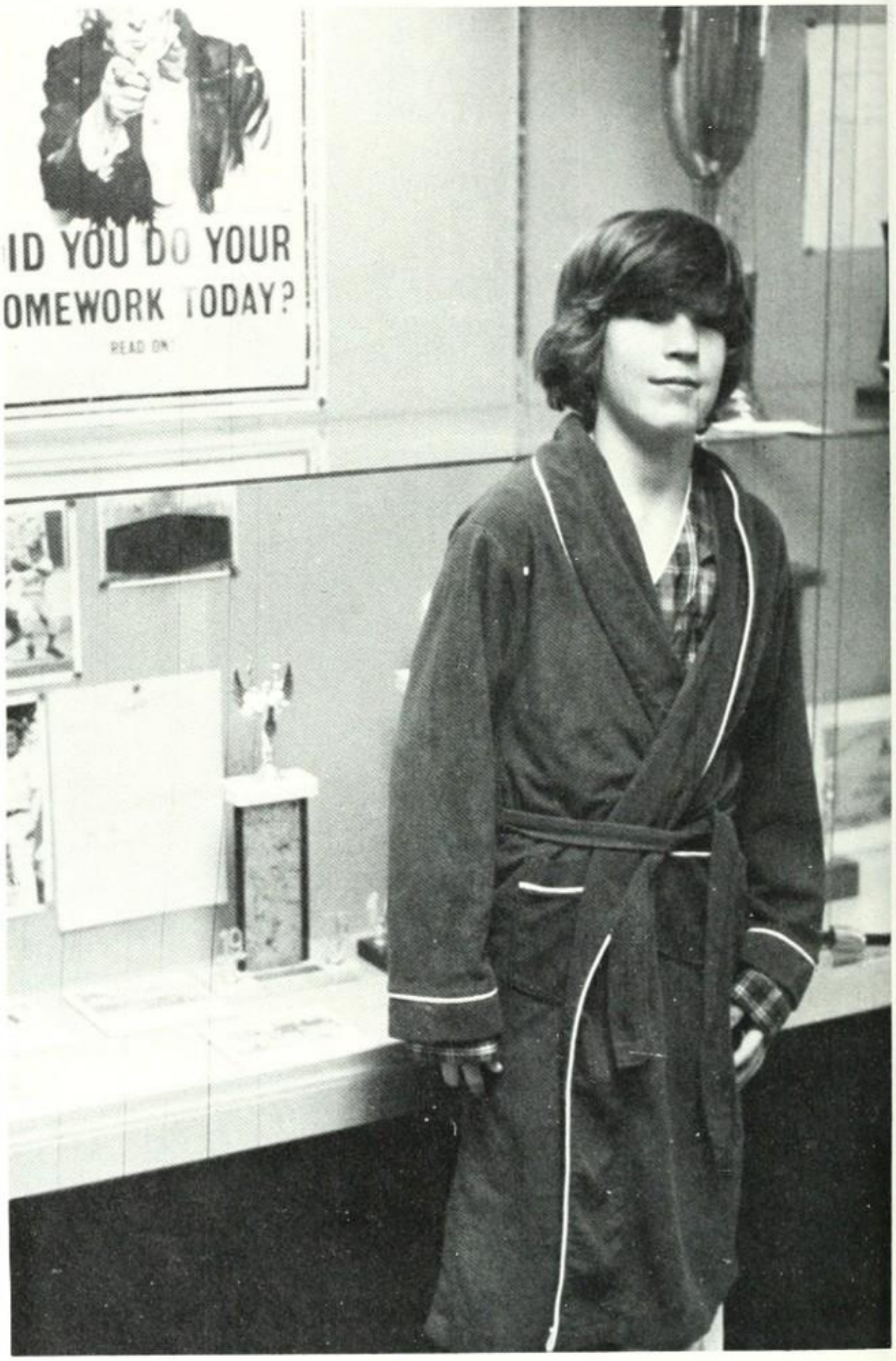
Darren Lew
William Leiberman
Daniel Lipshutz
Christopher Lizzio

Kenneth Lo
Steven Luber
John Lucas
Bruce Luchsinger



Clockwise from below: Lee Karny talks with a friend. Ninth grader. Bret Trauthen. invades seventh grade section. A munchkin P.E. mob. Chris Gelber. Steven Sisskind. and Mark Pofsky work out.

Clockwise from right: Stephen Bing and Andreas Paptheodorou work in their usual style. Chris Bedrosian and Uncle Sam. Gary Tamkin, Morris Herndon, and Perry Herst visit their lockers. Buster Keaton watches over the seventh grade drama class.



Michael Marks
Victor Matthews
Vance Maverick
John McCabe

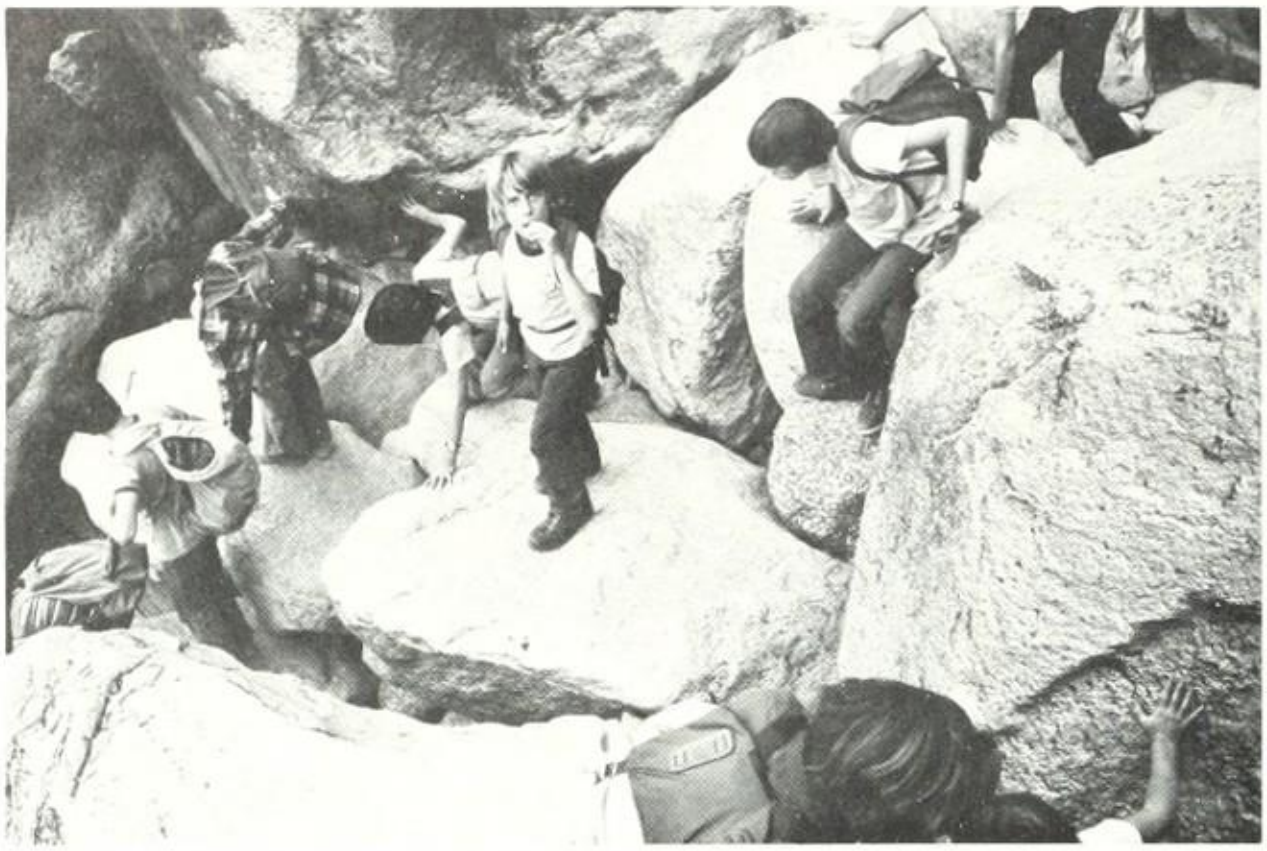
Kevin McKenzie
John Meehan
Fredric Naff
Mark Norris

David Nudell
Michael Nyman
Gary Onodera
John Padden
Andreas Papatheodorou
Dean Park

Robert Piken
Mark Pofsky
Gavin Polone
Kenneth Pops
Randy Ralston
Stuart Raphael

Jonathan Raven
Mark Reilly
John Roberts
Clinton Robison

Robert Rosen
Bradford Rothenberg
Anthony Rubenstein
Ritchie Sax



James Schoenburg
Mark Severino
Michael Silton

Lee Silverman
Peter Siphron
Steven Sisskind

John Snow
William Sobel

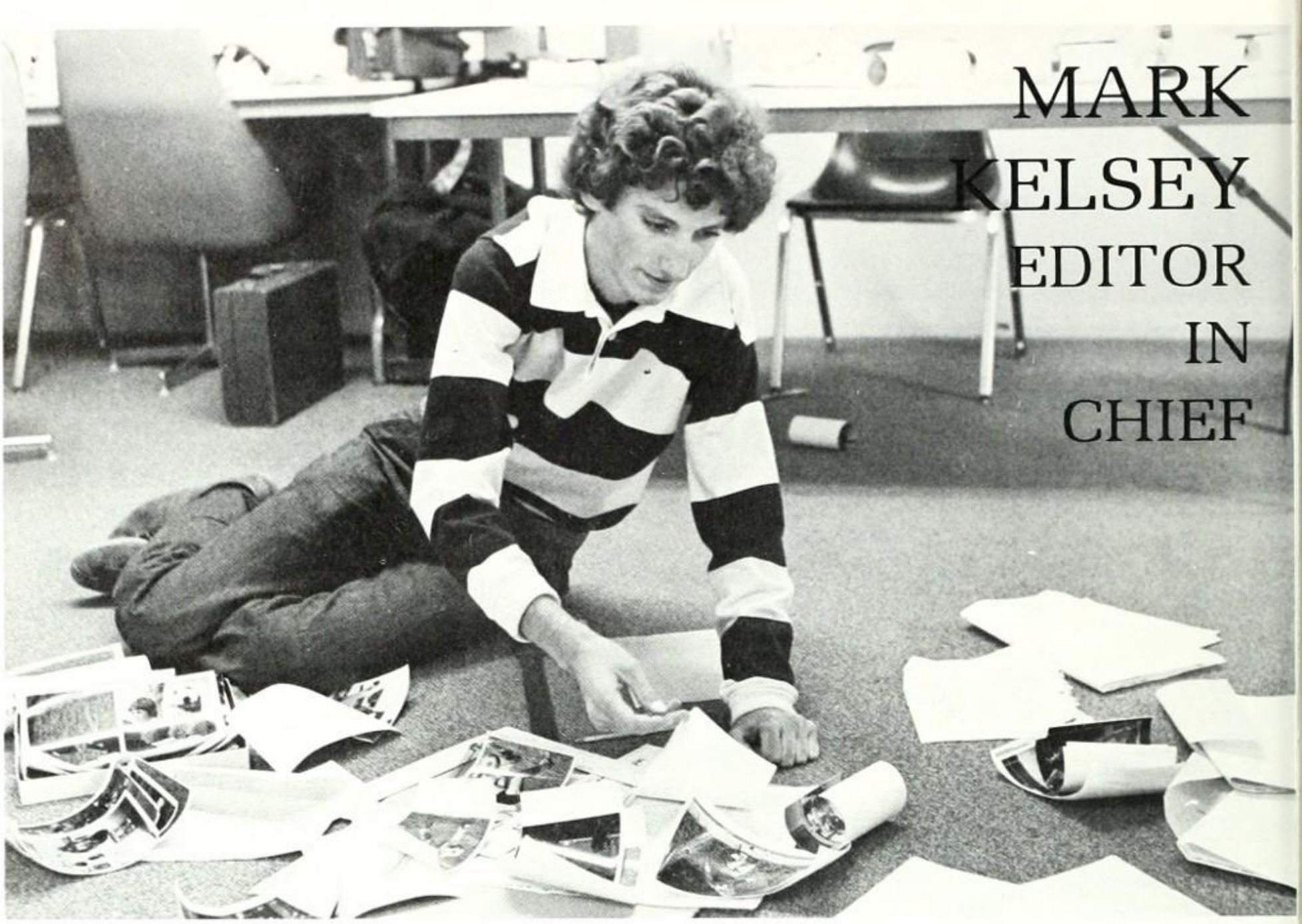
Stefan Sonnenfeld
Paul Streiber

John Struzzo
Gary Tampkin
John Thaler

George Thomas
Eric Tollefson
Andrew Turman

John Turner
James Uyeno
Eric Weinstein
Craig Weston
Christopher White

Eric Williams
Douglas Winter
David Wolf
Gregory Young
Gregg Zimmerman



MARK KELSEY
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Assistant Editor George Fenimore Photography

Assistant Editor Steve Cutler Faculty and Layout

Assistant Editor Dave Griffiths Sports

Mark Kelsey . . . . . Editor-in-Chief
Stephen Cutler . . . . . Assistant Editor
George Fenimore . . . Assistant Editor
Dave Griffiths . . . . . Assistant Editor
David Lippman . . . . Activities Editor
Mark Lindon . . . . . Graphics Editor
Mike Kaplan . . . . . Theme
Chester Griffith Lower School Editor
David Sones . . . . . Copy Man
Gary Firestone . . Photography Editor
Photography Staff
Hugh Bateman
Joji Dreyfus
Mike Druckman
Mark Schine
Kevin Small . . . . . Business Manager
Business Staff
John De Marco
Marc Horowitz
Mike Mellenthin
John Riccitelli
Ken Rose
Phil Holmes . . . . . Faculty Advisor
Ralph Jesson . . . . Publishing Advisor

Joji Dreyfus, Gary Firestone, Mark Schine, Mr. Holmes, Mark Kelsey, Hugh Bateman, Peter Grossman.

SENTINEL ANNUAL STAFF

SPEECH AND DEBATE

Top, left to right: Greg Stern, Mike Kaplan, Chris Wright, Peter Kleiner, Phil Zane, Mr. Woods, Brad Zane.

Harvard Speech and Debate can no longer be considered a club, but rather, an organization! It is the largest of all extra-curricular groups at Harvard, as over half of the students in the upper school have competed in forensics. This year began with a promising note when three Harvard speakers won awards at the Nationals tournament, held over the summer at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. John Bunzel took 11th place in the Nation in Dramatic Interpretation, while Mike Kaplan and Jim Isaacs each took 2nd Outstanding Speaker in their Houses of Congress, Mike Kaplan also receiving an award for Best Chairman. With this as a starting note, Harvard forensics was ready to go in September. With a talented group of Novice speakers, and outstanding Varsity members, Harvard succeeded in amassing 6 Grand Sweepstakes awards within the first four months of competition. The squad won at such places as Burbank H.S., Louisville H.S., U.S.C., Sylmar H.S., Santa Monica H.S., Agoura H.S., and Burroughs H.S. Harvard also held two tournaments of their own this year, both of which were great successes. The Novice Debate tournament and the Second Annual Harvard Student Congress were organized and run by Mr. Woods and the officers. This year Harvard became the largest chapter in the nation, thus proving once again that the encouragement from Mr. Woods, and the dedication of the students produces great results.

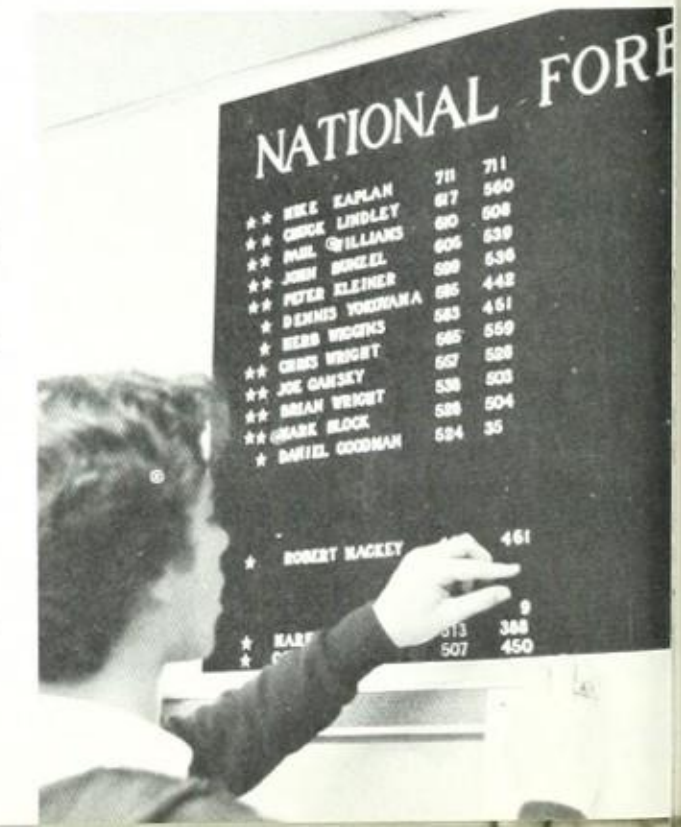
SPECIAL DISTINCTION

MIKE KAPLAN
CHARLES LINDLEY
JOHN BUNZEL
PAUL WILLIAMS
CHRIS WRIGHT
PETER KLEINER
JOE GAMSKY
DENNIS YOKOYAMA
HERB WIGGINS
ROBERT MACKEY
GREG STERN
MARK BLOCK
BRIAN WRIGHT
DANIEL GOODMAN
MARK MOSCH
MICHAEL LUBIC
JON FROJEN

DISTINCTION

MATT ENTENZA
CHRIS HARVIE
TEGAN WEST
BRAD ZANE
ALEX MACKENDRICK
PHIL ZANE
JOSEPH UTASY
ANDREW GOODMAN
MARK BINSTOCK
BOB WYMAN
JEFF HEYMAN
STEVE ARONSON
ANDY FESHBACH
ANDY YAMAMOTO
NATT WILLIAMS
RICK BERG
BILL MALONEY
PAUL PETERZELL

GEOFF SALDIVAR
JIM TERZIAN
DAVE PETERZELL
TOM RICCARD
TIM SHEPODD
LOWELL CANNON
DAVID BRITTAIN
ALBERT EYRAUD
BEN WOYTHALER
HARRY TARNOFF
JOSH GROTSTEIN
BRAD REIFLER
RICHARD WENTZ
ROGER STONE
ROBERT BEYER
STEVE CUTLER
SHAUN SAMUELS
DAVE GRIFFITHS
TODD ZERIN



TOM BARRETT
BILL RODEN
ELLIOTT BARNES
DAVID NAYLOR
DAVID SCHNITT
GRANT MARYLANDER
STEPHEN CLOOBECK
TOM BIRTHISTLE
HENRY WEISSMANN
HOWARD ROSENBERG
ERIC SIBLEY
JORDAN BENDER
BILLY GLEASON
KIRBY TANIMURA
JERRY COBB
BART WILLIAMS

EXCELLENCE

DANIEL HOLZMAN
ERIC GREENFIELD
ERIC WALTER
JOHN HENNESSY
BRUCE SAMUELS
SPENCER BEGLARIAN
DAN GREENBERG
MARK LINDON
JAY JOSEPHS
JEFF BELL
FRED BENDER
PETER HOFFENBERG
DAVID SCHRAGER
FRED ANAWALT
BARRY MUNGER
PETER WRIGHT
MIKE LONG
DUANE CLARK
ERIC NISHIZAWA
JOHN YASUDA
TOM REEKS
WALTER WITT
ROY HONG
BRIAN MARSHALL
ALEC TRUEBLOOD
DAVID ROSS
PAUL KANAREK
HENRY WEINSTEIN
JEFF HORWITZ
JOHN IINO

HONOR

DEAN KEARNY
ERIC COTSEN
GEORGE FENIMORE
DEAN WALKER
KEVIN FISHER
ANDY SWICK
STEVE SANDERS
CHRIS REICH
DAVID ZARO
MICHAEL WERNER
WILBER CHEW
DAVE KOPLANTS
FRED KAUFMAN
BRUCE SHIH
DAVID ZASLOFF
BART MILES
JOHN BRUNSON
STEVE TAGLIENATTI
DEREK BELL
TONY SELZER
EDWARDO CHUNG
DAN WEINTRAUB
CHRIS COMBS
ALLEN MYERSON
BRIAN EISENBRICH
RICHARD LESTER
MIKE OLCH
CHRIS CAROTHERS
MARK REINHARDT
BILL HOLLAND
ROBERT McKINNEY
TOM MAY
BILL GRASSKA
GARRETT KENYON
MIKAEL KJELLIN
SETH FRONT
DAVID FIELDS
GEORGE PAPPAS
DOUG LEVY
TOM CHRISTOPHER
KEN PURCELL
SCOTT BRITTINGHAM
MATT SOLO
LATHAM WILLIAMS
JOHN PARK
STUART LUCAS
CHET GRIFFITHS
EUGENE AHTIRSKI
DUKE MORTON
TOM DOSKOW
ERIC STOCKEL
CAMERON CAROTHERS
ROGG COLLINS
DOUG ACKERMAN
DINO HILL
J. B. SCOTT

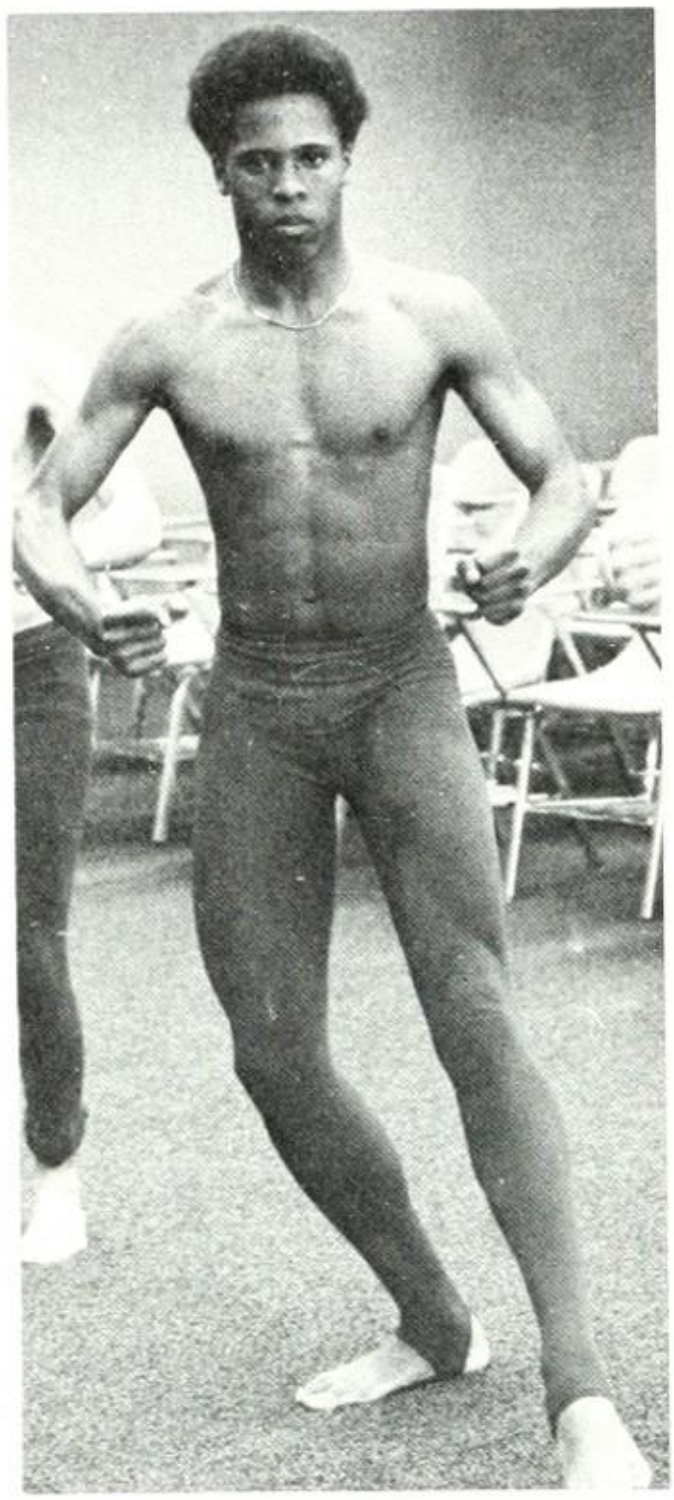
MERIT

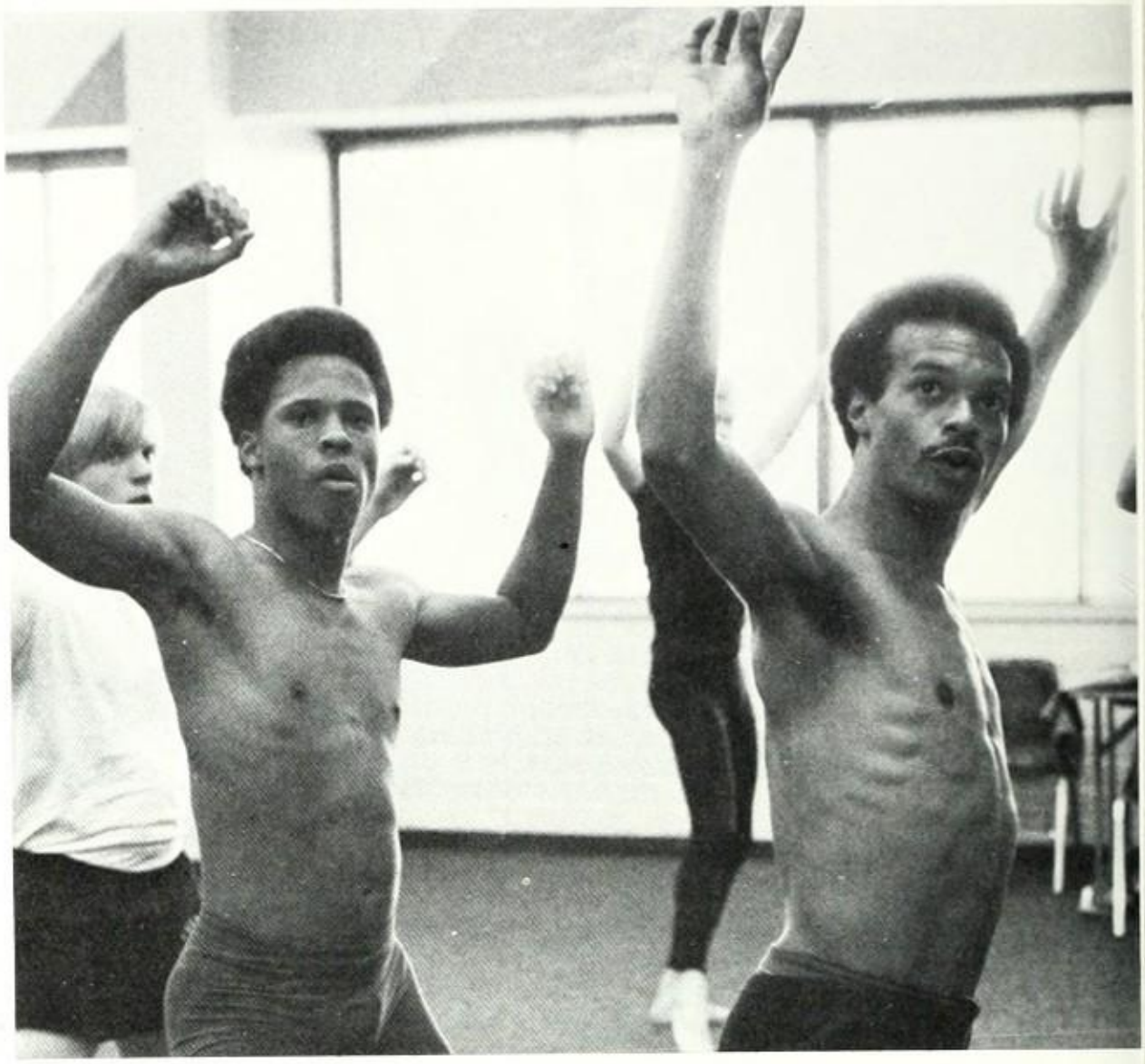
BILL JANES
PETER GOLDSTEIN
TOM HUGGINS
RENNY SLATKIN
DAVID MAY
LES JOSEPHSON
BRETT HELLER
DAVID BERCOVICI
PETE GROSSMAN
JON FORD
FRANK VODHANEL
MORGAN MORGAN
CHRIS FORMAN
YORK BRADSHAW
MIKE PEARSON
BILL BAGNARD
ED CAZIER
CHRIS JONES
BILL PASNAU
TIM CARSON
JOHN BERTRAM
JOHN DAVIS
PHIL SIRIANNI
JOHN DIETSCH
DAVID SONES
ED POPLAWSKI
LARRY LEVINE
MAX COPPER
DAVID FREDRICKS
JON RICCITELLI
SAM BIGGERS
YALE PENZELL
ERIC COHEN
TOM HOFFMAN
ROBERT GORDON
DAVE LIPPMAN
TIM INCH
BRIAN MOSS
RICHIE POPS
JEFF FRUIN
MIKE FRASCHILLA
TONY MARKES
JORGEN WETERRINGS
DANNY SYMONDS
KENT CORLEY
SEAN KELLY
JOEL MASKET
MARK KELSEY
MIKE MELLENTHIN
TOM HOWARD
GEORGE THABIT
CODY FORBES
MONTY McGOVERN
BLAIR LEACH
CHRIS WARDEN
MIKE DANIELS
DAVID BERNAT
MARK FREEMAN
TEIJI KAWANA
JAMIE HOGAN

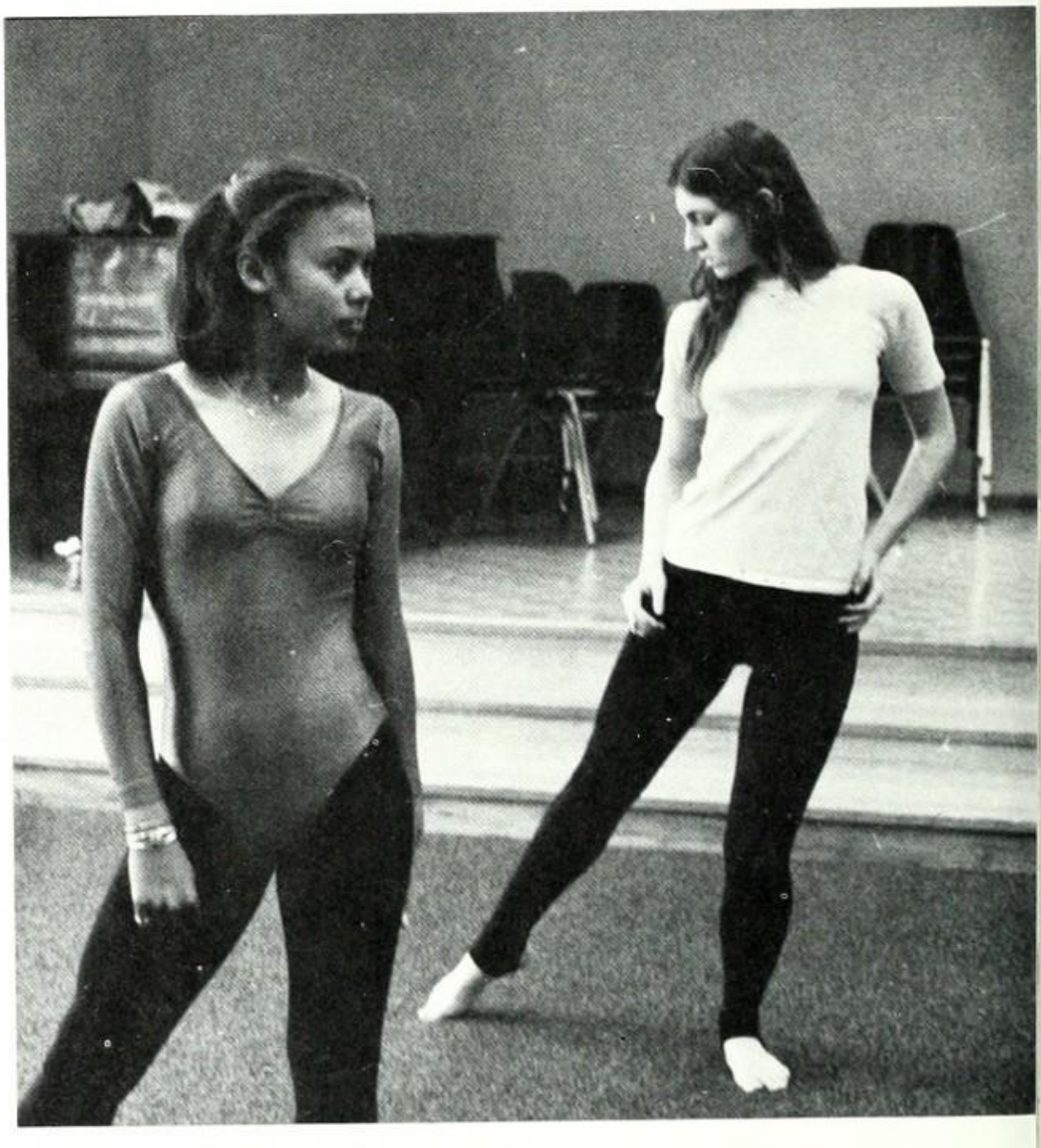
MERIT

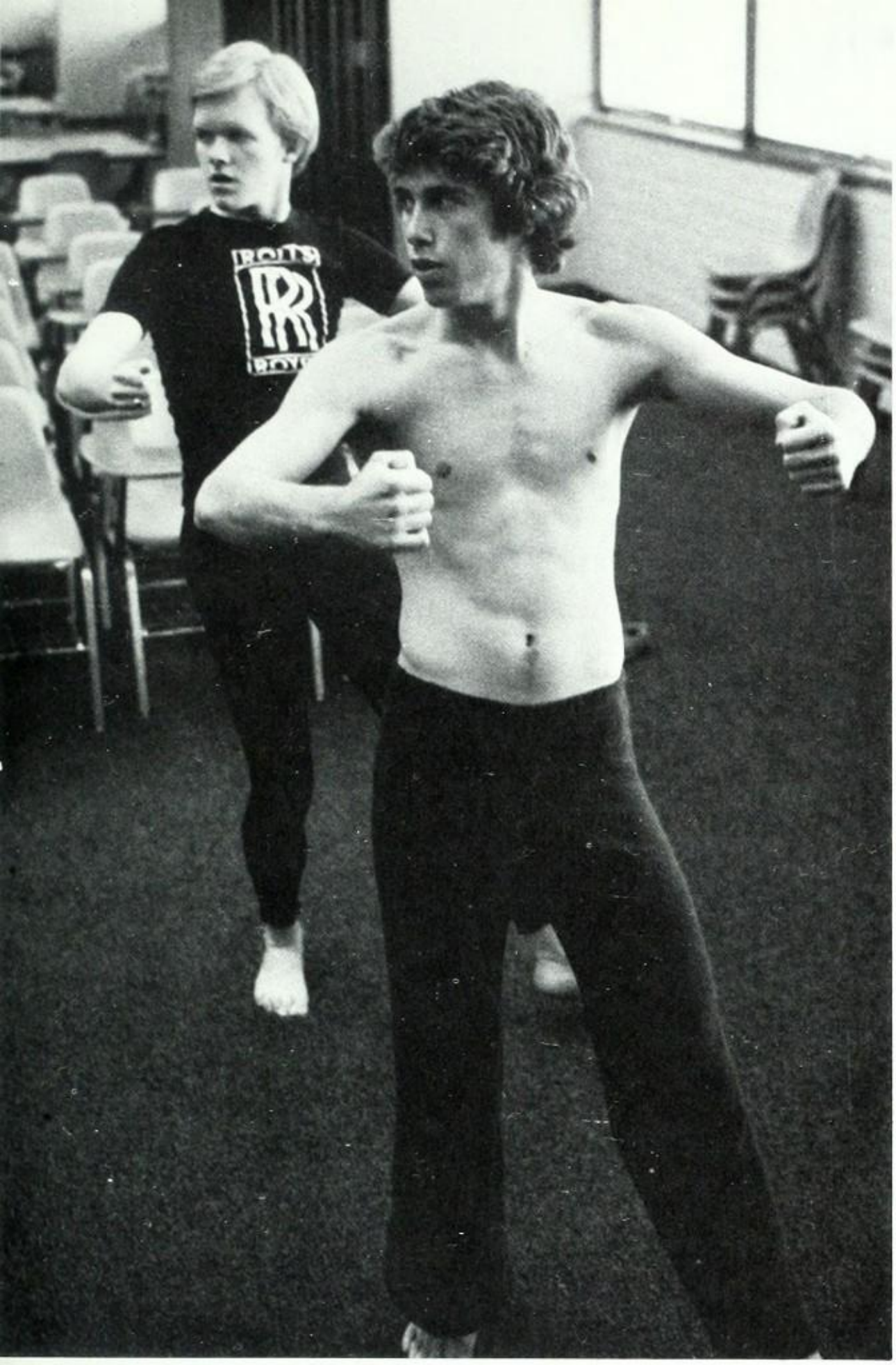
MATT SULLIVAN
ANDY OGILVIE
PAUL LAWRENCE
MATT HOLLAND
JOHN AMES
DAVID ULICH
JAY KRIEGER
JOHN MOTTL
JEFF MOW
MIKE MONROE
MIKE CHASALOW
RICHARD BRAUN
RICHARD LEE
JON FREDRICKS
DAVID IKEGAMI
RICHARD WANDER
RANDY SHUKEN
JOJI DREYFUS
DOUG BRADY
STEVE MITCHEL
TONY CONNOR
MATT CHITIEA
ANDY KAISER
ARTIE STREIBER
KENNY SIPORIN
CRAIG GLICK
KEN ROSE
CHARLIE MATTHAU
DAVE NEIDORF
ANDY LAUBACH
STEVE HITTELMAN
ALEX WERNER
KEVIN SCHINE
JIM DROGER
ALEXIS SONNENFELD
MARK GOLDSMITH
JOHN DEWELL
RICHARD MOGAN
EMERY PIERSON
JOHN MOSS
CHRIS CALVERT
ROB GREENBERG
GREG ENNS
JOHN HALL
MARK CZUCKER
JOHN McDONOUGH
CHAL TAYLOR
EUGENE MURDOCK
BRIAN SPIVACK
DAVID POMERANTZ
DAVID SILVERMAN
BERNDT SCINE
STEVE HOROWITZ

DANCE







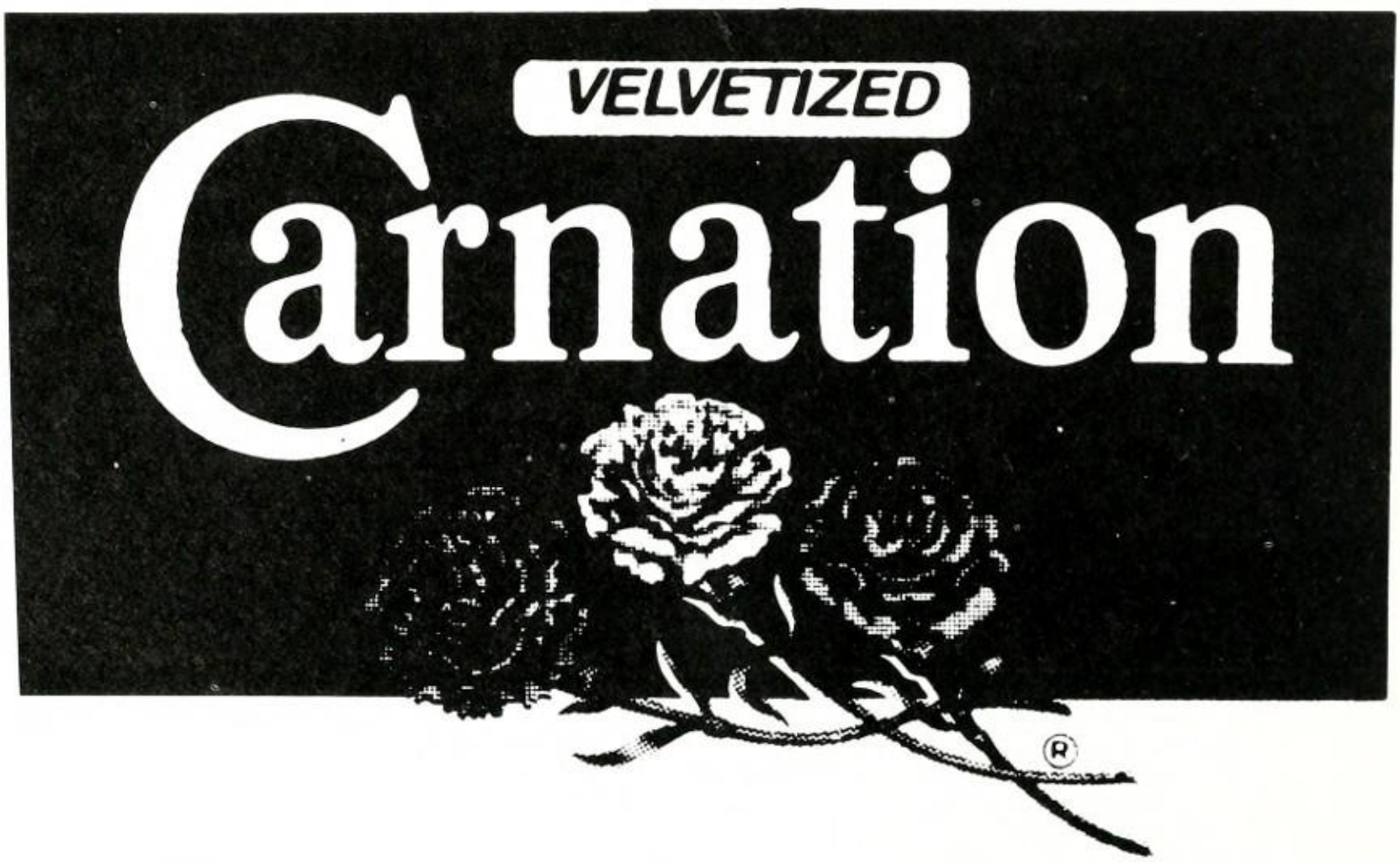


Clockwise from the left: Elliot Barnes in strenous dance position; Mr. West and Elliot Barnes practice their routine; Bill Maloney and Andy Ogilvie run through their moves; Editor's choice!!; Elliot Barnes, Bill Maloney, Andy Ogilvie, and Bob Ahmanson do some pre-dance stretching; Some Marlborough girls catch some action; Mr. West teaches a dance maneuver.

HARVARD SCHOOL MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

Congratulations
and
Good Luck
to the
Class of 1977



To the Graduating Class: Where There's Soap There's Hope

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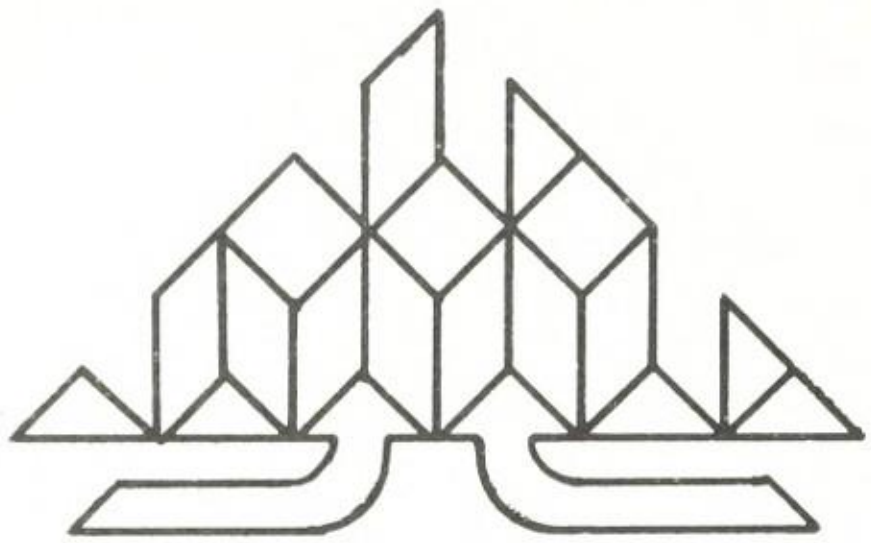

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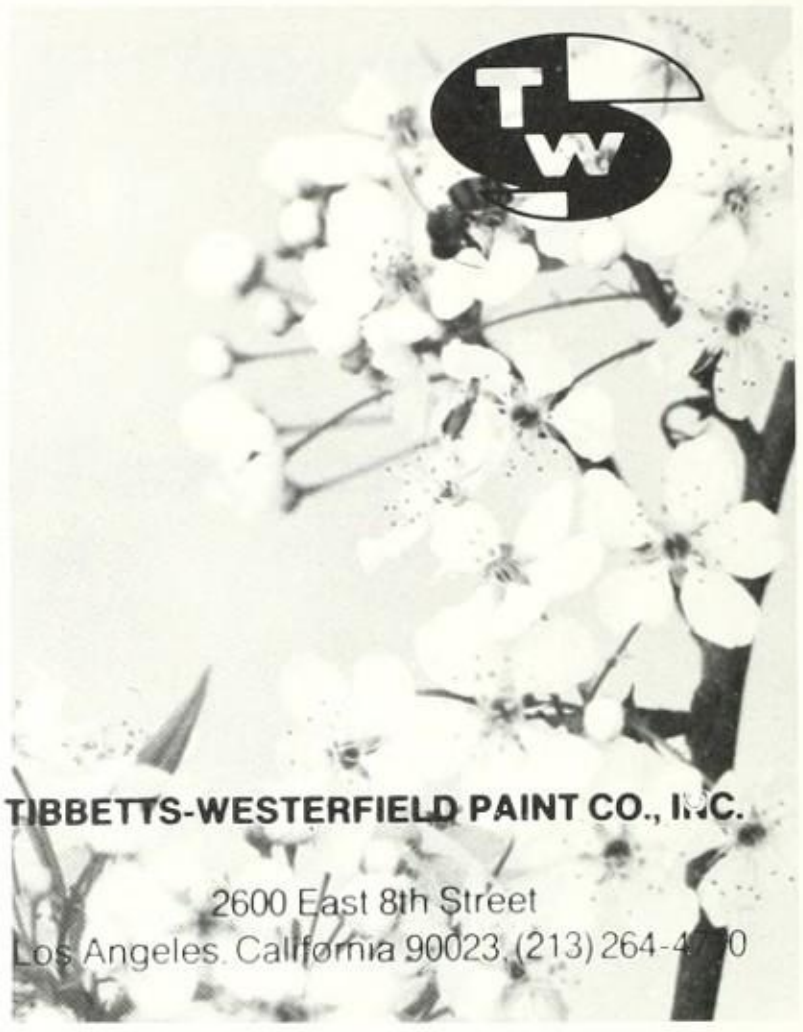

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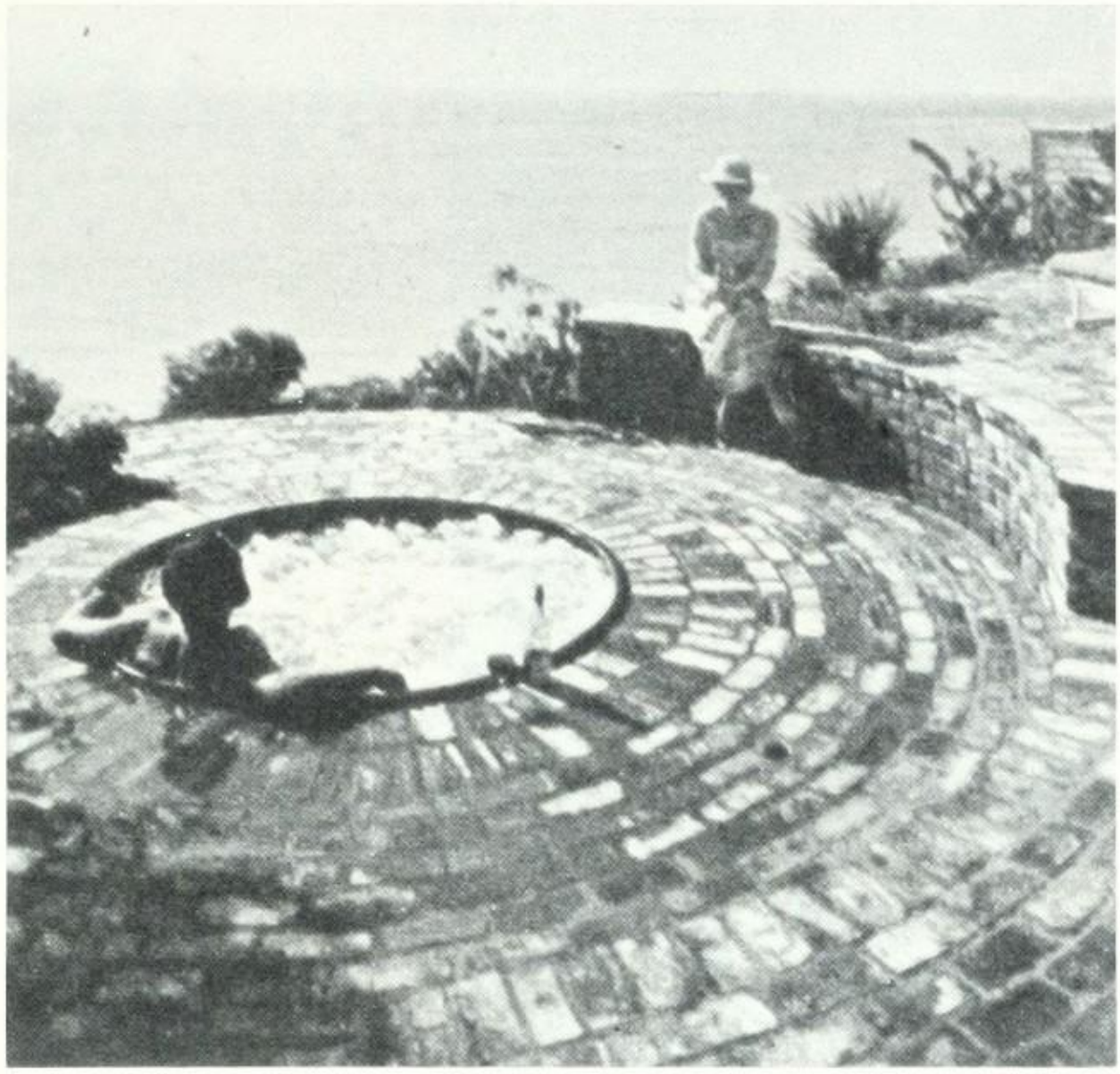

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to the Senior Class
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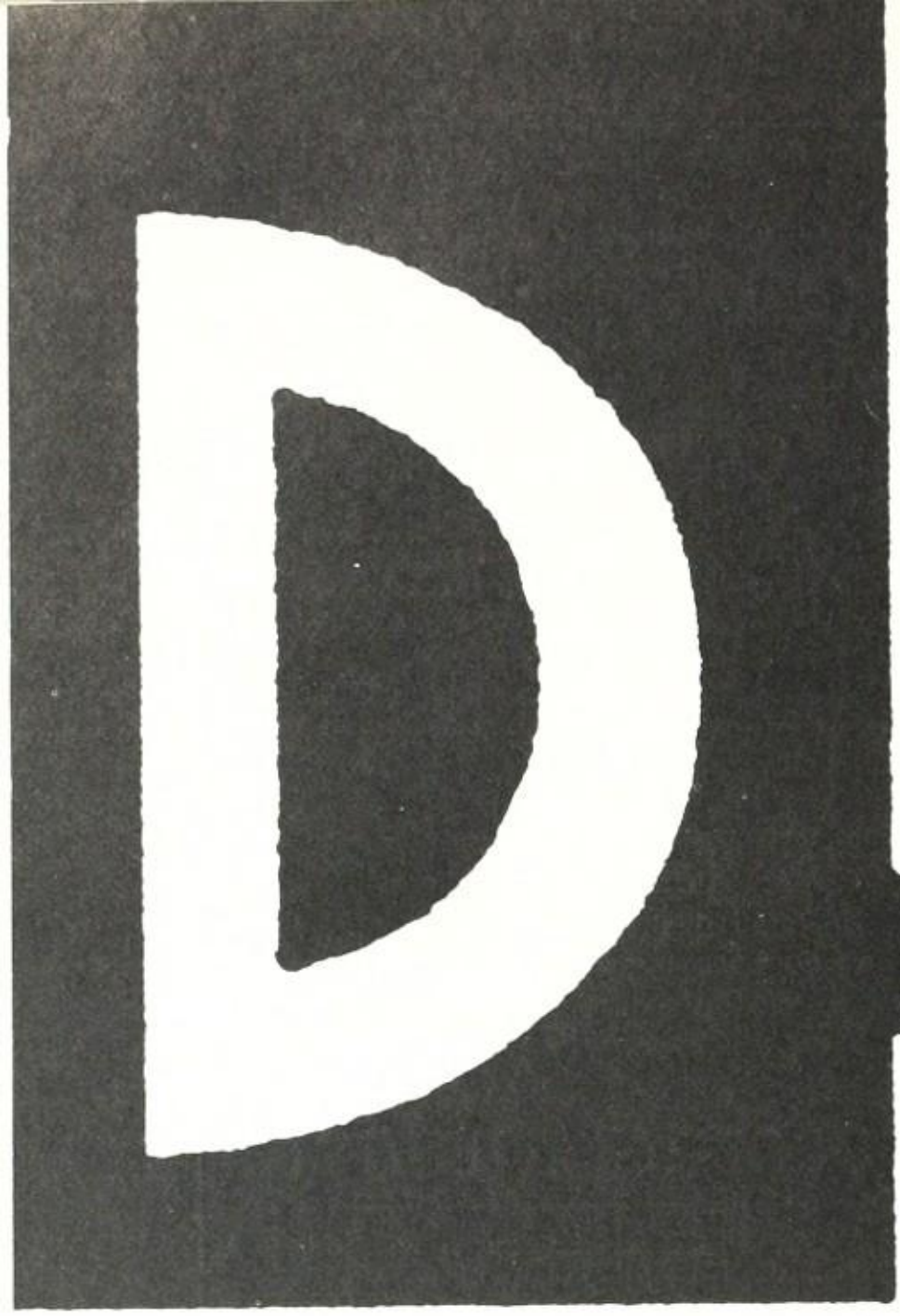
Here's to the
3 A.M. Caption Club
Cheers!!



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DECOR DR

Congratulations
to Harvard School
Its Faculty
Administration
Students
and
The Grads of '77

Arthur M. Lubic

Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis

From Entrance Exam
to
Graduation
Well Done
Class of '77

Helen, Milton and Tracy Zerin

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Congratulations
to Our Son
Jon
and His Classmates
of the Class of
1977
Best of Luck
in the Future
Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Riccitelli
and Eva

Congratulations Tegan!
"It's Only Just Begun"
Success, Health and Happiness
to You
and the Class of '77
Mom and Dad
Yea Teg, You Finally Made It!
Don't Forget — "Break a Leg!"
Shauna and Keri

Congratulations
to
Marc
and
the Class of 1977

The Horwitz Family
The Lowenthal Family

FROM THE DARKEST CRANNY IN THE FENIMORE ARCHIVES HAVE COME THESE PHOTOS:

BOBBY BEYER
DOUG BROWN
HARLEE CHALMERS
DAVID CHASE
PAMELA DILLMAN

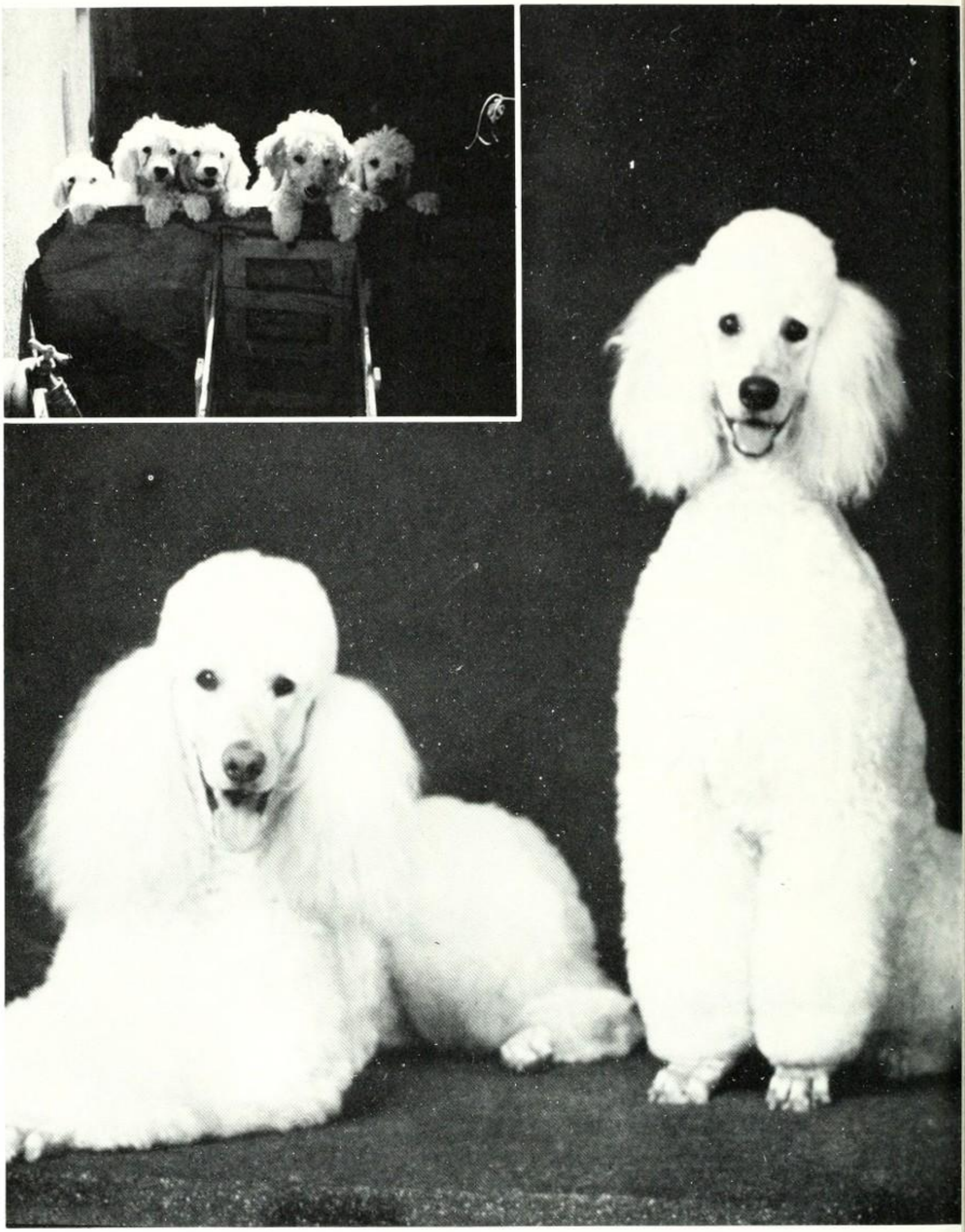
TIMMY DYE
MARK ERICKSON
GEORGE FENIMORE
LINDA GIBBS
CAMMIE HOLT

GREGORY HORMEL
DAVID HOYT
MIA KOVAKS
MIKE McCULLOCH
KENNY MORGAN

DANA MULLIGAN
LINDA MYERSON
STEVEN SANDERS
JANET SEBRING
DINA SINGLETON

TESSA TAYLOR
TRICIA THORPE
BOBBY WYMAN

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 1977 FROM THE 1967 SECOND GRADE CLASS OF THE JOHN THOMAS DYE SCHOOL



PEAGASUS and ATHENA GRIFFITHS and their family of G-Vest Kennels send their congratulations to the graduating class of 1977 for their long and successful tenure at Harvard.

Breeders: Barbara Griffiths
David Griffiths '77
Chester Griffiths '80

Congratulations
to
Peter
and
the Class of 1977
The Aberg Family

Congratulations
to
Herb
and
the Class of 1977
The Edward Wiggins Family

Congratulations
to
Bob Beyer
and
the Class of 1977
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Beyer
and
Laurian

To Gary Firestone, Our Special Graduate

Yesterday hundreds of photos you took
Today they're published in this book
Tomorrow they'll be a record of the past
A printed memory that will last and last.
The memories of all your years
Are printed on our hearts.

Mom and Dad

Congratulations
and Best Wishes
to
Bill and All of Our Friends
in the Class of 1977
The Bagnards

To Eddie,
May Your Future Endeavors Be
as Successful as Your
Accomplishments at Harvard
School
Congratulations From Your
Loving Family

Dad	*Caren*	*Steve*
Mom	*Ken*	*Evelyn*
Andrew	*Gina*	*Amy*

Congratulations

Good Luck and Love

to George and His Friends

Mom *Bruce 1980* *Kristin 1984*
Dad *Courtney 1981* *Cory 1986*

Congratulations
I've Lost a Nephew
and
Gained an Editor
Richard Mihan

Harvard School Has Given You
the Good Base. Follow
It Through to the
Full Extent.

Ralph Jesson

Rick Harker *Class of 1964*
Ed Harker *Class of 1967*
Ken Harker *Class of 1977*

Best Wishes
Class of '77

Bonivar Trust

Congratulations
to
the Class of
1977

Dr. and Mrs. Israel
Feingold
and Family

Congratulations
to the Class of
1977

Ann, Bill, Boutie,
John, Eleanor
Lucas

Congratulations
to Nat
and the Class of
1977

The Roscoe C.
Williams
Family

Congratulations
to the Class of
1977

The Sanders

Good Luck
to the Class of
1977

The Jorgensons

Congratulations
to
Stephen
and the Class of
1977

The Taglianetti
Family

Congratulations
to
Bob
and His Classmates

The Wymans

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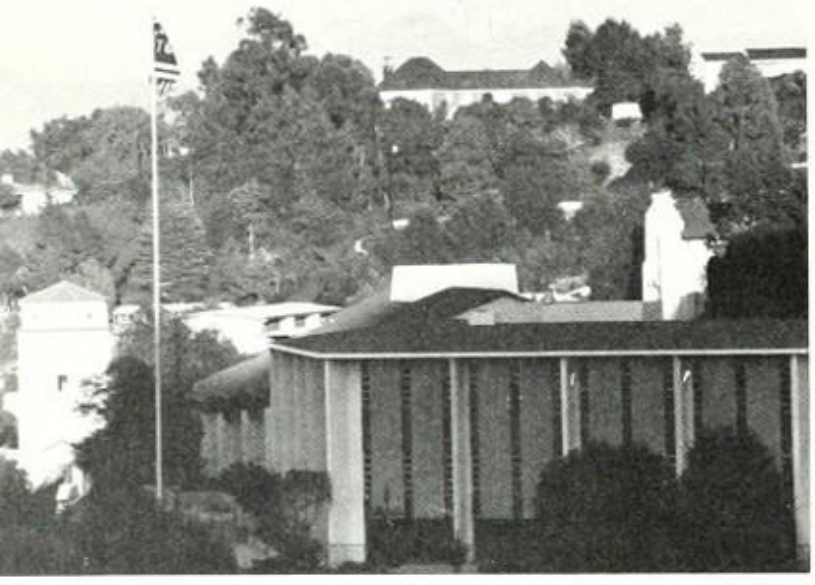
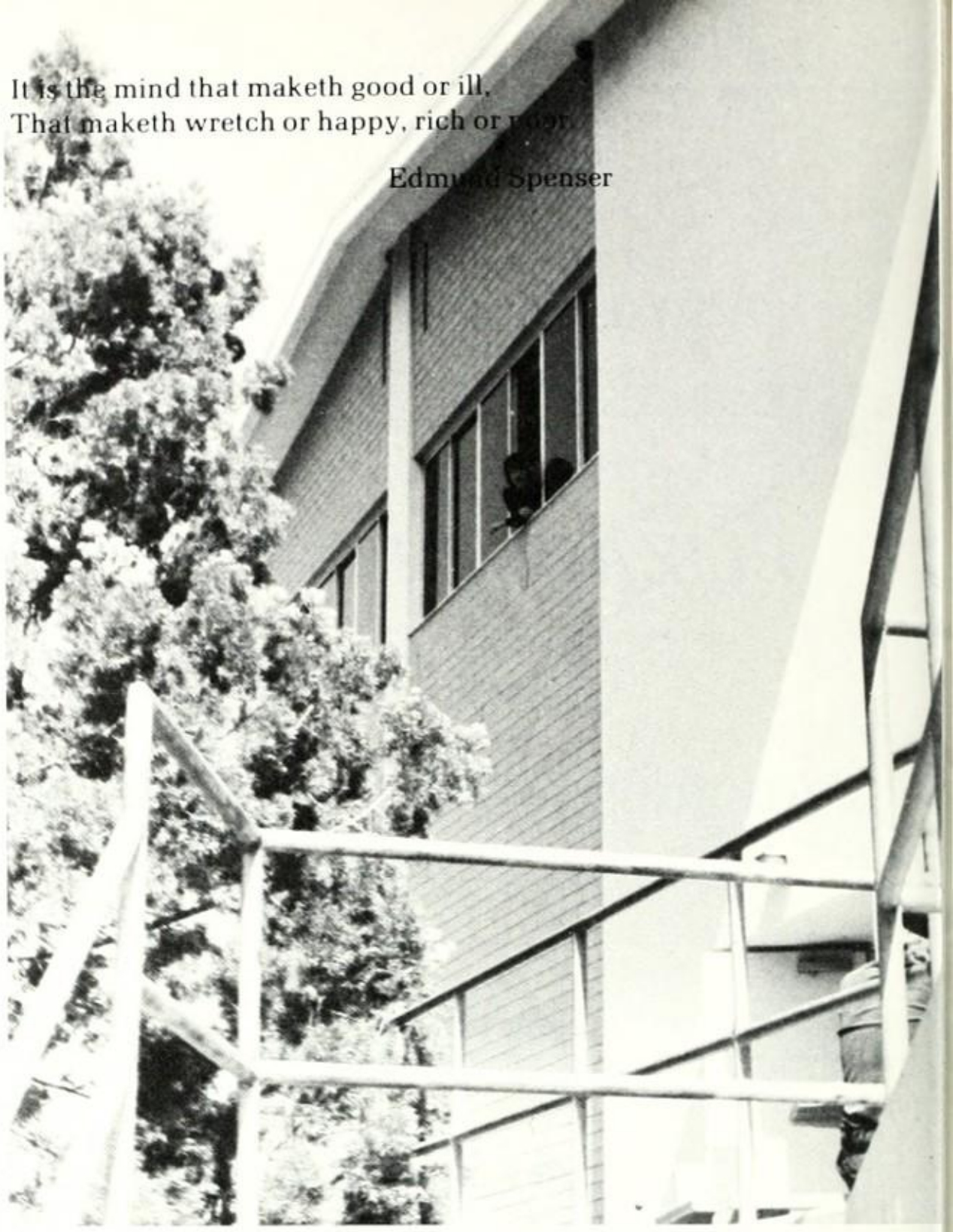


It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

Edmund Spenser



THE HARVARD SCHOOL BOARD OF TRUSTEES

wishes every member of the Senior Class the strength to dare the impossible, the fortitude to keep going when the road is rough, the joy of accomplishment, the knowledge of self and a job well done.

If you <u>think</u> you are beaten, you are,
  If you <u>think</u> you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but you <u>think</u> you can't.
  It is almost certain you won't.

If you <u>think</u> you'll lose, you're lost.
  For out in the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will.
  It's all in the <u>state of mind</u>.
If you <u>think</u> you are outdressed, you are
  You've got to <u>think</u> high to rise,
You've got to be <u>sure of yourself</u> before
  You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
  To the stronger or faster man
But soon or late the man who wins,
  Is the man who thinks He Can!

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Francis Bacon

"A man's mind is like a garden which may be cultivated or allowed to run wild."

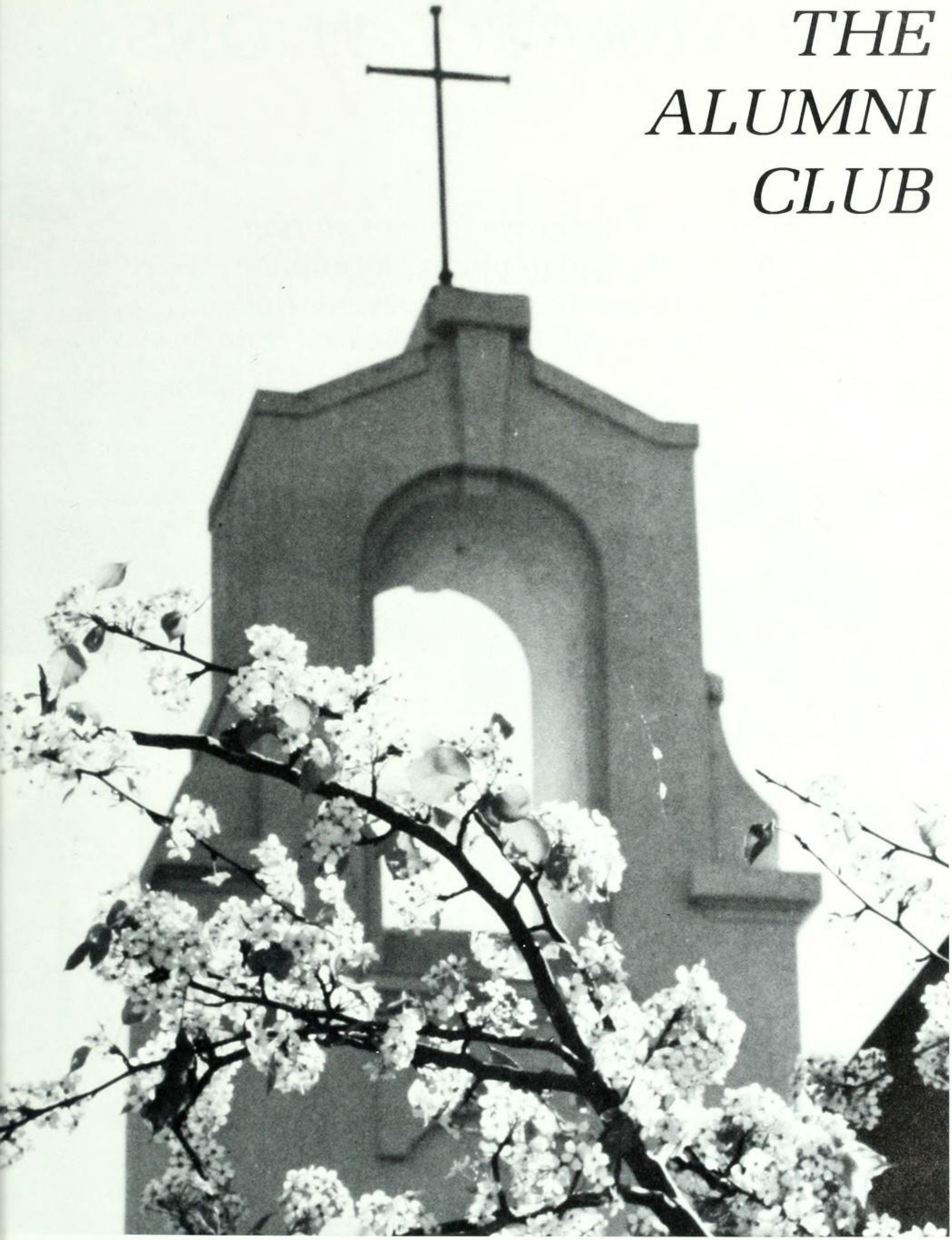
THE CRISIS
III.

In the progress of politics, as in the common occurrences of life, we are not only apt to forget the ground we have traveled over, but frequently neglect to gather up experience as we go. We expend, if I may so say, the knowledge of every day on the circumstances that produce it, and journey on in search of new matter and new refinements: but as it is pleasant and sometimes useful to look back, even to the first periods of infancy, and trace the turns and windings through which we have passed, so we may likewise derive many advantages by halting a while in our political career, and taking a review of the wondrous complicated labyrinth of little more than yesterday.

Truly may we say, that never did men grow old in so short a time! We have crowded the business of an age into the compass of a few months, and have been driven through such a rapid succession of things, that for the want of leisure to think, we unavoidably wasted knowledge as we came, and have left nearly as much behind us as we brought with us: but the road is yet rich with the fragments, and, before we finally lose sight of them, will repay us for the trouble of stopping to pick them up.

Were a man to be totally deprived of memory, he would be incapable of forming any just opinon; every thing about him would seem a chaos: he would have even his own history to ask from every one; and by not knowing how the world went in his absence, he would be at a loss to know how it ought to go on when he recovered, or rather, returned to it again. In like manner, though in a less degree, a too great inattention to past occurrences retards and bewilders our judgment in everything; while, on the contrary, by comparing what is past with what is present, we frequently hit on the true character of both, and become wise with very little trouble.

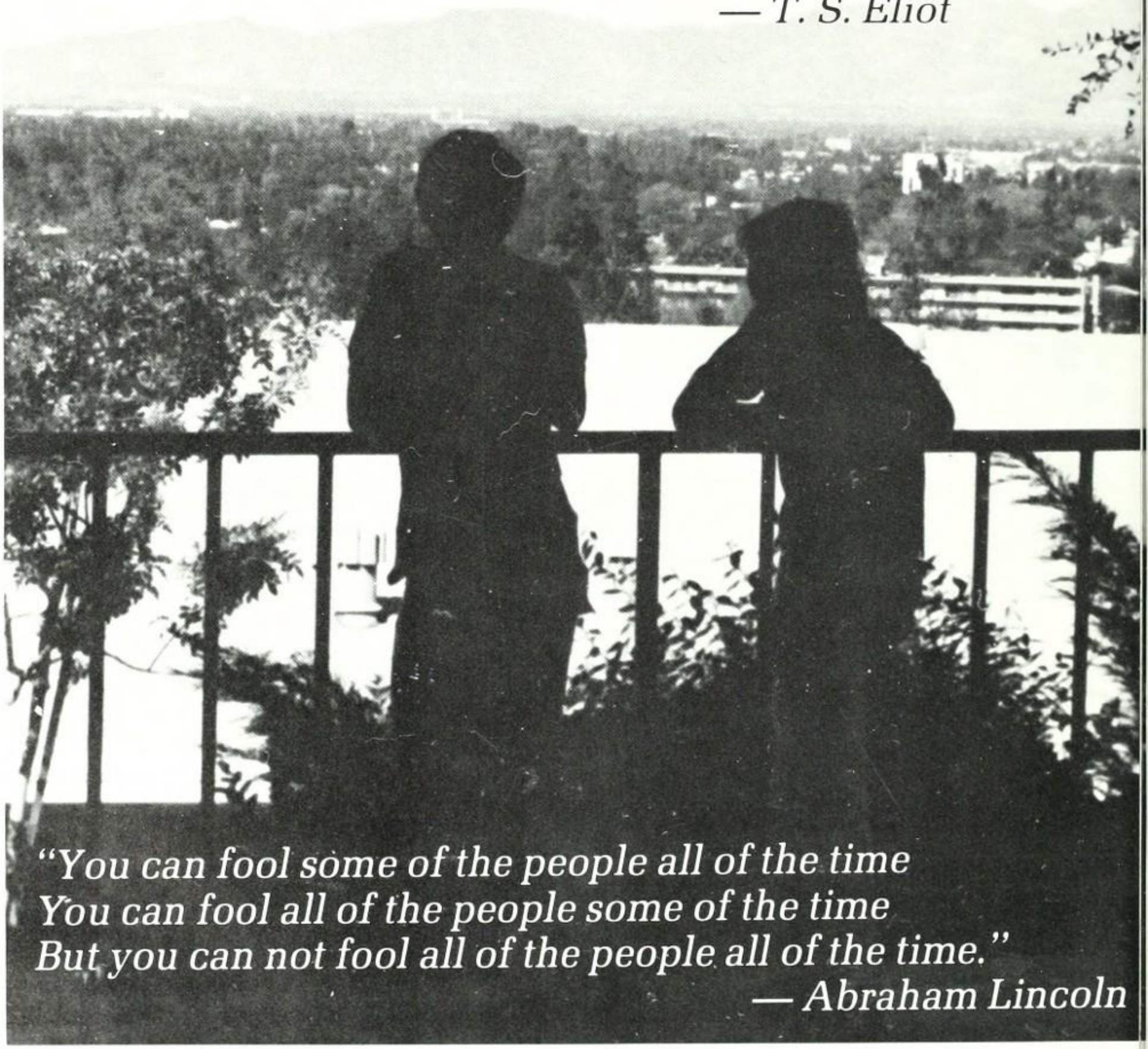
THE ALUMNI CLUB



CONGRATULATIONS

"We shall not cease from exploring
And at the end of our exploration
We shall return to where we started
And know the place for the first time."

— T. S. Eliot



"You can fool some of the people all of the time
You can fool all of the people some of the time
But you can not fool all of the people all of the time."

— Abraham Lincoln

CLASS OF 1977

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulty and frustration of the moment I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day the sons of slaves and the sons of slave owners will be able to sit down at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day the desert of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day children will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a drame that one day interposition and nullification will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and girls and walk together as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the moutain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

Martin Luther King Jr.

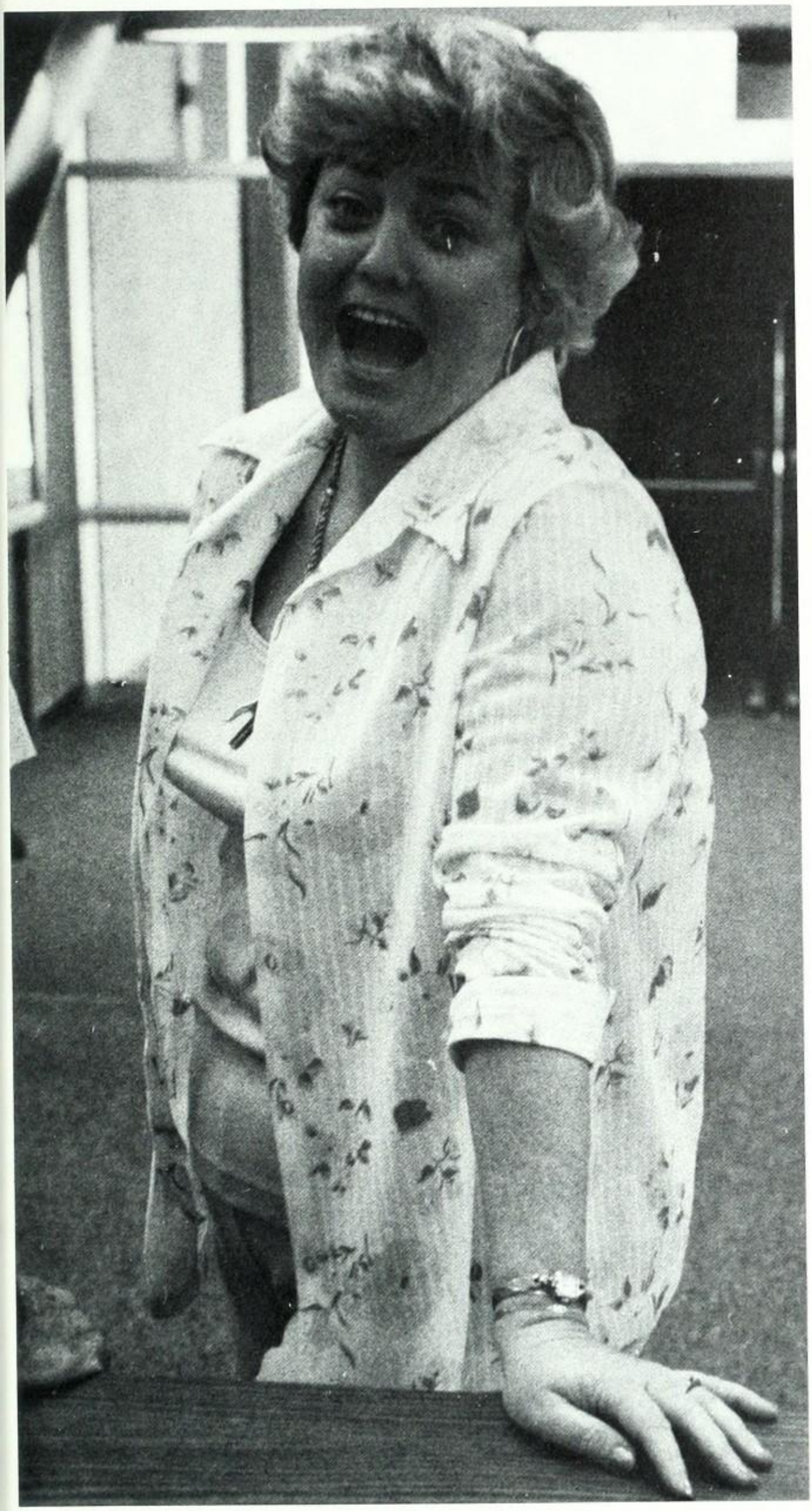
STUDENT COUNCIL

The
Father-Sons Club
Extends Its Congratulations
to Each Member of
the Class of
1977

May your future be bright,
promise fulfilled, and may your
friendship with your classmates
and
your fathers flourish and grow.

A tribute to the mothers who work in the library —

THE MOTHERS CLUB



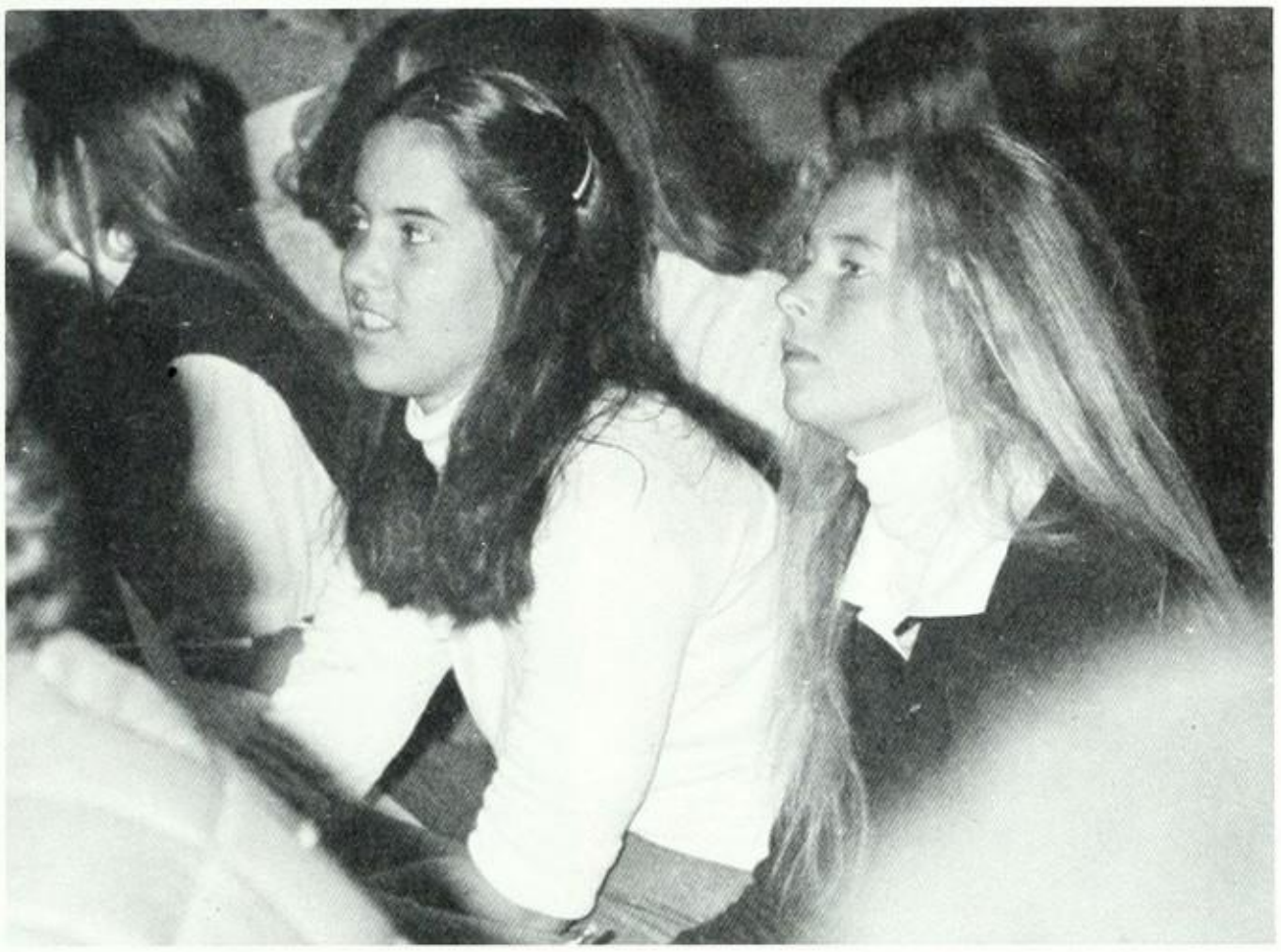
Eighth Grade
Steve Inch
Mitch Jackson
Doug Mathews
Ben Sherwood
Brad Silberling
Kevin Warner
Greg Weisman

Ninth Grade
Richard Parker
Tony Selzer
Artie Streiber
Chal Taylor
Walter Witt

Tenth Grade
Doug Ackerman
Jorden Bender
Bill Gleason
Les Josephson
Andy Kaiser
Richard Pops

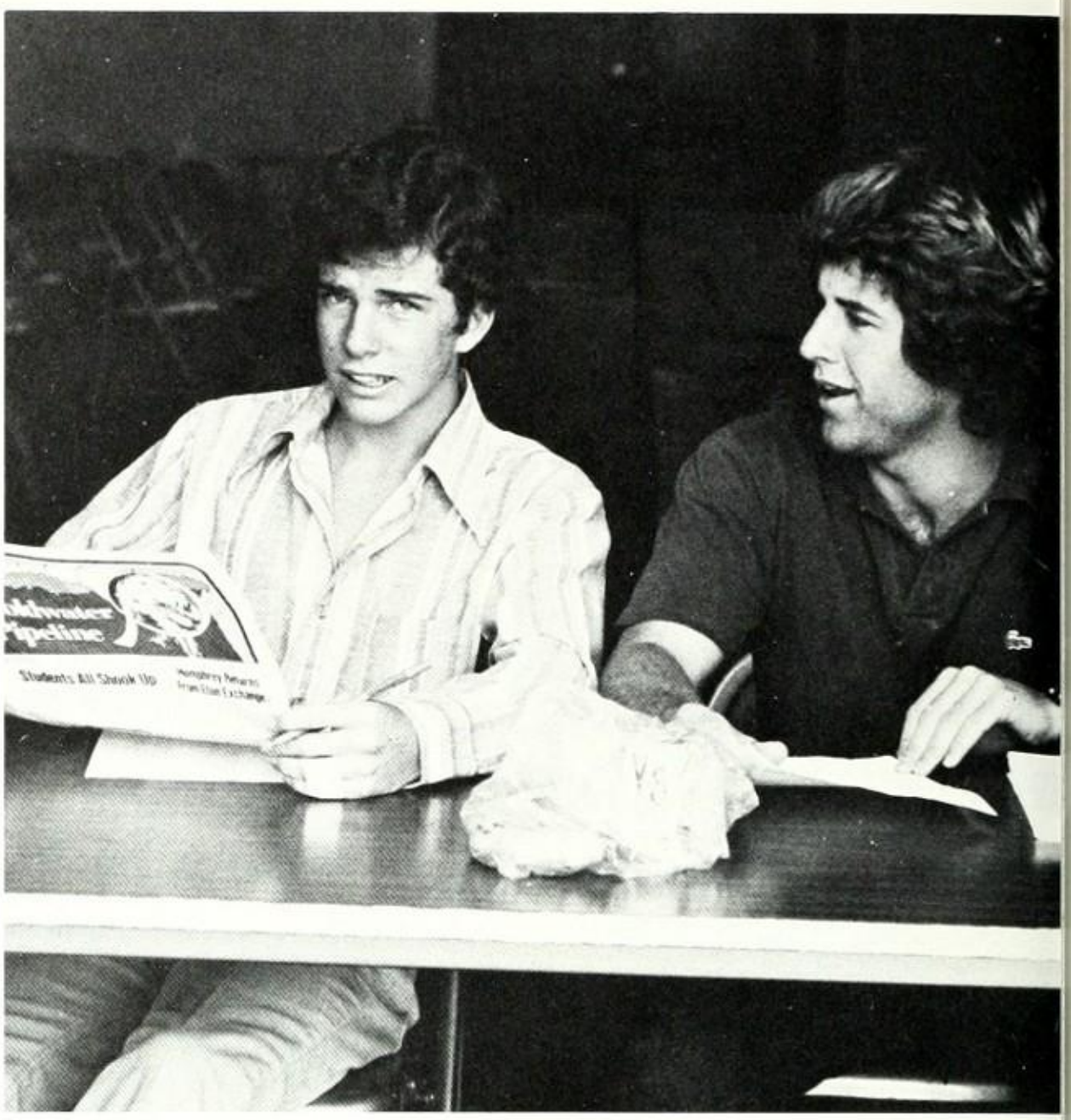
Eleventh Grade
Elliot Barnes
Mike Fraschilla
Peter Haffenberg
Peter Neville
Greg Stern
Andy Swick

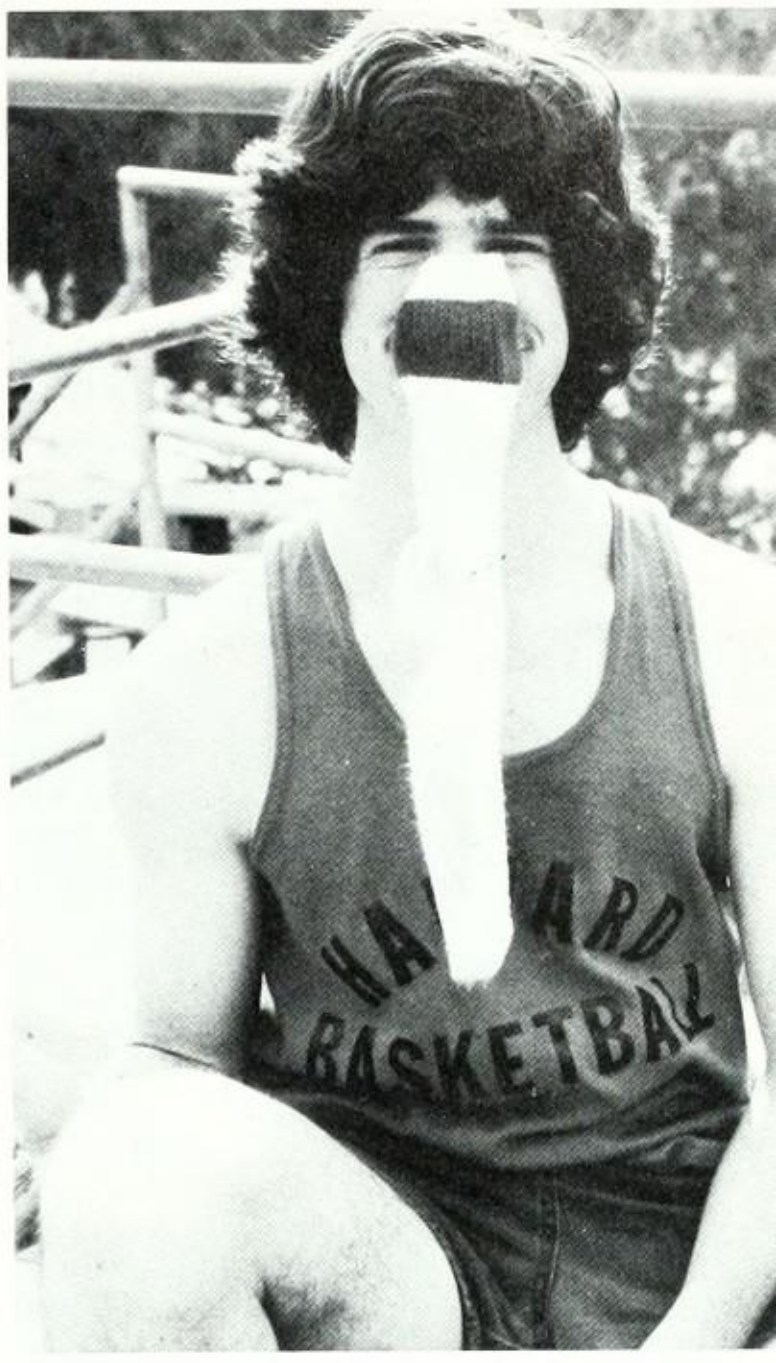
Twelfth Grade
George Fenimore
Jerry Flintoft
Matt Holand
Chip Palmer
Brad Reifler



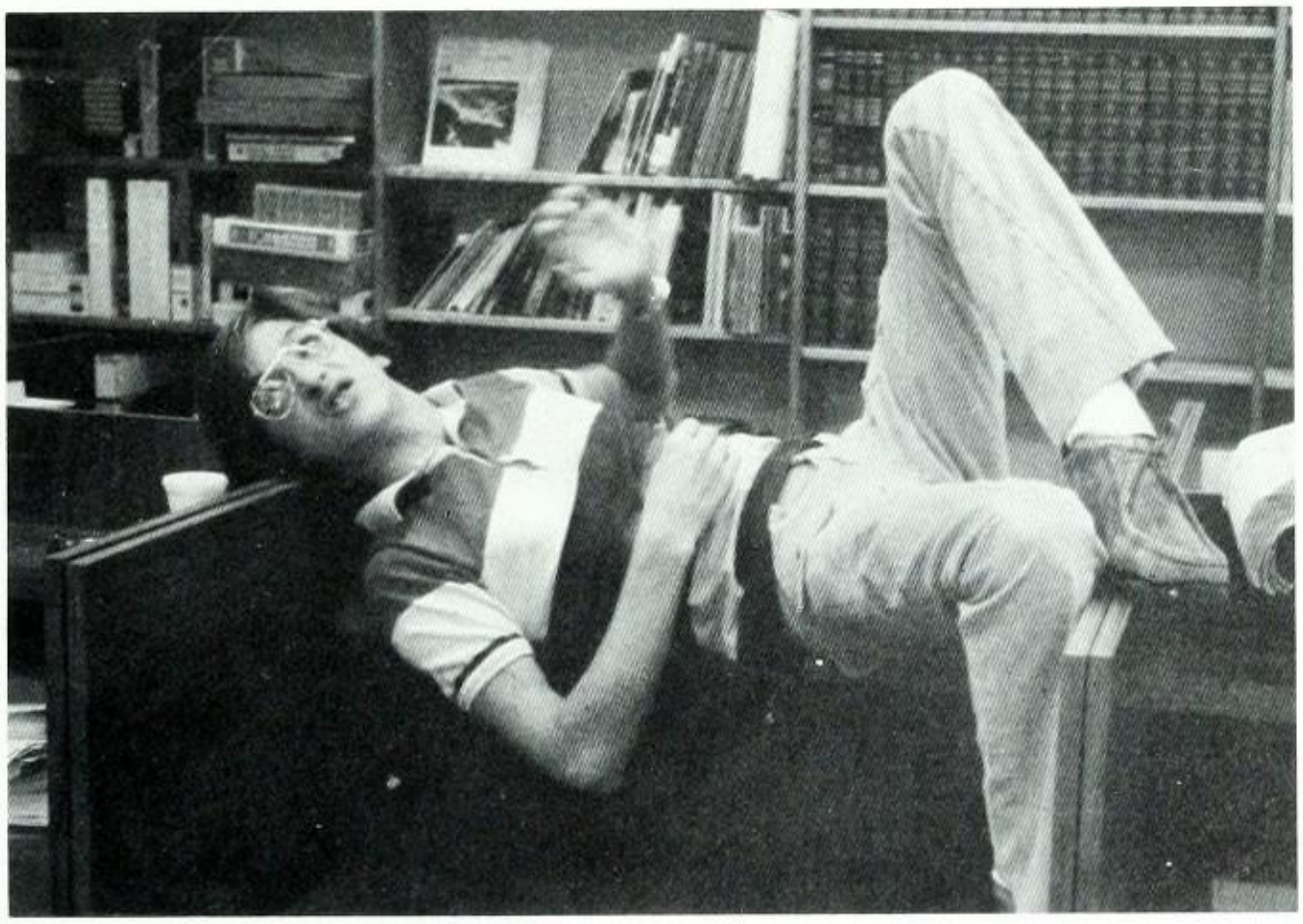
The girls from Marlbrough, Westlake, and Argyle vote Harvard number one.

Burt Jorgensen



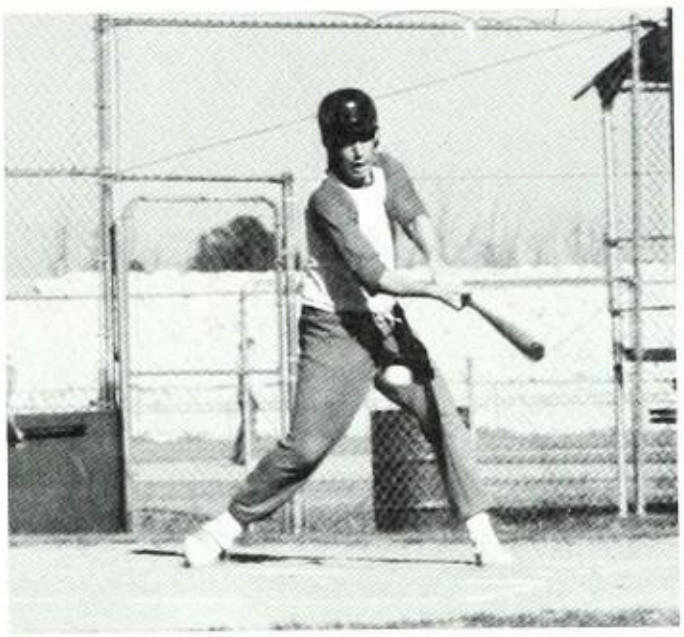

HA ARD
BASKETBALL

BIG STICK
DRUMSTICK
FUDGE SICLE
SIDEWALK SUNDAY
ICE CREAM SANDWICH
BON BONS
40¢
25¢

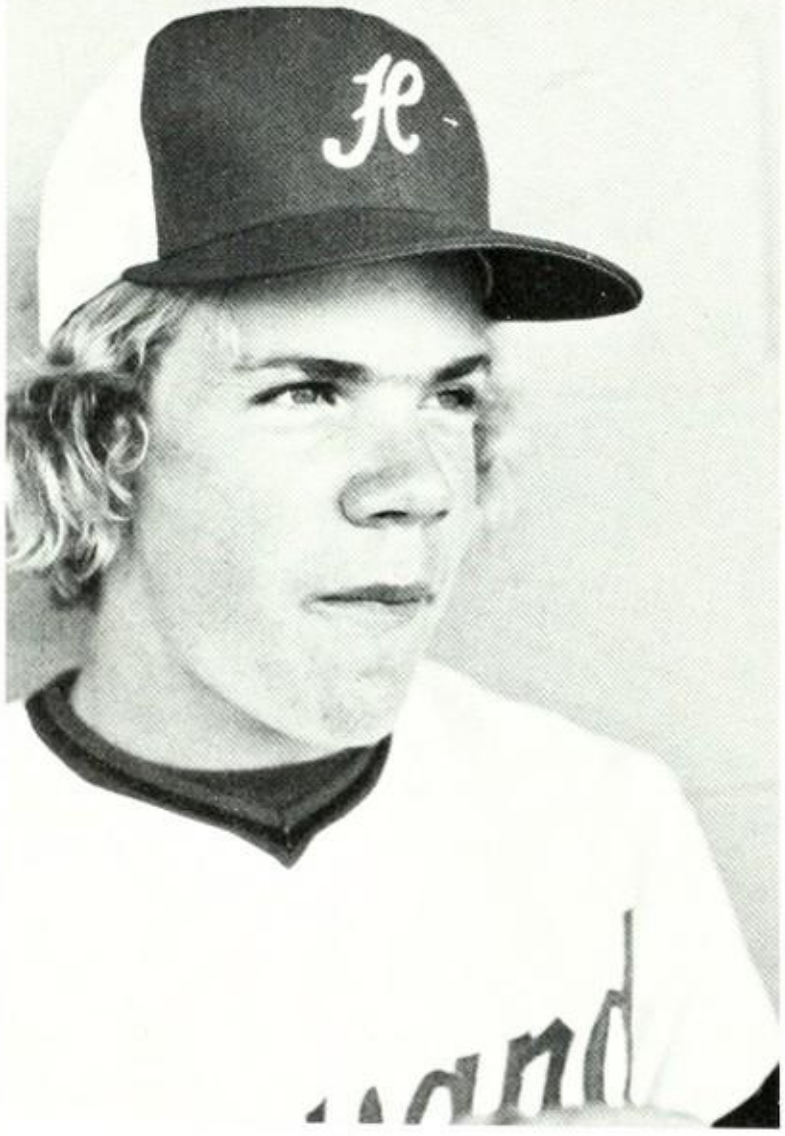


HARVARD
FOOTBALL STAFF

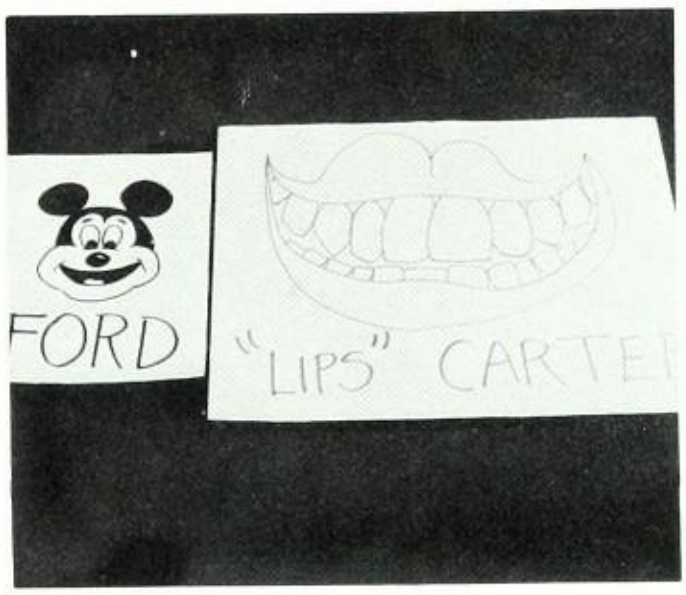
ORS
CONQUISTADORS

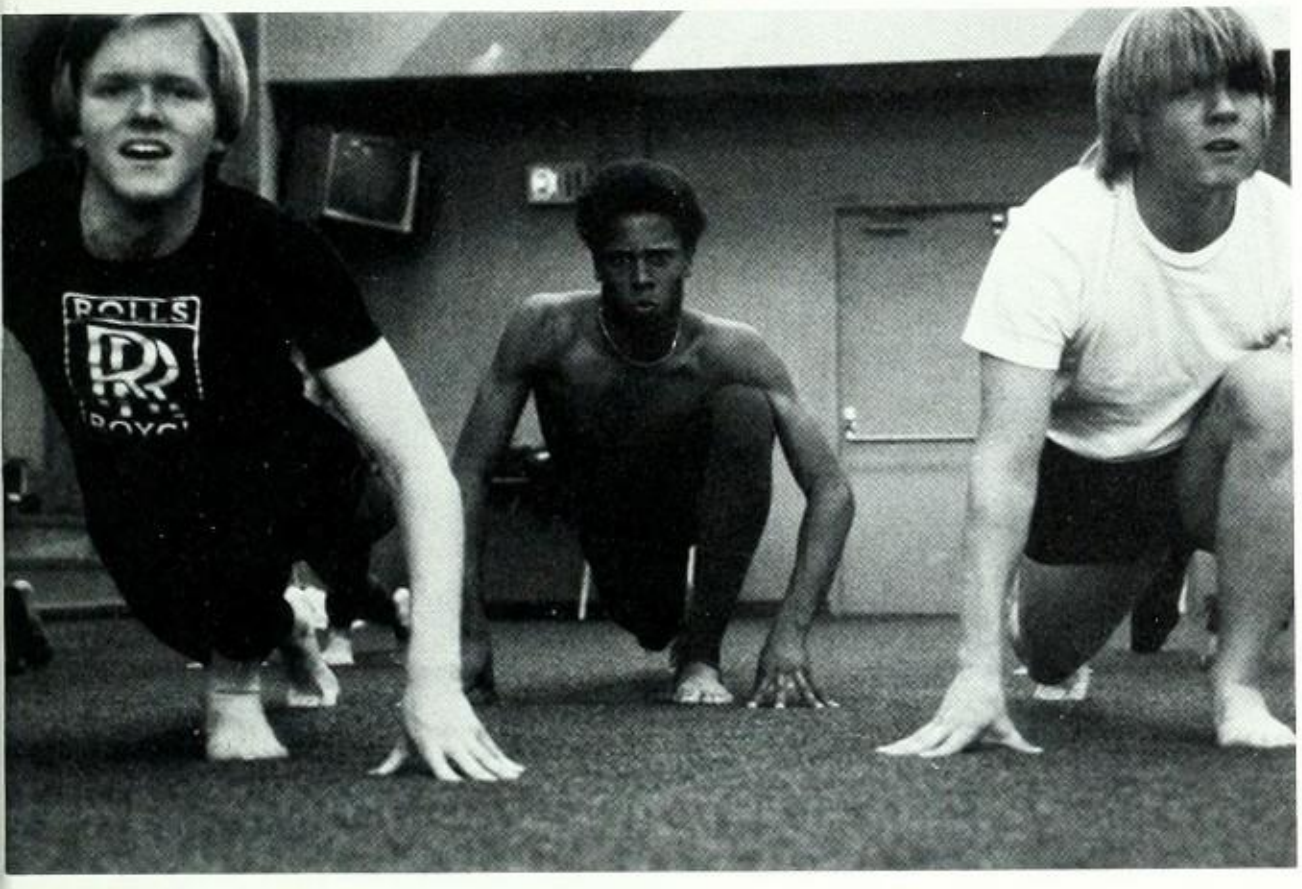


Go
climb
a rock



BAGNARD
22

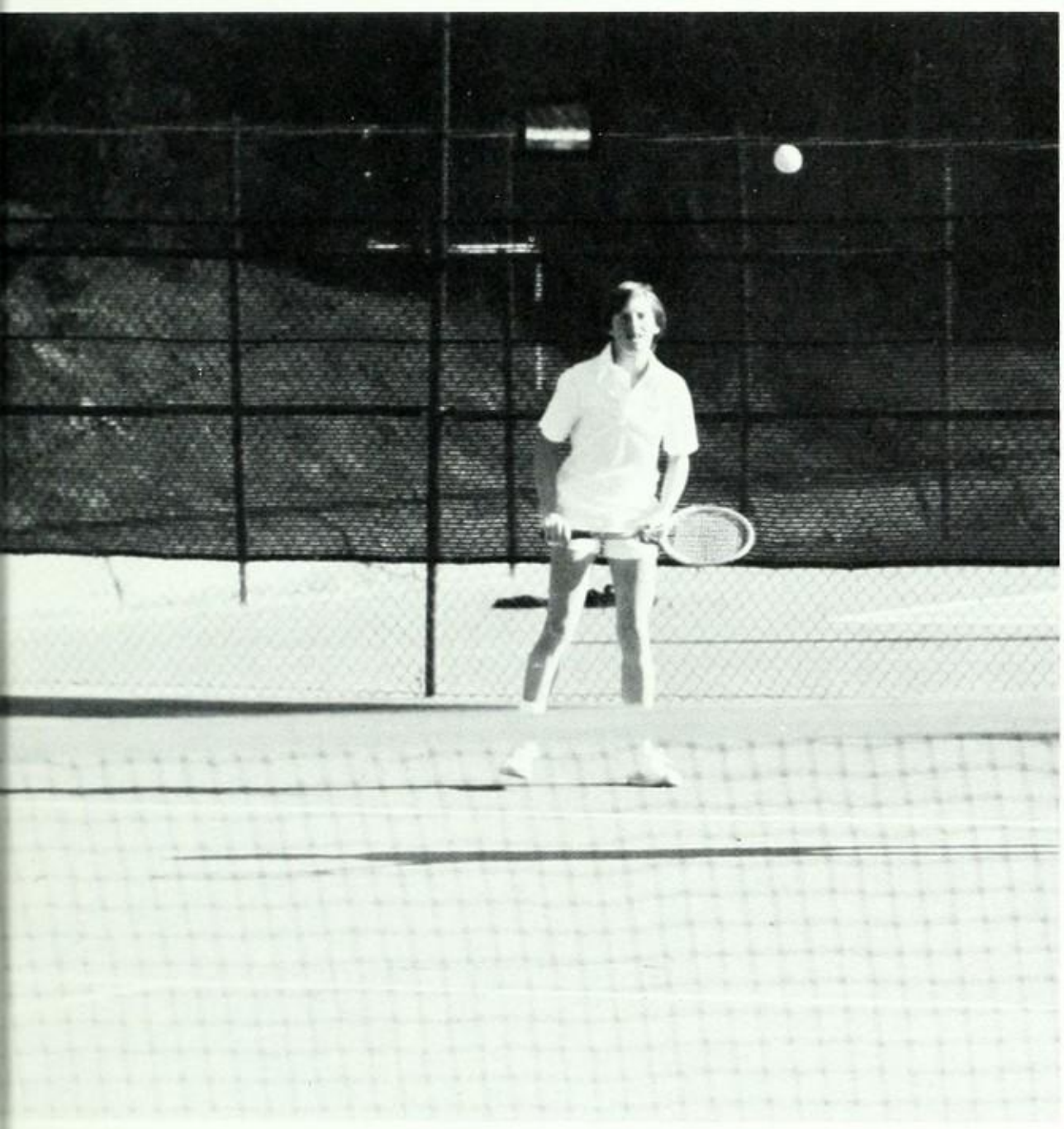

FORD
"LIPS" CARTE

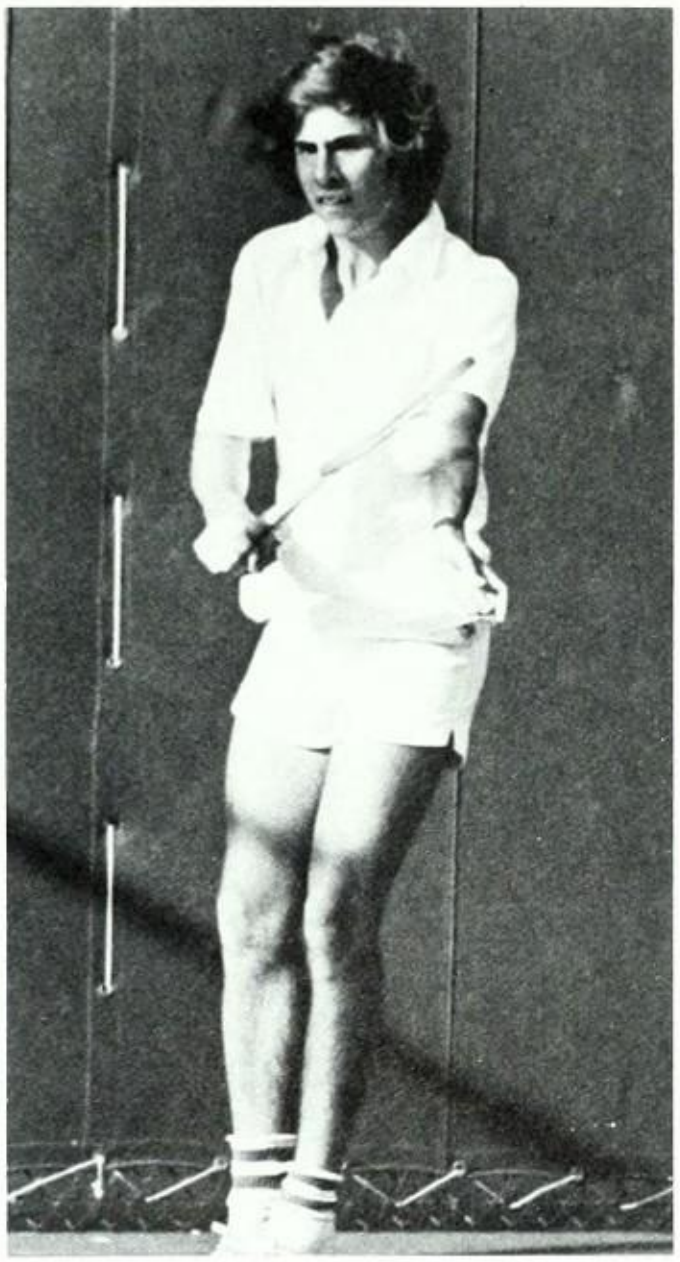


HARVARD
45
11

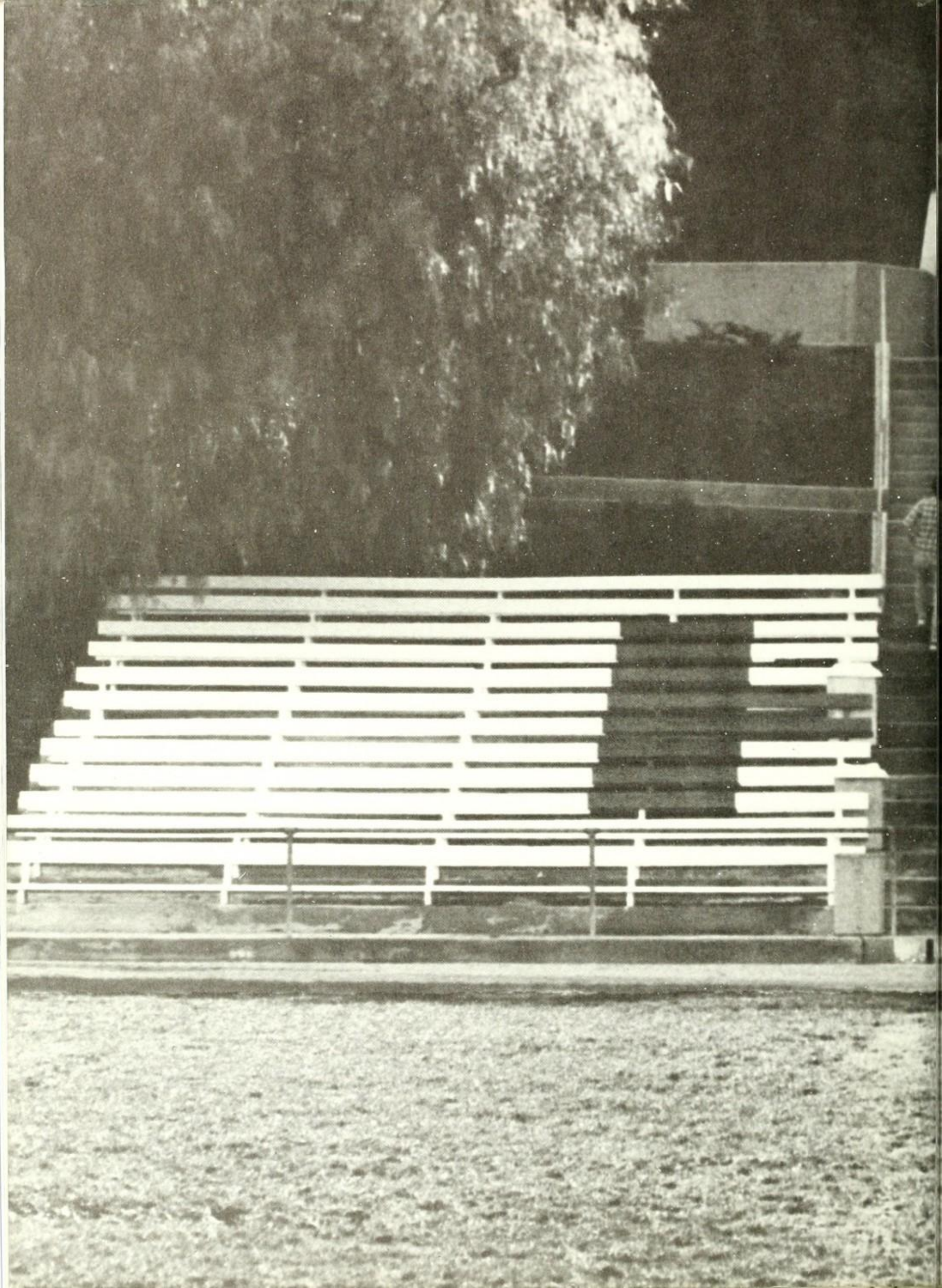
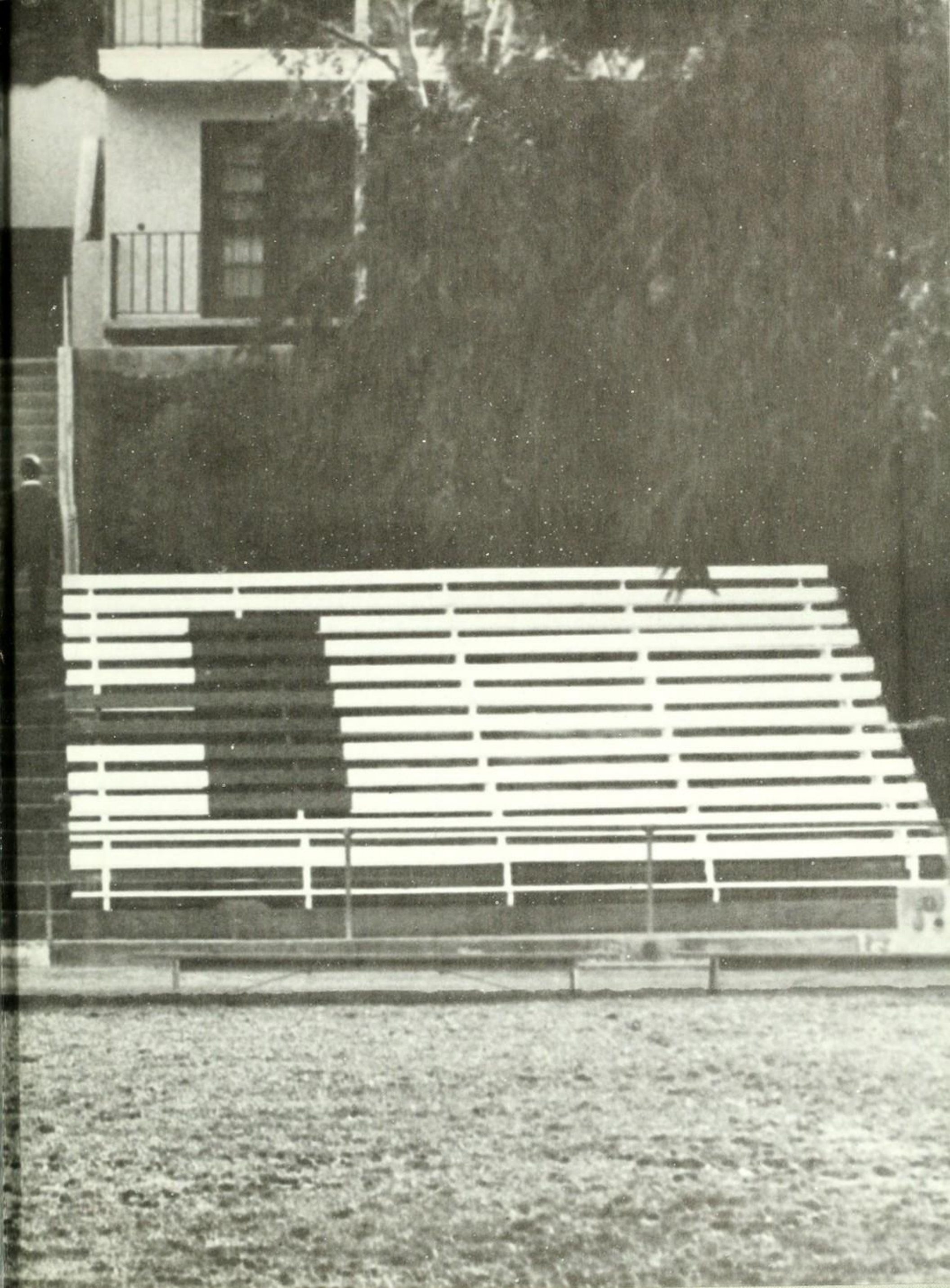
J. DREYFUS

THE
PROTEENS





GOOD-BYE
WE WON'T

HARVARD
FORGET

Dedication 2
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Eighth Grade Theme 134
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